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THE

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Rest in the Church.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "FROM OXFORD TO ROME."

"What resource hath the archer when in the hour of conflict he desireth to discharge the arrow and findeth his bow-string broken?"

Arab Proverb

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TO

Mrs. Cokayne-Frith,

OF ST. PETER'S RECTORY, WALLINGFORD.

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED,
WITH WARM AFFECTION,
AS A POOR REMEMBRANCE OF ONE
TO WHOM HER VOICE HAS BEEN
AS PLEASANT MUSIC,
IN VERY HEAVY TIMES.

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ERRATA.

Page 26, l. 16, *for* Shelling, *read* Schelling.
— 26, l. 21, *for* Krumarcher, *read* Krummacher.
— 65, l. 18, *for* Urfurth, *read* Erfurth.
— 107, l. 32, *for* Dominos, *read* Dominus.
— 113, l. 3, *for* der Mittle, *read* die Mittel.
— 194, l. 30, *for* toujoures, *read* toujours.

PREFACE.

"THERE ARE THOSE WHO WALK IN THEIR OWN WAY TILL THE LIGHT THAT WAS IN THEM HAS BECOME DARKNESS."—Such was the startling warning once uttered to the present writer, on whose ear it fell like a prophecy, and within whose heart it has resounded like a doom from that day to this.

Proceeding upon this awful intimation, it is intended, in the ensuing pages, to offer, to whomsoever may be their readers, a call to that Duty which is the first commandment of The Church, and the single law of peace,—Obedience to External Authority. But it is less the purpose of this little book to illustrate the curse of Independent Will, than to point out the blessedness of Reverence and Patience and Trust.

As will be seen by the abrupt conclusion, and final chapter of explanations, it had been the Author's intention to pursue the subject of the volume at greater length, in the company of

added characters, and with widely varied circumstances,—but, suddenly, in the midst of her employment, she has found herself in another position, which renders it undesirable that such a work should be continued; she has therefore shortly wound up her interrupted task, and can only hope that labour, however every way incomplete, will yet not be wholly lost, which was commenced and continued, as far as it went, with no other trust for its success, had it been finally fulfilled, than in the benediction of Him who is the Great Master in the Lesson of Obedience,—to whom The Church Herself is subject.

WALLINGFORD,
September, 1847.

NOTE.—It should be noticed to those who will detect the apparent inaccuracy, that in the entitlement of one of the characters of the tale the liberty has been taken with the laws which regulate such matters in this country, of appending the Christian name to the title, instead of the patronymic, in a case where the latter would have been the correct form, to distinguish the lady so designated from her mother, also occasionally mentioned, and as being colloquially more agreeable.

POSTSCRIPT.

It is perhaps scarcely needful to ask the reader to observe that the date of the writing of this book being several months back, the accidental allusion at pages 155, 156 to a person, and circumstances now brought again prominently before the public, had nothing whatever to do with these, then unanticipated, events:—otherwise, the question there referred to could not have been spoken of as any minor note in the agitation which is rending Churches. The blue lightning glances round the horizon, and little children gaze more in wonder than in fear at the phenomenon; but the elements of the thunder-storm gather their forces and the unknown presage comes to pass, and the little children on their protected pillows lie breathless, listening to the rolling, bursting tempest, and to the misgivings of their hearts.

Very far would it be from the thoughts of the present writer to speak with criticism of matters belonging to a high ecclesiastical province, but impossible, it seems, must it be for the lowliest individual in Catholic Christendom to feel less than vitally concerned in this struggle enacting now. For, a University affray, if it is chosen so to designate the past features of the case—(though be it then remembered that the University is the first in the world,) threatens to become a notable and conspicuous sin—Sin which if suffered to remain upon the Church of England must henceforward haunt her [illegible] and damp her wakening hopes. Let us claim from

the Anglican reader a calm consideration of the words of Mr. Newman, quoted at page 311 of this book. Words how sadly apropos to the present aspect of things in his then Church.

After all her revival of her claims and gifts, is it indeed that she is about to sink in the first hour of sterner conflict, the first hour of actual temptation—the victim of inward infirmity?—Is it indeed that her love of secularity and her courtly homage to the great, has become a disease, like the thickening of the skin till the vital organs are destroyed?—Is it indeed that one coming to her pasture-fields and thinking he has found a goodly heritage, must pitch a tent not build a homestead, for that the deceiving verdure crowns but a volcanic isle? These are doubts that begin to clamour their appeal, and a vast and eminent audience waits for their solution.

Europe and America are looking on, to learn by the issue of this local war whether victorious Anglicanism is an ally fit for the last encounters of the Catholic Church, or whether vanquished Anglicanism must be repudiated from Her host.

Confessors and martyrs and mighty Christian men long resting in their renown, are looking on. They who passed through blood and fire, witnessing for the Faith with a royal bravery—they who did world-known deeds of holy heroism, deeds as real as their records are astounding, are looking on—Pontiffs who dared to excommunicate kings and queens—Bishops who hesitated not to demand, and whose asserted power was confident to gain, the deposition of heretical or refractory ministers—Priests who suffered loss of goods and liberty and life rather than burn incense to inaugurated heresy, are looking on—in sorrow, in anxiety; it

remains to be discerned whether these are to be hushed in serene gratulation or quenched in eternal scorn.

Hildebrand, who once cleansed the Episcopate of Europe by the simple ordeal of the Sacred Doxology,—A'Becket, weighing lightly as the purchase of his life-blood the shrine of the pilgrimage of a million penitents,—Laud, the Martyr Primate of Canterbury of yet more trying times,—these are looking on. Time has brought the occasion to disclose the value of their several genius or agony; the hour that shall show whether their great investiture has been made in a secure commerce, and shall yield to the Church the rent to defray its liabilities.

The simple-minded devout of the whole family in heaven and earth are looking on, clasping their own faith to their bosoms, and blessing God that He has not set them in the slippery places, where these splendid and erudite errors germinate. Plain, vigorous, and believing, they see the advocates of frivolous or wicked infidelity far off from their impregnable position; for, on the unblemished simplicity of their understandings, the sophisms of doctors or of systems are powerless, *though* unrefuted. To them the workmanship of the chisel of Phidias, or of the pencil of Apelles, or the glitter of the 'host of heaven,' is no more an instigant to idolatry than the rough-cast monster god of the Pacific Islander, or the frightful abominations of a human holocaust. Apollo is to them as Dagon,—the temple of Greece as the pagoda of India,—the enticing intellectual falsehood of the schools (though it wear the mitre and wield the crosier) as the ravings of the illiterate fanatic. These are looking on, in the wonder and trembling of charity, for the result of the temptations of the lofty, and the momentous difficulties of the learned.

The Angels of the Churches are looking on. Have they not, from the scattered conflict, turned their eyes hitherward? Are they not waiting to bless or to rebuke, according to constancy or cowardice? And if this new oblation to secular arrogance shall *ever* be yielded by the sacerdotal hands of England, because, forsooth, the power that claims it is visible and tangible,—because it is backed by Confiscation and the Tower,—what offering shall be brought to propitiate those heavenly dignities insulted and aggrieved, that the woe-note, "Let us depart,—let us depart," be not presently heard with the hearing of the ear, to the final confusion of the faint-hearted?

Well, come what may,—Come Schism, searching the sanctuary, and dissolving to its elements the constitution of this English Church,—come solemn times of civil persecution,—come all the care and rudeness with which the princes of the darkness of the world can try the patience of the saints,—come what may,—the GOD of Rewards and Punishments is looking on,—and HIS Voice, the Voice which breaketh the cedar-trees, sounds clearly and awfully above the thunder and the battle-shout, above the weeping and the prayer, "Behold, I come quickly, and MY reward is with ME, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

Wednesday in Ember Week,
December, 1847.

Rest in the Church.

Introduction.

THE Catholic Church has become to English people of these days a Verity and a Fact. It has entered into their homes, and wrought upon their domestic lives, for pleasure or for pain, in triumph or in trial. Its voices have been heard in the Senate-house and in the Palace; Its Manifestation has crossed the poor man's weary walk. Again begins to be *seen* that Great Tranquil Spirit, sitting ever above the world and its madness and its scorn, and sometimes veiled from the eye of the multitude by the intervening mists of these. Everywhere, and whether it is hated or welcomed, the Catholic Church has assumed a meaning amongst us, and is tending to deeper operations, and generating intenser thoughts.

But now, men started at the word; it savoured to them only of the fires of Smithfield and the explosion of the Plot, and they liked not its intrusion beyond the boundary of its position in their formal customary credence.

THERE it stood, indeed, witnessing on, in the ceaseless recitation of Three Hundred Years; still witnessing, through sad and deprived days, to the

unaltered Truth of England's Dogmatic Faith; though it stood, as much as her Reformed Liturgy has stood, as the expression of a beautiful and desirable Ideal, or the description of something living elsewhere and far away, rather than as anything at the present, and here, realised.

Even thus much is consoling. When the religious-minded Englishman reflects, with the fear and the shudder, which imminent danger, though past, produces, upon the long time this country, as to all practical subjects, lingered on the threshold of heresy,—how it stood alone and aloof from those who, GOD be thanked! have ever preserved in its integrity the Visible Form and Demonstration of His Church—and, how still it is filled and encompassed and tossed and torn with the evil offspring of schism of every sort,—it is consoling to think that the Symbol of Apostolicity has nevertheless remained with it,—the sprinkled blood upon the lintel,—a secret sacrament; perhaps, too, a beacon-light enshrouded in a pilot's lantern, to avail in evil times. Reverence recognises here a Mighty and a Merciful Providence. Even now this Possibility, this long Indefinite Existence, is becoming re-invested with a fixed character in the mind of the age. The pilot's lantern is lifted to the tower of the lighthouse, and magnified by a thousand lenses. The uncertain harmonies of the eolian harp of indistinct belief are condensing into the deep cadence of the perfect music of Faith,—let us trust, to lead out one sweet world-wide Sanctus to the laud of HIM Whose name is Unity, and Whose worship is to be undivided.

Seven years ago the *British Critic* wrote—"The times are dark, and a curtain of gloom hangs over the future; but on its dark face we may discern

brightening in prismatic hue, a vision of past beauty,—The Holy Catholic Church." The prescience of the seer has been verified: the augury has vindicated its own truth: and higher dawns the Star, and brighter rise the coruscations of Its light; and voices, as of Angels in our midst, are heard still-ly saying one to another, "The darkness is far past, and the morning is near at hand."

These are great things to have come about. When our fathers, after all that *had* been, stood amidst the wreck and ruin of the far-circling influence of the French Revolution, he had been a bold heart who had dared to predict the encouragement and signs of all hope which such speedy days should indicate.

Then—man was regarded as the raw material to make worldly empires with, whether secular or intellectual. Dashes of his history were gathered from its most glittering pages, and put together as the complete meaning of his life—his earth's life of pomp and pride. The halls of Babylon, the senate and the circus of old Rome, the groves of Athens, and the path of Napoleon, were presented in rapid pictures, with no intermediate interpretation:—What needed they—for were they not themselves the mightiest exponents of humanity? Eden, pourtrayed at first in but faint bright touches, had as well been obliterated, for all the notice it obtained from eyes dazzling themselves with these; Sinai was passed over as a frightful fable; Mount Zion as a magic dream; Calvary was utterly forgotten; the Kingdom of Heaven was scoffed at as an insane abstraction, not to be compared with visible principalities and dominations. Now—it seems that men have begun to recal to themselves that they are Spirits, with inalienable individuality.

And Eden, and Sinai, and Zion, and Calvary are seen to convey the deep lessons of destiny, in comparison with which those other pictures are but the romances of madness. And here and there, in the midst of this re-rousing Philosophy of Man, may be discerned the gleaming glimpse of that first, intensest Truth of GOD, whose shining light will certainly illuminate the whole—that little leaven which will have power to leaven the whole mass—that key-note of the awakening, everlasting music of the Catholic Church—the profound and practical conviction that a newly-baptised child is, in respect of pricelessness, more beautiful and precious than, considering his natural perfections alone, S Michael the prince of the angelic hosts.

A magnificent occupation it is to watch the gradual development of the great problem of the universe; to listen to the footsteps of Truth passing over the earth; to learn by narrative, as it were vain to seek by theory, the courses of GOD'S Majesty among men. There is no nobler instinct, no more vast vocation. And are not these questions treading on the very heels of time, and overtaking us if we loiter but an idle hour? The age is slow in comparison with events.

Change, the change of renovation, seems to be at the door of the Christian Church. The ground of controversy has been contested and possessed, every rood; the intrinsic absurdities of every form of ancient falsity have been explained, and are known to most, even of their votaries; and whenever casual necessity arises can be in a half hour, by the merest tyro in divinity, exposed to contempt and avoidance;—there seems to remain little more to *say*, and there is a recurring, a

drawing together, a girding up of secret vitality, of purity and charity and personal faith, within the Christian household; while the thoughts of men around are possessed with unusual intentness concerning the enigma of human doom, which the sublime reach of a Religion alone can solve.

True, the depraved repugnancies of the lower mind still raise their barrier, and we are even now about to confess how the glitter of a false philosophy still dazzles whom it leads astray, and how opposition and contumacy still meet the progress of the Church; but with the Promise dwelling in his heart "*the gates of hell shall never prevail against Her*," the Catholic Christian may watch one great and vigorous principle, which he will find in these days re-establishing its deathless sway among mankind, find pronounced in every spontaneous aspiration of the deeper universal voice—embodied in silent acts—uttered from the sad vacuum of necessity—the demand for an ULTIMATE AUTHORITY! —and he will take it for a sure token, for a rainbow in the moral heavens.

Yes, long abused, and spurned, and buried beneath the débris of centuries, this great tenet of Catholicism is perceptible in actual progression towards a Throne which we may more than hope, we may anticipate, with these our eyes to see It fill;—the throne of the general heart—the throne of the soul of society; where Its law will heal every restless agony; where It will reign as the dispenser of very repose. Are we over-sanguine? We scarcely see how that can be, when the Right is the object, and when GOD has begun to work!

These things have come about:—yet they have not come without a struggle, nor without danger, nor is the danger past:—not, indeed, danger in

the absolute and universal—there is no dubiousness or fear of The Result—but danger in the single case and the individual occasion: for this astonishing boon carries with it conditions which mortal loftiness would ever fain escape, and in antagonism to It (the destroyer of their kingdom) the evil ones are ever ready to aid and instruct mankind. Therefore, side by side, step by step, with this true and healthy energy, has arisen a New Faith, a New Idolatry—winning also to its shrines its tens of thousands—THE WORSHIP OF INTELLECT:—and between these two great powers—the ideal and positive—the inquiring and demonstrative—it would seem, the last conflicts of time are coming on. The age of brute encounter is vanishing away; the greatest living soldier is the most earnest living advocate for the political tranquillity of nations. Principles have to do battle for the Cæsars' sceptre. They may bide their hour: there may be many a field-day yet before the fight: it may take long ere the conscription for Reason shall have filled Her ranks sufficiently with the young and ardent slaves of the splendid goddess, or Religion's veterans of a thousand campaigns shall have resumed their battered arms and come forth all again, "*to the help of the Lord against the mighty;*" but there are signs that tell us, in plainness which we do not well to pass unheeded, that the final conflict, when it comes, will be the *Bellum internecinum*—trying as the art of war can make it, and severe as the crash of worlds. Between Faith and Philosophy, between Knowledge and Reliance, between Human Intellect and the Catholic Church, the stern combat is coming on;—may it find us ready, having chosen our side, and assumed our colours. Even now we suffer

the danger—even now we make our election—in each single mind the rehearsal of the battle is executed.

The inducements of the opposed services are singularly dissimilar. The one proposes pride, dominion of the visible, and an illustrious repute, with also labour; the other offers silence, labour, submission, suffering—and a world to come. They have some points of practical resemblance. Both are willing to forego luxuries, to run risks, to make sacrifices, to endure hardships; the one to practise mortification and self-denial for learning's sake, the other for Christ's; to abstain from joys and pleasures, to put restraint upon loves, to neglect health and rest, when the command calls:—in these things they are like each other, and different from the lower, softer, more sensual services, which can never be anything beyond auxiliaries in a great struggle, because, to create such a struggle, there must be an ostensible greatness and matching of the combatants:—in these things we find a clearest omen that Intellect is the only champion to enter the last lists with Religion. But ONE inviolable law of difference exists between the two; the very root-stone of Catholicism; the reserved, consecrating mystery of its temple; the watchword of all its armies; the password of all its strengths; the one claim which the Finite must fail to enforce —which the Infinite dares to exact—OBEDIENCE. Obedience to be rendered by the Mind itself, and which, therefore, could it be in any case extorted, must fail to be gained here—because the same party stands intendant as the victor and the vanquished. The Mind of man must be either independent or subject to its alone superior—its Maker,—in Religion, in the Church.

There is a class of men who, fearing the encounter of these powers, or indisposed to the ruggedness of opposition, or respecting Religion for itself and its ends, but, just doubting its full competency to be all in all to human need,—or wishing to secure to it an enhanced advantage, and to mankind, as they conceive, a double help and hope,—or counting too much upon the surface similarities of the systems, and overlooking the one grand irreconcilable variety and demand of one to the submission of the other—have dreamed a dream of bringing the opponents to an inglorious coalition. They set before Christianity the fairness of speech, the habiliment of popularity, the invincible armour of logic, which belong to Intellect,—and they say, 'All these things will she give thee to thy service, if thou wilt only render her external deference.' The acquisition seems great. But *there* is the very suspiciousness of the proffered contract:—it is to be so *much* gained for so *little* given. Such generosity is not common; and beneath its craftful guise is detected the keen, sinister eye of the Tempter, who vainly wrought his meshes for the Chief, and since, in the revenge of disappointment, has been for ever, under the thin veil of some specious pretext, whispering blandly among His servants—'This and that thing I will give, if you will fall down and worship me.'

Side by side, step by step, with the doctrine of the Catholic Church has risen up the hostile dogma that man is an ever-progressive being—that he outgrows the spiritual garments of his youth, as his body throws off its swathing bands:—'free expansion,' 'fresh improvements,' 'broader lights,' are the most hackneyed words of the day's vocabulary;—the simple fact appears forgotten by the wise, that

these are the attributes of the earth and earthy, while that to which they are misapplied partakes of His prerogatives with Whom "*years pass away like centuries, and centuries like thoughts.*" We are to suppose that the Hebrew patriarchs were infants in comparison with *us!* that the giant men of the first days of Christianity were imbeciles to *us!* that Solomon was but as we! and the prophets no wiser than ourselves! The priest and the school must be en rapport with the age—the monk and the contemplative must make way for the highly educated divine. We are to call all the past, Dark Ages;—and ourselves, the Enlightened Nineteenth Century! Such is the dogma of progress.

This dogma invests itself in repeated forms, to suit the accidents of locality and temperament. It has many at its command; more than we could enumerate. We will name three several of these disguises under which it recommends itself—to Germany, with its intellectual cultivation and second proper life, sustained upon the aliment of pure study—to France, with its gay temper and intense necessity for something to destroy and something to create—and to England, facile of impression and generous of heart, but cautious of faith, especially if that faith must involve the acknowledgment of rule. To each people and country, the Spirit presents itself in a wisely tempered way.

And such a one of its ways is Rationalism:—such is Eclectic Philosophy:—such is Protestantism. Neither discards Christianity, even in any one of its chief doctrines—but each would support it by Reason: neither is sceptical of its strength, its wisdom, or its beauty; but each would render it the uncommanded service of Intellectual Proof:

neither refuses it the Heart, but each submits it to the Opinion of the Mind: neither denies it praise, but each defrauds it of Obedience:—And all must alike eventually bring their votaries into straits and scorn when, in the certain course of days, the Church shall rise to Her predicted domination, and they, even they, come and *"bow themselves down at the soles of Her feet"*—they, even they, *"bow down to Her with their face towards the earth, and lick up the dust of Her feet."*

Needs there an apology for a mere individual voice presuming thus to class in one common condemnation, communities so respectable and so esteemed:—

Time was, though truth eterne I felt my creed,
That when men smiled and said, "thy words are strong,
But others think not thus; and darest thou plead
That thou art right, and all beside thee wrong?"
I shrank abashed, nor dared the theme prolong.

Now in that creed's most high and holy strain
Led to revere the Church's solemn tone,
The calm, clear accents of the Chosen One,
Christ's mystic Bride, ordained with Him to reign,
I hear with pitying sigh such taunts profane;
Taught that my faith, in Hers, is based secure,
On the unshaken rock that shall for aye endure![a]

With intellect, as such, Religion has nothing to do[b]. It may consecrate, and turn it to its purposes; but that is after its submission, not in its state of independent use. It is an instrument

[a] *Lyra Apostolica.*

[b] "The call for demonstrative evidence in a religious matter is ever more or less an outbreak of infidelity. If we will not trust God for anything on evidence as reasonable to the understanding as that which we rely on for the necessary conduct of the critical affairs of life, we shall, if logically consistent, believe nothing of revelation whatsoever."—Rev. R. Wilson Evans' *Ministry of the Body*, p. 173.

for apprehending our relations, and for improving our opportunities of good-doing. It is, as it were, personal servant to the soul.

It can be abundantly and importantly employed, but it has no self-authoritative mission. In contemplating Profound Wisdom, no doubt the reasoning mind can expatiate all its powers, but it may do so only after it has received to itself a new attribute—the controlling principle of reverence; and it will assuredly find itself too small, and baffled in the midst of the ways of God, if once it ventures to pursue an independent passage. In the splendid scenes of sacred history, and the vast announcements of imaginable things to come, and the perfectness of doctrine, and the poetry of description, and the harmonious fulness of the purposes to which all these point, mental gifts may possess ample room for their swift soaring flights, and possibly may aid in its first essays the mortal struggling towards the immortal nature; but when the soul would bend its wing for the deeper sky, and grasp its destiny,—it will go alone, in strength given to itself. It, only, can penetrate the unsearchable.

Religion is too high a thing for the exercise of intellect. The purest Aristotelian philosopher, or the wisest critic of the school of Kant, will find it hard to impress, by his deepest ratiocinative power, one single image on the proper vital soul of man: because that subtle, evanescent, fleeting, silent soul, is of a different kind and character to all his tempered tools. Only the diamond can work the diamond,—intellect cannot touch "The Breath of God:"—It may be displaced, but cannot be bound, nor wounded, nor turned from Its immutable direction, by all the rough forces of the earth:—Its attributes are such as Reason, in its

mightiest altitude, can never span;—to *feel*, is infinite—to *think*, is finite; to *be*, is Godlike—to *know*, is human: And with this vital soul, alone, of man's formation, is it that Religion's business lies. The Mind is not the spring of immortal life, nor the depository of that which is heavenly and divine in this nature; it has its office to partially instruct, and to inflict and to subdue, but to the sensitive, and not the intellectual power is given the inheritance of the things that shall endure.

Learned reasonings, toilsome speculations, the wisdom, the deepness, the confusions of the schoolmen, and most of all, the science of the modern savant, we repeat, are "foolishness" in the Gospel. In Theology, unlike the arts and mechanism of this world, invention is a crime, enterprise an irreverence, the notion of progress a mistake. The constitutions of ancient Universities and collegiate foundations shadow forth this, the nature of the Christian faith. It is a natural resemblance, for they were its very offspring and nurslings in reverent days. There, verbal learning and reiterated definitions are the student's course, his only permitted path to the distinctions he may covet. Such learning as the wise world has come to call folly—call it time-wasting, call it vain—and would move all things that it should be dispensed with, because it seems to have no utility, and to confound the parts of genius and dulness, and to impose too hard a tax on the submission of the 'free' and 'independent' mind. Just herein we see the type of Catholic theology—its very impress and disposition[c]. Christianity has to be expounded,

[c] A still more emphatic illustration of the Catholic temper as pervading the olden times occurs in the homely fact, that "The young noble of the Middle Ages, whether the son of a

not elaborated; to be interpreted, not improved; to be learned, not analysed[d]. Having made its advent in a finished form and complete, whole, perfect, and to be, as it is, a Religion of documents and interpretation, it neither invites nor admits of the kind of abstract study, with its results, on which other pursuits depend for their expansion, and by which they flatter the fancied greatness of the human mind. "*The wisdom of men is foolishness with God.*"

And it seems as if, because HE would suffer no infringement on HIS special prerogative of revelation, that intellect might not generate its novelties here, nor keen faculties display their wantoning before HIM, that no flesh should 'glory in HIS presence,' that the fate of Lucifer, Son of the Morning,

poor knight or of a prince, was generally taken with his seventh year out of the hands of the women, to commence his education,—*as all education should commence, by obedience*,—by serving for seven years in the household of a noble who had received the honour of knighthood. He had to wait upon his master, his lady, and their guests at table," &c.—*Byways of History*, vol. i., p. 37.

[d] We do not forget the remarkable volume of the most distinguished of modern converts to the Roman Church, on the Operative Law of *Development* in religion, which, as to mere words, might seem to be against us here; but we take it that its author's tendency has been to show rather that Christianity is not an inert and immobile body, but a vivid and energising spirit—advancing, creating, accomplishing—in itself, and in superiority to human volition;—that, formed at first completely, it has exercised each function as the need has arisen, not altogether, like an automaton, but independently as a god-like being;—and that it belongs to no age to recal its old past, but calmly to step onward into the faithful future. This is a very different doctrine from that which would advance and improve the immutable by means of the poor thoughts of changing men, and lift up unhallowed hands to save the Ark from danger—forgetting that the LORD of Miracles dwells in it, and has no need of their assistance.

might not fall upon unwary men, HE had made evident as light the weakness and the worthlessness of adventure in such a field: the worthlessness, the needlessness, of such assistance to HIS work's fulfilment, by completing That alone, beforehand, in impenetrable privacy: the weakness, by the extreme difficulty of the one only legitimate path of pure intellectual labour, in which man can follow HIS Eternal Light, or, as it were, further the purposes of HIS mind.

That only path lies, we mean, in the explication of language and the analogy of figures: (and that, it is plain, must chiefly have grown from lapse of time, and accidents of country, and modification or death of manners of speech). The warm imagination recoils from this labour, the spirit of ambitiousness disdains it, the elasticity of the mind cannot sustain the patient toil—it partakes too entirely of subjection, of OBEDIENCE; and "*not many wise men after the flesh are chosen.*"

Though exceptions exist, (and there may be mentioned the devotion of immense gifts of mind and knowledge to the holy service, and evident honour put upon them by GOD) though we mark in every age, and perhaps in our age pre-eminently, brilliant and glorious men consecrating untold talents to the Church—if we examine the case metaphysically and minutely, it seems that we shall find they are such as they are *in spite of* their learning, not *because of* their learning. Every observer of the world knows well enough that commonly the *highest* minds are not the *holiest;* the intellectual man is not the first or nearest conformed to the Image of GOD. Neither can those grand exceptions any way affect the rule,—the "few learned" stand in their place and their succession to fulfil

their office to the Church; as the few Prophets witnessed of old, and the few Apostles preached, and the few miracle-workers have wrought; and just as needful or as beneficial might it prove for all Christians to be theological students, as for all the menials of an extensive household to be made acquainted with the reasons and the bearings of the plans of its master in all the walks of his vocation. But even were it otherwise, were learning and intelligence the rule, still, such could have but one purpose, but one single permitted use—this mere preservation of the integrity of doctrine by the interpretation of language, under the varying meanings attached to symbolic words. How rarely, in numbers how few, would Religion call "wise men" to aid It with this work.

The very Book of Its Principles, the Book, alas, esteemed so fair a field for the proofs and arguments of mortal wisdom,—how does it truly come before us? As an Infallible Guide! It courts no questions—It permits no controversy. To the solicitations of Reason on its most favourite topics the Book but opposes an impenetrable veil. It comes to us with no superabundant, no overpoweringly reasonable measure of claim upon our credit—simply, validly attested,—as we might place the information of a fact before a little child. It utters no syllable of gratuitous sanction of its own authority, offers no mundane demonstration, no way commends itself to the grace of the critic or the discoverer, is not careful of apparent disharmonies unpleasant to the rigid sense of Reason,—merely delivers its brief sentences of command, and exhibits its parabolic instructions, and—is silent.

True, wisdom, rich and unutterable, lies in its every word; wonderful meanings, we know, must

reside in the symbols of Divine communications; deeper, richer, a thousand times more wonderful, probably, than ever yet has entered into the heart of man to conceive,—as indeed we have the testimony of S Paul:—

"Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, *that come to nought.*

"But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory."

By "princes," one cannot suppose that the Holy Apostle meant the mere wearers of the regal purple and diadems of the earth, who have not been as a class, and he clearly speaks of a class, proverbial for their distinguished learning: now-a-days, at least, and to us, another, nearer, and wider interpretation is very self-evident, when we see and hear so much of the "*Royalty* of Mind" and the "*Priesthood* of Letters."

The Apostle goes on to say:—

"Which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.

"But, as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

This passage is frequently practically applied only to the heavenly state, but such a limitation appears not borne out by authority, and how much more in unison with the rest it seems by reference to the great mysteries of God contained in the secret characters of His Word.

But these, who shall say that these are the

province or the possible path of Intellect? Do we not feel that they are reserved for a gift to Holiness, as it is said, for "them that are perfect." Do we not see all through the memorial of the Church that they are the grounds of repeated revelation—revelation mostly to the poor, or the silent, or the earthly ignorant. "We prophecy in part," said S Paul again, and secrecy and mystery involve the rest, clearly to be expounded only by those who shall be learned in the learning of Heaven.

The same high Apostle, (and be it remembered he was, of all the chosen, the most eminently gifted and the most admirable master of the argumentative intelligence of his age, yet he) put a still graver and distincter caution on the bent of intellect towards Religion, writing to the lettered men of Corinth:—

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

"My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom.

"It is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent."

If it is not here meant to disclaim the Intellectual Mind as a religious source and object, can the words have any legitimate intention?

No. Religion nowhere offers, or should offer, temptations to the seeker for fame among men, but least of all will it advance the pride and famousness of Intellect. Is it not evident that the faculties, which in other walks win distinction, can have no exercise in It? Do not we see that the concentrated vigour of the grandest mind can have

no lawful play but, as we have said, in the acquirement of its documentary learning, and the expounding, by laborious research, of difficulties of mere language, and letters, and words, and phrases, and parables for the vulgar tongue of nations[c]. Then more than this, the toils of the biblical philologist and the theologian, to be available, must be cool, exclusive, and sustained; while they must furnish, and be furnished with substantial motives of utility to upbear their wearying pursuit; and while little rank or distinction will be gained through them, there must be brought to them an unbounded measure of previous attainments, the possession of many languages, intimate familiarity with the intricacies of history, and much knowledge of local and physical science. Such are a

[c] It may fairly be suggested here to the consideration of those whom it may concern, how strangely inadequate is the amount of felicitous effect realized by the dissemination of those countless copies of The Bible, which, in such multiplied translations, and millions of reprints, have been, during the last half century, circulated through the world!—but most especially in our own country, beneath our own and their own eyes, how enormous is the disproportion between the measure and its results! Looks it not as if there were something astray in the calculation? A casual observer might ask indeed, in astounded wonder at the vast organization, overlooking the small and scattered product, is there *any* result? Is the world better at all—more religious—less listless in the things of immortality—less actively hostile to holy principles? So much we do not hazard; for this extraordinary publication of the Word of God *may* be a prospective Providence—and we would look seriously upon it as, as yet, a mystery—but hitherto, in its operation, and in fulfilling the intention of its projectors, can any one point out to us that it has been other than a great, if not a ruinous, mistake? It was not thus—as it is with these possessors and not doers of the Word—when Chrysostom and Augustine preached, when Xavier baptized, when Francis of Assisi bade to penance.

few of the indispensable accomplishments of the student-theologian. One smiles, remembering these things, when one hears the frequent flippant injunction from the platform to a popular assembly, from the press to the poorest and most occupied: "Let your own *minds* be the judges! *Study* the claims we have set before you! Never yield a *blind assent!* Be guided by the decision of your *understanding!*" One sighs, too, reflecting that "HIS FOOLISH THINGS WILL CONFOUND THE WISE." The "Knowledge of GOD" were too hard for man if these were the conditions; but blessed be HIS Name, HE has revealed another and a lowlier way of conforming fallen nature to its destiny.

One road of access HE has opened to the soul —the passions, wherewith HE has clothed it, as the body with its sensal organs. Deep hidden in every human heart there is an insatiable demand of harmony, a purpose, an intention, (to be fulfilled if possible,) a search, a strife, an energy to attain unto The Beautiful. These passions are the tune-wires wherewith it tests harmony—the fingers wherewith it feels after the beautiful. And the imagination aids them, and the taste directs them, and only when the gross animal gains advantage over them need they go astray. Imagination—what is it? The power of idealizing the Perfect Abstract, and bringing it into comparison with the Imperfect Present so vividly as to induce the choice of the one and the refusal of the other, on grounds quite distinct from utilitarian right and wrong. Taste—what is it? The intermediate faculty in the mind between Intellect and the moral sense; establishing to the understanding the properness of the designed course, and contenting the soul in the performance of its intelligible duty. Eminently do

these powers meet their satisfaction in the Catholic Church. Grand and graceful She rises before the mind with Her diadem of the honours of centuries encircling Her unscathed brow; perfect in every detail, complete in every part, She presents the whole, which is Harmony—the simple, which is Beauty. And then Conscience has its ground whereon to open its work; the instincts which the Maker gave, unabused, will guide in the right direction; and conscience acquires data by which to decide upon the separate act.

We can quite conceive a heavy rebuke meeting us from some severer judgments for treating Religion as a matter for the exercise of such faculties as those we have named. We point them to the Bible. Full of poetry, full of splendid images, calling forth the very highest reaches of ideality, feeding the intensest taste. We point them to the Church, whose every phase is splendid romance. We point them to the material world; magnificently glorious, and endued with every gift capable of affording delight. We do *not* believe that this creation has been embodied for the encouragement of sensual pleasure; or, purposely, that the low appetites might find their vehicle and their end in GOD's best works;—we *do*, therefore, believe that "all the natural beauty of the world," to whichsoever sense appealing, has been given for the education of that taste and that ideality which are to guide the soul in its higher, holier tendencies. And having thus reminded them of the genius of the Prophet Isaiah and S John, and of the lustre of the sky, and the grandeur of the ocean, and of music, and of flowers, and of perfumed winds, and the face of human loveliness, we would suggest, that at least the comparative

reverence of exercising a reflective idealism on revelation, and exercising on it the power of intellect, seems to be in favour of the first.

But, Imagination captivated, the Taste pleased, the Passions inspired, a wide and fertile ground is prepared for a super-human culture.

And there, on instincts and emotions—the true, intenser man—Religion works Its mighty and enduring work; and from thence may grow, as from Reason never can, loving, possibly enthusiastic, Faith. Such faith as lights up the martyr's eye in the hour of death—such faith as fills the convent and the monastery—such faith as shall be equal to that sternest, deepest sacrifice, that one law of GOD's Kingdom, that one condition of adoption in HIS Church—Obedience!

If it was something utterly above and beyond Reason which inspired the primitive Ignatius with his ardour for blessed martyrdom, and sustained his high example, so also must it be something wholly different from, and greater than Reason, which shall animate the simplest human soul to the lowliest Christian act. "C'est le cœur qui sent Dieu, et non la raison; voilà ce que c'est que la foi, Dieu sensible *au cœur, non à la raison,*" was the testimony of a Frenchman, whose word (however on some points his opinion may be doubted) is no mean witness to any who can afford to adopt the postulate, "If a man will do the work he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of GOD." The prophetical power and supernatural illumination of men of holy and mortified lives is a common belief among mankind; the wisdom of the learned is an assumption of the devoted to Reason—and Pascal possessed a mind full of learning, and *this* was his estimate of its value; he lived in piety, and self-

control, and faith, and love; and *this* was his testimony.

We have called Obedience a stern law,—yet is it the consistent law of the GOD of Love:—It is the law of peace, the condition of rest. Who has wandered wildly in the ever-bewitching, ever-cheerless fields of speculation and self-will, and does not send home his voice across those echoing vacancies, warning the impatient that—It is—it is! Who that has once experienced its untroubled consolation, and afterwards, through temptations of Reason's vanity or ungoverned thoughts, 'left' that 'first love,' does not look back with a melancholy of heart which no earthly sunshines can embrighten, and no ecstatic lightning-flashes from the clouds of the mind can by a tithe repay, to the unutterable, irreparable loss! Who that has abided for a time in the desolate places of German, English, or Parisian Reasoning-Religion, and then in his utmost need been gathered to the shelter of the Catholic Church, does not feel a sadness steal over his present joy, because of the heavy remembrance of the still unblessed companions of his past!

One rarely gifted talked with us but yesterday, as we walked together on a green Thames'-side meadow, after an interval of years of distance, of the "siccum lumen—the dry light"—Wisdom without Faith;—and we marvelled that words so intense, and a heart so sanctified should exist separate from the conviction that the "unde ardet—unde lucet" is the prerogative and the proof *alone* of That Temple whose lamps were lighted first by the Great Apostles from the Fire which came down from Heaven in the Pentecostal morning, and have been

tended since by day and night, even to this far time, by Martyrs and Confessors, anointed Bishops and consecrated Priests, mighty men of GOD and holy virgins, and will never be extinguished, never burn out, never be lost, until in the illumination of the New Jerusalem there shall remain of them "no need." We marvelled,—but we left the solution with the Master of mysteries and HIS time.

The curse of temptation and disobedience to the heart, the "siccum lumen" to the soul, are all systems of morals or religion short of the Catholic Church. It is on our part a dearly purchased knowledge—therefore, reader, brother, whoever you may be, do not treat it as the lightly-gained and lightly-lost dreamer's story. We have ourselves turned slowly in review the tablets of past and passing things, questioning for, "feeling after" Truth; and that these systems are so, and only so, to be described, is the deep and dreary conviction we have gathered. And such are the German, and French, and American philosophies, and the Protestantism which encompasses us in England.

We class them always together, for it is, alas! too easy to trace the line which links them, from broadest heresy to the very boundary of Truth. Do any, basking in the effulgence of (as they imagine) a Christianity more Christianly than the Catholic Church, vehemently disclaim the remotest terms of communion between themselves and the philosophic sinners of Heidelberg and Paris—we ask them (seriously, for the question is a great one), to go with us back a few brief paces in our own courses of conviction in the matter, and candidly to suffer their consciousness to supply our defective reasoning where, for briefness' sake, we may but suggest, or imply, self-evident deductions.

As to Rationalist Philosophy, its object and its tendency, a respectable traveller, neither favourably affected towards it, nor chargeable with Catholic prejudices, thus narrates a notorious episode of its withering history:—

"Dr. David Frederick Strauss published, in 1835, his Life of Jesus—*Das Leben Jesu*—avowedly with the object of overturning all belief in those events of or connected with our Saviour's history, which cannot be reconciled to, or explained by, the ordinary course of natural operation. He brings to this attack upon Christianity and the miracles, not the wit, the ingenuity or philosophy of a Voltaire, a Hume, or a Gibbon, but a mass of learning and biblical criticism, which his admirers say, the Church is unable to match. The weight of profound scholarship and philosophical criticism, is, it seems, all on the side of infidelity; and the most able and learned of the German theologians—no superficial scholars in biblical lore—have, it appears, been worsted in the opinion of the learned by this Goliath."

"Dr. Strauss's *Leben Jesu* was admitted into Prussia by the college of censorship, in consequence of a minute of Professor Neander, one of the censors, and one of the most eminent divines in Prussia, which stated, that 'if the interpretation of the original history of Christianity laid down in Dr. Strauss's work were to be generally received, Christianity, as at present understood, would certainly be at an end.' 'The work, however, is written with such philosophical correctness and science, that a prohibition of it by the state would be unsuitable, because it can only be overcome in the fields of learning and philosophic science; and it is moreover a work which can scarcely penetrate beyond the circle of the learned.' Such a character of Dr. Strauss's work, from a scholar and divine of such eminence in biblical literature, places it beyond the contempt of ordinary theologians, who may affect to sneer at what they cannot even read. Why do not our young clergy withdraw from

their political economy, and their non-intrusion or intrusion politics, and refute the errors in philosophical criticism, and in biblical learning of this antagonist, who, at the age of five-and-twenty or thirty, has thrown down the gauntlet to the divines of Europe[1]!"

This extract will speak for itself;—either man's wisdom is (may HE forgive us) greater than GOD, —or it is what HIS Word declares it—literally— "foolishness" and nought in HIS ways. The criterion is fair;—the *Leben Jesu* and its kindred literature and opinions are not the mere extreme phasis of Reasoning Religion, they cannot be thrown aside as its illegitimate effect, or repudiated as its scandal, or scorned as its weakness;—we have in them a specimen of able, the ablest, intellectual dealing with Christianity—(not sceptical, but) a specimen of the direction of the highest powers of the human mind to the history and doctrines of Revelation *with the intention of being religious*—and see its result. Perhaps Schiller spoke in deeper meaning to the tendencies of his countrymen, than the stirring lightness of his Ballad poetry would betray, when he said:—

> "It is not a dream of a fancy proud,
> With a fool for its dull begetter,—
> There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud,
> 'Ye were born to possess the better!'
> And that *voice of the heart*, oh, ye may believe,
> *Will never the hope of the soul deceive!*"

And the wisdom of S Paul guides us again to an unerring conclusion—"What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him—even so, the Wisdom of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." Oh, the poor half-

[1] Laing's *Notes*, pp. 333-4.

idiot Highland drover, who died murmuring over to himself the simple words—

"Three o' Ane,
And Ane o' Three,
And Ane o' Three
Will save me,"

was wiser in the eye of Heaven than the accomplished and lauded Strauss. "Out of the mouth of babes He perfects His praise[g]!"

We could linger long on the present aspect of Germany in its ecclesiastical relations, for in truth it is a striking and a startling theme of thought. But we forbear—suggesting only, that Luther and Melancthon, and Spalatinus, and Carolstadt have been the spiritual parents of Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, and Shelling, and Vatke, and Strauss; and that the statute-book of Christendom recognises no essential difference between the notorious sins of these flagrant offenders and the schism of the New Reformation, or the quiet disobedience of Krumarcher and Tholuck, and the whole corps of their best colleagues.

[g] In the small circle of reading amidst which the writer's humble acquaintance has lain, there seems scarcely an idea more striking or instructive than that suggested by the contrast of *Das Leben Jesu*, and *The Life of Christ* by S Bonaventure, familiar to very many now in the exceedingly beautiful translation by the Rev. Frederick Oakeley, published before he left the English Church. The same subject-matter, the same scenes, equal earnestness in the authors, and such infinitely divided conclusions? Truly one may feel, without the information of the title-pages, that the one is the work of a saint, the other of a modern student; and the feeling reads a deep lesson to the heart, of the grievous ruin which must desolate for ever the beauty of a mind or a religion whence is lost, in the words of the Editor of S Bonaventure, "that temper which one feels so essential to goodness as well as to happiness, the temper of *confidence*."

Passing on to the jealously cherished wisdom of the pre-eminent 'Université' and the 'Institut'—that wisdom whose brilliance no shadows of darkness of Jesuitism are to be permitted to overcloud in the mental heavens of Young France! How do we read? We quote from notes which we cannot now re-verify with their originals, but which we have every reason to believe are verbally and substantially correct. Hear the Professeur Cousin,—

"Born in the midst of ruins of all kinds, we feel the necessity of reconstructing them. This necessity is pressing—is imperious. We are in peril while we continue in our present state[h]."

"That system alone can be productive which is animated by the Spirit of the Age—which is bound up with its wants, its vows, its tendencies[i]."

Then Cousin's devoted disciple and successor, Théodore Jouffroy:—

"A reasonable man will belong to no one school, no one sect, no one party: nevertheless he will be neither sceptical nor indifferent. He will be *eclectic*.

"This new spirit, introduced into the natural sciences, has dethroned opinions and substituted observations, and within fifty years has given them an impetus greater than that which they had acquired from the beginning of the world.

"Thanks to this spirit, the French modern philosophy has ceased to swear by Condillac, and no longer feels the necessity of swearing by any one. It publishes Plato, Proches, and Descartes; it expounds Locke, Reid, and Kant, reconciles ages and countries, finds 'the true' everywhere, and 'the false' everywhere, and while investigating human nature,—which is philosophical reality,—prepares in silence a treaty of peace

[h] *Œuvres de Victor Cousin*, tom. ii., p. 28.
[i] *Revue de La Romiguière*, Cousin, p. 1.

between all systems. Perhaps it is among the destinies of France to see it signed one day at Paris j."

Such, very briefly, was the imagined want, such the projected remedy, and such the proud anticipation—which have produced, and which distinguish, this far-famed French Philosophy. But Condillac, and La Romiguière, and Royer-Collard evoked the spirit of anxious question, to employ the ennui which had followed tremendous national excitements, and they forgot to leave to their disciples the wizard words wherewith to lay the demon; and sometimes they strive and battle, and sometimes they strike friendship, until we can perceive that they are weary, very weary, with the greatness of their way. Great souls, exiled, as one of themselves[k] confessed, "exiled from Christianity," how should they find a rest in the chaos which they have created or fallen on; where there is no aliment kindred to their necessities, and no voice comforting them in their tribulation. He who with such enthusiasm professed his philosophy as the new regeneration of the world, wrote by-and-bye thus of himself:

"The *authority* of Christianity once placed in doubt before its eyes, my *reason* felt all its old convictions tremble at their base; it was bound, in order to re-confirm them, to examine the value of their claims; and notwithstanding the bias with which it entered on that examination, it came forth sceptical.

"I shall never forget the December evening, when the veil which had concealed my own scepticism from myself, was rent in twain. I still hear my footsteps in that narrow and scanty chamber where, long after the

[j] *Jouffroy de l'Eclecticism en Morale*, pp. 360-1.
[k] Jouffroy.

hour of sleep, I was wont to pace; I still see that moon, half veiled in clouds, which at intervals illumined the cold panes. The hours of night passed away, and I perceived it not. Anxiously I followed my thought, as from step to step it descended to the ground of my consciousness, and, dissipating one after another the illusions which had hitherto concealed them from my view, made my errors every moment the more obvious.

"In vain I clung to these last convictions, as a shipwrecked sailor to the ruins of his ship; in vain, in terror at the unknown waters in which I should have to float, I threw myself back for the last time upon my infancy, my family, the scenes of my youth, all that was dear and sacred to me; parents, family, reminiscences, convictions, it tore me from them all; the inquiry became more obstinate and more severe, as it approached its term; it stopped not until it had attained it.

"That was a frightful moment, and when, towards morning, I threw myself exhausted on my bed, my early life, so joyous and so rich, seemed to expire, and behind me, there opened out another, sombre and desolate—where, thenceforth, I was to live alone—alone with that fatal Thought which had exiled me thither, and which I was tempted bitterly to curse. The days which followed this discovery were the saddest of my life. To tell the anxieties with which they were agitated would be too long. Although my understanding was not without some pride in considering its work, my soul could not become accustomed to a state so little suited to human weakness; by some violent reactions it strove to regain the shore it had lost; it found amid the ashes of its past convictions, some scintillations which seemed at intervals to re-illume its faith.

"But these convictions, having been overturned by reason, could be re-established by reason only. These glimmerings soon expired."

Oh, here was the melancholy SICCUM LUMEN! The history reminds one of Schrieber's touching

fable of an old priest at Memphis, who had the image of the veiled Isis standing in the hall of his dwelling, ingeniously formed of grey marble. His son, a lively, active boy, stood often before the image, and longed very much to behold the concealed countenance of the goddess. One day he could no longer restrain his curiosity; he took a hammer and chisel, and with a few blows struck off the veil. But to his great surprise, he now beheld nothing more than a piece of the raw shapeless stone! "What dost thou here?" asked the priest, who just came up. "I wanted to see the face of the goddess." "Ah!" sighed the priest, "it has happened to thee as it did to me when I was a youth, and fancied to find wisdom in the schools of the sages."

And Théodore Jouffroy died desolately "confessing the inadequacy" of this splendid and imposing philosophy—"To satisfy his wants, and to respond to his désires."

Here was no natively rebellious and scornful mind, but a young man full of earnest religiousness led away by a proud temptation of the understanding from the bright sun-clear way of faith wherein his parents and his Church had guided his infant footsteps, and then left to battle and to die in the midst of a thunder-storm of doubt, bursting over his head, blinding his path, and scattering his last confidences like dust.

If such as these are indeed (as who can doubt) the natural results of the here-active principle, surely it is equally in mercy as in wisdom, that ALMIGHTY GOD, and HIS Vicarious Representative on earth—HIS Church—have placed the opposing finger of displeasure on this faculty so fearfully abused.

"I am not one of those who view Christianity as a sacred veil, that reason, in its illimitable progress, will one day tear away. Religion is veiled, but the veil is not religion. If Christianity mantles itself in symbols, it is not because its truth is obscure, but because it is too brightly dazzling, and because the eye is weak."

Thus has written a great countryman of the unhappy Jouffroy.

The half-philosophy, half-protestantism of ever-anomalous America, is perhaps the strangest moral study of that strange land. So near to Truth, so ardently betrothed to Error. Hearing so clearly the Voice of the Great Charmer, and flying to forget it into the drearest dreams of human independence and self-reliant power. Where the line lies nearest to Protestantism, congregate Channing and the preachers: these are their Orthodox! Where it silently links itself with European Rationalism, appear Emerson and the poets; and these they call Transcendentalists.

Of the sentiments of a man whose works have been so long before the world, as those of Channing, it were but officiousness to collate particulars; two or three short sentences, taken at mere random from their volumes, will suffice our illustration:—

"I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, *inquires still more of the oracle within itself*, and uses instructions from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies[1]."

[1] Channing's works, vol. ii., p. 81, *On Spiritual Freedom.*

"You are all capable of the thinking which I recommend. You have all practised it in a degree. The child, who casts an inquiring eye on a new toy, and breaks it to pieces that he may discover the mysterious cause of its movements, has begun the work of which I speak, has begun to be a philosopher, has begun to penetrate the unknown, to seek consistency and harmony of thought; *and let him go on as he has begun*, and make it the one great business of life to inquire into the elements, connections, and reasons of whatever he witnesses in his own breast, or in society, or in outward nature, and, be his condition what it may, he will rise by degrees to a freedom and force of thought, to a breadth and unity of views, which will be to him an inward revelation and promise of the intellectual greatness for which he was created [m]."

"Christianity, I apprehend, is not viewed in sufficiently broad lights to meet the spirit of an age, which is tracing connections between all objects of thoughts and branches of knowledge, and which *cannot but distrust* (!) an alleged revelation, in as far as it is seen to want harmonies and affinities with other parts of God's system, and especially with human nature and human life [n]."

There needs no comment on the tendency of doctrines like these in the education of an infant country. But these are not *the whole* of Channing. In the midst of his latitudinarianism, comes an eloquent appeal to accord admiration and honour to the Roman Catholic Church, such as one of Her own members might have been beatified by a bull of the Vatican for putting forth [o]: and following his

[m] Channing's works, vol. i., p. 409. *On the Elevation of the Working Classes.*

[n] Ibid. vol. i., p. 555. *The demands of the Age on the Ministry.*

[o] "I honour the Roman Catholic Church, on one account; it clings to the idea of a Universal Church, though it has mutilated and degraded it. The word Catholic means Universal.

saddest, and most Christless pages appear passages of singular beauty, instinct with the Love of God. This school is a paradox, though scarcely an enigma to the Catholic. It goes eagerly in search of the beautiful, and it perceives in society great elements; it feels that they are at

Would to God that the Church, which has usurped the name, had understood the reality! Still Romanism has done something to give to its members the idea of their connection with that vast spiritual community or church, which has existed in all times and spread over all lands. It guards the memory of great and holy men who in all ages have toiled and suffered for religion, asserts the honours of the heroes of the faith, enshrines them in heaven as glorified saints, converts their legends into popular literature, appoints days for the celebration of their virtues, and reveals them almost as living to the eye by the pictures in which genius has immortalized their deeds. In doing this, Rome has fallen indeed into error. She has fabricated exploits for these spiritual persons, and exalted them into objects of worship. But she has also done good. She has given to her members the feeling of intimate relation to the holiest and noblest men in all preceding ages. An interesting, and often a sanctifying, tie connects the present Roman Catholic with martyrs, and confessors, and a host of men whose eminent piety, and genius, and learning, have won for them an immortality of fame. It is no mean service thus to enlarge men's ideas and affections, to awaken their veneration for departed greatness, to teach them their connection with the grandest spirits of all times. It was this feature of Catholicism which most interested me in visiting Catholic countries. The services at the altar did not move, but rather pained me. But when I cast my eyes on the pictures on the walls, which placed before me the holy men of departed ages, now absorbed in devotion and lost in rapture, now enduring with meek courage and celestial hope the agonies of a painful death in defence of the truth, I was touched, and I hope made better. The voice of the officiating priest I did not hear; but these sainted dead spoke to my heart, and I was sometimes tempted to feel, as if an hour on Sunday spent in this communion, were as useful to me as if it had been spent in a Protestant Church."—*Works*, vol. ii., *Essay on the Church*, p. 273.

the present inharmonious, and it sets *itself* the business of reconciling them and producing the Perfect Whole. Generosity, charity, and intelligence teach it to look for something better to befal mankind than mere civilization or social wealth; it discerns the line in which hope must come, it traces it far along the way of truth, and when close upon the completeness of the scheme of good, when uttering its last and deepest aspiration concerning its great want, when marching proudly up to the one inner gate to be passed from the court and porch to the temple and the sanctuary,—having given the counter-sign at every former stage,—it finds one new credential asked—Faith—which it has not to produce—one tribute levied—Obedience—which it will not yield—and its joyous progress is checked at the very end; the portal remains barred, and the searcher turns aside angry and disconcerted, and passes, as he thinks, round the temple to another door, though it is a gate conducting back into the very dim outward he had left:—obscurity deceives him, and he begins to preach that he has attained the truth, entered the temple, drunk of the secret fountain; and the search that *should* by every rule have ended in the Catholic Church, is lost at last in a system of Universal Perfectibility—a dream as flagrant and unpractical as failure could out-shape. At present those principles which, by their Pantheistic tendencies more nearly ally themselves with Neology, appear to be the more popular and gaining in America: and these also, by some admixture of ingredients, which, in Europe, they are wanting, make a far nearer approach to the rubicon of Catholic Truth than any of those above. Taste, imagination, and enthusiasm, are their clearest

characteristics—a capable foundation for devoted faith, when the time shall come.

The same hand wrote in the same page the deceiving homage—

"In the temper of the invisible Mind,
The godlike (!) and undying Intellect (!)
There are distinctions that will live in heaven
When time is a forgotten circumstance!"

And the heresy—

"The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;"

And the ineffably beautiful definition of "human happiness"—

"It is, to humble the imperfect mind
And lean the broken spirit upon GODP!"

It is a happy and a good-prophetic inconsistency. But liberalism does not stop, even in poetry, at errors, half-truth, like these—"sunshine broken in the rill,—turned aside, yet sunshine still." Without a word of warning, it sometimes starts away into a latitudinarianism so gross that the very eye shrinks from following the letters, almost before the mind has perceived the full meaning expressed. Singing of Jerusalem, and the Mosque of Omar, and the Mahometan Muezzim, one of the most popular of these writers thus declares his own heart—

"I know (when at that solemn call
The city holds her breath,)
That Omar's mosque bears not the name
Of Him of Nazareth;
But *Abraham's God is worshipped there*
Alike by age and youth;
And worshipped, *hopeth charity,*
'*In spirit and in truth* q.'"

p *American Poetry;* 'poem delivered at the departure of the senior class of Yale College,' by N. P. Willis.

q *Airs of Palestine, and other Poems,* by John Pierpont: Boston, 1840. The author of this volume, Mr. John Pier-

And there is a song of America, a rich and fascinating song, the most encored, the most applauded of any sung by the daughters of one of her fairest capitals, which may tell the direction of feeling in the multitude of men, more than many a grave and standard quotation; memory gurantees us that it runs thus:

"I would never kneel to a gilded shrine
To worship the idol gold;
I would never fetter this heart of mine,
As a thing for fortune sold.

"There are haughty steps that would walk the globe;
Over necks of humble ones;
I would scorn to bow to their jewelled robe,
Or the beam of their sceptres' suns.

"But I bow to the light that God has given,
The noble Light of Mind;—
The only light in the reach of heaven,
That should free-will homage find!"

Throughout American theology and mind there is a shadowy image, which we know by its broken and glancing fragments to be an ill-reflected and distorted representation of the Catholic Church. We know full well that nothing else than It can content the appetite for the perfect and the beautiful which rages in the very constitution of the land; but we know also that It can never be converted into a wholesome aliment, till the fever of

pont, is, we believe, a '*minister*' of the New World; and the volume is half composed of hymns written for religious occasions—as ordinations, openings of meeting-houses, &c., for and at the request of various denominations and persons. Mr. Pierpont seems a sort of laureate among them. There is sweet poetry and high talent, taken apart from the occasions which call it forth; but we leave the reader to judge of the virtue of religion which could dictate the above-quoted lines, and many similar, abounding everywhere in this book, and throughout its class.

the body is subdued, and the temper of the soul is calmed. Nothing but the Catholic Church can realize the burning desire of a superlatively wise legislation and a satisfactory social state, with which the New World is possessed—its instinct craves it as the never-yet-fed animal craves food. Probably a native of England or of a Roman Catholic country can form no just conception of the state of an American mind. The majesty, the antiquity, the authority of his country's faith is one thing with all the religious memories of the former, and all his associations; equally, whether they excite in him hatred or love, they are involuntarily felt, and he has them to fall back upon, a sure refuge, in any hour of need—but the case with the American is far different—he has no memory! he has no history! he has no power but of to-day—his spiritual existence has yet to be developed, and the desire for its development is consuming him.

Channing is gone,—and some of the sweetest of the Poets;—it remains for another generation of teachers to exult to the now restless people—"Prophets and righteous men desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not." May it be, indeed, that when in a few more revolving suns an ardent truth-seeker of the West shall come to his last hour of thought, he may close it in the joyful anthem, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation!"

And are all these past pages upon dangers at a distance, with which our only concern is that we commiserate their victims? Unhappily, no:—

the Spirit is among *us;* in our homes, and in our hearts. The instincts of awe and humbleness are clouded among *us* also; one form more of Reasoning Religion draws on the thread we have partially unwound, and it comes before us as our familiar neighbour—English Protestantism[r]. That *it* also

[r] We have seen a poem, singularly similar to that quoted above, in a small tract-periodical, entitled *The Christian's Penny Magazine,* which is distributed in great numbers by English Dissenters among their poorer and younger people. The *Magazine* bears on its title-page the information that it is "issued by the Congregational Union of England and Wales," and also that "for the contents the editor is responsible." The said editor is a Dissenting Preacher of note in London.

"Free is the eagle's wing
As it cleaves the sun's warm ray;
Free is the mountain spring
As it rushes forth to-day:
But freer far the mind—
Priceless its liberty;
No hand must dare to bind!
God made it to be free.

"You may fetter the eagle's wing,
No more through clouds to soar;
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more:
But *the mind let none dare chain;*
Better it cease to be!
Born, not to serve, but reign!
God made it to be free.

"Free is the summer breeze
Floating from airy height;
Free are the flowing seas;
And free heaven's golden light:
But freer than light, or air,
Or the ever-rolling sea,
Is the mind, beyond compare!
God made it to be free.

is a part and nucleus of those miserable moral states to which we have appended the dreary description—"siccum lumen,"—who can hide? It is sometimes asked of a certain class, "Where was your religion before Luther?" An infinitely more truthful taunt would it be to point to these desolating heresies and say, "Where were *they* before Luther?" The Reformer was once brought into a sore argumentative strait by the simple Catherine, when she asked, "How is it, Doctor, that when we were Papists we prayed so much and so devoutly, and now we are Protestants we pray so little and so coldly?" The reply of the Doctor is not, that we are aware, on record; but one would think the wherefore must have been obvious enough to his sharpened understanding:—prayer implies reliance, and, in a way involves—Obedience; the principle

"Guard well the gift Divine,
Than gems and gold more rare;
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine;
No foe must enter there.
Oh, let not error bind,
Nor passion rule o'er thee!
Keep the freedom of the mind!
God made it to be free!"

THOMAS AVELING.

Thomas Aveling, we are told, is also a Minister of the denomination indicated by the title-page. Whether such as these verses and those of the American writers quoted, have an essential affinity or not, let any judge. And those who conduct this periodical, and many like it, are the true and sincere representatives of the Protest against the Catholic Church in England. They who doubt the *tendencies* of Reasoning Religion would do well to possess themselves of a copy of this one particular little organ of sentiment, each month, until their eyes should be painfully opened. It is very well to say "This is Dissent, and we have nothing to do with it and its obliquities." But when the shadow has begun to touch the planet's disc, we know that it will progress till the eclipse shall be completed.

of Obedience was destroyed, and how could there be perpetual prayer? And in this particular the Catholic and Reformed practices have continued, to this day, as clearly and widely at issue as their respective tempers in the matter; the very life's energies of the one uttering themselves in unceasing prayers—as witness the vast Orders of Perpetual Adoration, the never-failing Daily Sacrifice, the never-silent voices of the Hours, the constant Offices of priests and the monastic choirs, the worn Litany-books of seculars, the beloved beads of the poor and of children, the cells and shrines of hundreds of Religious Houses—while, in the other, prayer is, practically, of the last and least, and lowest consideration—as testify the habits of every known Protestant community, and as, alas, one must infer from such questions as have arisen of late days, with regard to the obligation of the Rubric in the Order for Morning and Evening Service, in the Church of England,—even there, where the infection of Protestantism has entered only as an accident from without, not, as in the others, been bound up in its constitution. Through this negation, this denial of Obedience, the general mind of Protestantism attains an unhappy unity, and links itself, even in its best forms, with the most distant and worst expressions of the Religion of Reason—the Opposer of the Church of GOD—the Evil Principle which will exalt itself into the very seat of GOD, showing itself as if it were GOD. If it (Protestantism) stops short of these ruinous ends, it is but because of its shallowness; —if it retains some faith, it is because it is inconsistent;—if, under some of its developments, it receives the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, it is merely because it does not go

deep enough, and carry the commenced line of its reasoning far enough, to destroy its credence in Those, in common with its submission to other, wonderful dicta, originating from the same source. Rationalism rejects the Miracles—Protestantism denies the Mysteries: Philosophy calls for demonstration of the Being of a GOD—Protestantism declares entirely insufficient the credentials of HIS Church: Transcendentalism creates a tribunal within each separate mind whereat to arraign right and wrong, good and evil—Protestantism professes to appeal to external authority in the Written Word of GOD, but makes every man his own interpreter, and every man has his own interpretation:—where, we ask, is the work of the same hand, and tendency in the same course, if not here[s]?

The 'beauties of Protestantism' have been fully manifested around ourselves, we can contemplate them at leisure. The knowing and the wise,—delighting in discussions of doctrine, and polemics, and intellectual heresies, loving the questions which divines themselves are never able to adjust, choosing them, because they call off the heavier

[s] "Look to German Rationalism, look at Protestant Theology—what do you see there? Reason usurping the mastery in each individual, without control of the higher faculties of the soul, and of those institutions in life by which those faculties are represented; and as one man's reason is as good as another's, thence arises war of each self-asserted despotism against that which happens to be next to it, and of all against all—a spiritual anarchy, which threatens the entire dissolution of the moral world, and from which there is no refuge but recurring to the old traditionary faith of a revolted humanity, no redemption but in the venerable repository of those traditions—the one and invisible holy Catholic Church of Christ, of whom, as the inner and eternal keystone is God, so the outer and temporal is the pope."—Frederick von Schlegel's *Philosophie des Lebens*.

thoughts, which else must settle on personal things—cruelty, and covetousness, and injustice, and impureness—have left us for relics, the Age of Apologies and Analogies, and all those laboured Recommendations of God's Truth, by which they sought to serve the deep need of the soul coming into its last straits. The Age of following Great Preachers, of pleasing the ear with the finely-worded or intonated or expressioned statement of the most awful themes, has also had its rise, its ascendant, and its culminant:—leaving us Religion as a Fact, Religion as a Spirit, standing on the farthest boundary of, not thousands, but tens of thousands of our English homes, like the holy Shechinah lingeringly, but, (except for God's miracle) surely, departing from the disobedient city. Such a system infallibly accords its applause and its devotion to cleverness rather than to Truth. The acute and brilliant thinker becomes the popular favourite. He who most gratifies the ear or the judgment carries the palm of undisputed right. It falls into the worst of spiritual imbecility. Concentrated and severe thought, even, comes to be unendurable, after truthfulness and simplicity have been bartered for the short-lived gratification of the Intellect. The splendours of secular eloquence, the charms of a classic Christianity, have, no doubt, beguiled the few soft, or frivolous, or infirm souls, through their fair and facile path, into the rugged way of religion—justly complaining, as they went on, of the difficult end of what had so pleasant a beginning—but the appeal to the true moral actuality within, will never be accomplished by such means, any more than it will be responded to by such a class; its objects must be those—not, indeed, wanting in mental rank, nor

less appreciative, nor less poetical, but—of truer, firmer, "sterner stuff."

Another phenomenon our elders have seen grow up from its cradle, partaking of the nature of both the above substitutions for Christian Faith, and yet in great measure distinct from, and in some ways and sometimes superior to, them; we know it as the characteristic of the age of the *so-called* Evangelical or Spiritual system. And one who saw that in its infancy, and knew it then, by the test of the Church, as a false stimulant, and that its virtue must soon evaporate, (yet, withal, spoke tenderly of it as, then, in the midst of laxity, active and painstaking, and by its zeal covering some of its sins against Reality and Obedience) has told of having "lived to see this system embraced by the world—the world in its worst sense." Condemnation enough, one would think, to cover for ever the head of any Christian system. "Existing in a hundred base diluted shapes, as liberalism, as semi-socinianism, as nominalism, as indifference to all religion, at least to all positive doctrine, positive duties, or any positive authority in spritual matters. Having become the creed, or no creed, of power, wealth, fashion, and sensuality." It is not for us here to enter into examples and plead proofs of each of these grave charges, nor, we believe, is it any way needful; there is too unhappy a notoriety about the case. Your evangelical young clergyman, with his rich and delicate wife, and his elegant villa suburban to his parish, and his weekly duties in his church, (nay, for we would not wrong him, possibly, also his *Thursday evening lecture*), and his rare and very select visits to his poor, his care not to interfere in the remotest measure with the "districts" or the "flocks" of his sectarian

"brethren," his programmes of public meetings, and his look of gentlemanly patience when (the only Cross he is known voluntarily to take up—or perhaps he could not conscientiously *take up* any, for fear of 'will worship'—he may deem this his *appointed* one!) when, from the platforms of those delightful public meetings, he is covertly taunted for his Churchmanship—invidious and unjust charge!—and civilly advised to remember this happy fraternization with the persecuted when the next Church-rate day arrives:—this is a sorry example, if this be all, of the working of the proof of Evangelicism[t]. And the several defective de-

[t] "In a fatal hour the Government appointed an evangelical bishop to the bench. . . . . The placing an evangelical on the bench was as fatal to the Church as the introduction of a chartist to the Privy Council of the King would be fatal to the crown. . . . The evangelicals do not believe that God the Holy Ghost—the Divine Nature itself—is communicated in baptism. They do not believe that the Deity is brought down from heaven, and 'the flesh and blood of Christ verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful,' in the Lord's Supper. They do not believe these foundations of the Christian faith; and this is the ground of their vituperation of Popery and Tractarianism; it is because Papists and Tractarians are sound in their faith, on those points at least, whatever may be their errors on others; and without these truths THERE IS NO CHRISTIAN CHURCH."

"One of the worst consequences of the evangelical system is the position of dishonesty into which, of necessity, it puts those of the clergy, and there are many, who maintain it. Whatever may be their mental reservation on the subject, they stand before men as the ministers of that church whose orders they bear, and whose emoluments they receive; and they are bound, in all conscience, to teach her faith, and conform to her ordinances. If, therefore, they shall say, that they do not believe that they receive the Holy Ghost by the imposition of the bishop's hands in their ordination—that the form of absolution prescribed in the office for the visitation of the sick, is presumptuous and blasphemous—that baptism is

monstrations of the Church's religion among us have issued at length in that saddest sight, amidst the many sad, which England at this time presents —the vast multitudes of the not only voluntarily but exultingly excommunicated from the sacraments of salvation. We make merely a passing reference to this: it appears sufficient just to draw the mind of the reader to a well-known result of causes obvious on the principle which we have first advanced, that—Obedience is the life and the light of the Catholic Church. Dissent may be to others a matter for statistics and speculation, or for ridicule or rebuke—to us it is simply a sad thing,—and may we be forgiven for saying likewise, it is associated in our mind with thoughts that there is need of penance and silent humiliation before the Lord of the Church, on account of much past unfaithfulness on some hands to that flock which He gave Her—Her beautiful flock. Our deep conviction of the wrongness of Dissent, and its ruin-

not regenerative; if they will not teach children of their flock the doctrine contained in the Catechism, that in their baptism they were made 'members of Christ, children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven;' if they will neither consider rubrics as of any force, nor the rule and authority of bishops, whom they have sworn to obey in things spiritual as binding, and yet will continue in the bosom of the church, whose formularies they set at nought, and whose faith, in so many instances, they contemn, they cannot escape the charge of dishonesty."

"We have a right generally to demand from the bishops that they do not suffer the pulpits of the Church of England to be used in the denial of her rites, in the contradiction of her doctrines, in the setting at nought of her bishops, and the attacking the sacraments of the Catholic Church. We have a right to demand that the chaplains of the Queen be not permitted to preach against that church, of which the Queen is the acknowledged head."—*Tracts for the Last Days*, 1844, vol. i., pp. 265, 282, 272, 276.

ousness, and its untenableness, is as emphatic as the conviction of heart and mind can be; but when one condemns the act of suicide, one does not the less grieve for the unhappy victim, nor the less feel the guilt attaching to his provoker.

The social state of England is a too legible testimony to the effects of all these things. It has been without an anchorage, and so wildly driven from rock to rock and whirlpool to quicksand, that the miracle of its preservation is even its own wonder. In one direction we have sunk into wretched materialism in a very vortex of riches, trade, commerce, foreign communications, splendor, comforts, ease, and all the appliances and ends of over-civilization;—again, we have stranded millions on the dry shore of pennyless poverty, and then gathered them up quick into enormous factories, to drag on dark lives, full of wickedness, full of ignorance, full of cursing misery. We have achieved millions of petitions against the, nevertheless irrefragable, principle, that the Church, and the Church alone, has the right to educate; millions of petitions against the support of the only men who can carry on the real government of Ireland, and preserve its peace; millions of petitions for the change of a law whose abolition without extensive modifications in other things which public clamour would by no means wait for, has brought famine and commercial paralysis in its train; and we look complacently upon our monster labours, and charge the trumpet of fame with the transmission to the future of the news that we have done these things; and then the great spectral Idea passes away, and ruin, and wreck, and distressful certainties glare upon us out of the tempest we have raised. Nothing but the Catholic Church, with its experience,

its strength, and its self-possession, can calm the disordered elements.

The division of classes is so arbitrary and unnatural, that Hindoo caste would be a relief to it; yet two great oligarchies bear undisputed sway through every circle, mingling in, triumphing over, all—the Aristocracy of Wealth, and the Aristocracy of Talent—and these communicate so unsafe a motion, and such a general striving towards radical equality, that, in the midst of inconsistent prejudices, there is an almost universal hallucination of prosperity consisting in every grade superior to the several thinker being depressed to his particular level. That it is a most holy and GOD-implanted instinct in the human mind—that 'HE made of one blood all the people of the earth'—that 'every man is our brother,' to whom we are verily bound in love and not in slavery—that regalia distinguish not, and that fetters destroy not, the true nobility, we admit fully and earnestly; but sure we are that no political state, no man-made constitution, will ever fulfil the deep desire of the people, the consoling dream of the oppressed;—that it can have but a single satisfaction, and that in the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is the great democracy—all are equals There, all are brethren—and it is a happy government—its laws weighed in the balances of the centuries have never been found wanting[u].

[u] "Beyond the pale of Christianity men remain in a state of isolation, or, if they unite, it is to form political communities; in other words, to make war with fellow men. Christianity alone has discovered the secret of free and pacific association, because it alone has shown to liberty in what it is that liberty consists. Christianity governs, and will yet more rightly govern the earth by the increasing strict application of its

Thus it has been, plan after plan of man's invention for the furtherance of his spiritual work has failed or ended in confusion. Something deeper,

divine morals to human transactions. Hitherto the Christian world has been more occupied with the mystic side of religion, than with its political bearing. A new era commences for Christianity; perhaps our grandchildren will see the gospel serving as the basis of public order. . . . . Unless you can substitute the peace of your conscience in place of the agitation of mine, you can do nothing for me. . . . . Peace! no, however bold you may be, you would not dare to pretend to it! and yet, peace is the right and the duty of the creature rationally endowed; for, without peace, he sinks below the brute. But, O mystery of mysteries! for you, for me, and for all, this object will never be attained by ourselves; for, whatever may be said, the whole realm of nature does not contain that which can give peace to a single soul. . . . . Thus you have furnished me with new proofs of the need of a physician of souls; of a redeemer, to cure the diseased dreams of a creature so perverse, that it is incessantly and inevitably engendering within himself contest and contradiction; and which, by its very nature, flies from the repose it cannot dispense with; spreading around itself, in the name of peace, war,—with illusion, disorder, and misfortune. Now the necessity of a redeemer being once admitted, you must pardon me if I prefer addressing myself to Jesus Christ, rather than to you! here we come to the root of the evil! pride of intellect must be abased, and reason must own its insufficiency. As the source of reasoning dries up, that of feeling overflows; the soul becomes powerful so soon as she avows her want of strength; she no longer commands, she intreats; and man approaches near his object when he falls upon his knees. But when all shall be cast down, when all shall kiss the dust, who will remain erect upon the earth? What power shall exist amid the ashes of the world? The power that shall remain is a pontiff of the Church.

"If that Church—daughter of Christ, and mother of Christianity—has seen revolt issue from her bosom, the fault was in her priests; for her priests are men. But she will recover her unity, because these men, frail though they be, are not the less direct successors of the apostles, ordained from age to age, by bishops, who themselves received, bishop from bishop, under the imposition of hands traced backwards to St. Peter

greater, manifold more strong, must meet the necessities of the enkindled heart. And there remains the ever-sure, ever-recurring, ever bright and fresh instruction and resource of simple obedience—simple faith—the becoming in GOD our Father's sight as "little children." We must go back and begin from the very beginning, and then as a nation, as peoples, as single men and women, "in quietness and confidence" shall we find "strength."

The Age is setting up its signals. If the dangers of Reasoning Religion are on the one side, the sure issues of the Catholic Church are on the other side. So is it in the wide world, so is it in England. England will yet not utterly repudiate her apostolic birthright, nor perjure herself on the tombs of her kings, nor forget that her rocks have borne the bright legend, 'Albion, Island of Saints!' Setting quite aside the question of any ultimate conflict of hierarchies, looking only to the temper of faith and reverence, as constituting a sure note of True Religion, in distinction from that which is Protestant, we might detail the shining signs which arise all over the broad field of Britain, telling of hope, of Providence, of peace to come. Yet, where we would ardently exult, we are aware that many would bitterly condemn. Instead, then, of exhausting space with the expression of innumerable facts, which all may see by looking round their home, or their society, or their city, let us be suffered—

and to Jesus Christ, the infusion of the Holy Spirit, with the requisite authority to communicate that grace to the regenerated world."—Marquis de Custine's *Empire of the Czar*, p. 6.

A Word for "Puseyism."

Improvement has begun; the day has dawned; hope has waked up the Angel of Religion from her heavy sleep of sorrow; the Catholic Church has become once more a familiar, a household word;—and we may challenge chronology and events for the fact of that rousing, and that dawn, and that glorious revival having been coincident with the rise and publicity of those few earnest men in the Anglican universities, (indeed, we may say, in one university,) whose tenets it has been tried to lower into a "persuasion," and whom it has been instigated to brand as a new "sect." A conjunction of circumstances may have assisted, many rivulets may have swelled the stream, but Oxford has been the mountain of torrents whence the fertilizing river has been created. Though any one deeply imbued with the Catholic spirit would avoid, as he would the poisoned chaplet, wearing the names of individual church teachers, and following the cry too dangerously bordering on heresy, 'I am of Paul,' or 'I am of Apollos,'—though grievously un-catholic must be any spirit which would seek to distinguish itself as one "ism" or another—and though least of all would he, whose honoured name has in this day given the appellation to an eminent power, endure its prefixture to principles so far higher and ancienter than *it*, yet, *conforming to popular parlance, using the tongue of the Egyptians in our commerce with Egypt*, we claim respect for a symbol which has drawn Englishmen's eyes to a reality, and we remind them that they have to thank "Puseyism" for reviving in their midst the Great, the Glorious,

the Unspeakably Blessed Faith in the Practical Fact of the Holy Catholic Church.

WHAT IS "Puseyism?"—Those who go with us in acknowledging the superiority of belief in GOD'S Truth, to the intellectual development of It, will feel with us that its best and truest sign—its germ of perpetuity as a Catholic revival, is that it is *not* an effect of Theology revivified by a natural process, in the manner of a science, on grounds of common argument—that it has not come about through fair, competent, and elaborate discussion, and by men finding in their cultivated understandings the responsive declaration of Faith to their new-discovered Truth. These are too commonly but the portents of ranker schism—that which would find an abiding place in Christian history must constitute the Christian *heart* its referee, and direct its forcible appeal to the higher nature of the man.

"Puseyism" is not a doctrine, but a work—not a theory, but a character—not an agitation, but an influence. It is the name now given in the Church of England, by persons of far other tendencies, to that temper which is the religious response of the inward mind to the outward conditions of the Catholic Church; the name given to remembrance of Holy Baptism and restored Church discipline, and acknowledgment of the mightiness of the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist; and to much prayer, and secret alms-giving, and serious penitence. But the development of this temper is not circumscribed within the limits of the entitlement.

Thousands who would never own allegiance to the name it has unfriendlily received, have felt, and acknowledged in ways sounder than words, the

efficacy of its fascination. They may have mistaken it, may have maligned it, may have borne it much and bitter ill-will, may have believed that they utterly scorned it, may have fancied that they were quite without its reach, because they saw no shadow, and no footstep was heard near them; men do not see the Spirit-Guardian by their side, they do not hear the flight of the Holy Angel when he bears his message,—but for this very cause, that it is no novel, combative system, no tangible set of invented rules, no laboured address to the reason, but a simple, still, arousing of ancient divine passions, the instincts of the moral heart, as first directed by the finger of God;—for this very cause it is able to have strength over the soul, and cannot be resisted, and must remain, as no cast of intellect could do, as a permanent influence in the character of the saving religion of the age.

In laxity, and indifference, and dissent had been manifested the result of reason superseding or endeavouring to coalesce with faith—systems of human conception engrafting themselves on God's decretals:—we have fallen upon the beginning of the great reaction, the inevitable consequence of the desolate-heartedness left to the children from the spiritual privations of the fathers;—and it seems strangely enough that the dawning hope of restored times is looked upon, as we see, with suspicion, and distrust, and dislike, by so many of those true and truth-loving men to whom, it would appear, that it must be the advent of very peace. But—so wears the war. The Spirit which is opposed to the Church is moving in its unquietness over the surface of society, and striking down its evil agencies sometimes where they had been least

feared, because the time is short, and the final battle-day is drawing near, and it must secure a lodgement in whatsoever men it may.

Still, it cannot but appear that it must be a misconceived and distorted view which leads to the unfriendly feeling of the good towards that which *is* good. We have but a feeble voice, but we desire ever to employ it to utter our soul's conviction of the right (would that for such a purpose it were as the voice of the wind or as the voice of a multitude), and such as it is, we will trust more to its testimony than to its power, and crave a gentle hearing from some elder and wiser than we. We do not address ourselves to enemies, but to those whose minds are strung to unison with the notes of deeper religion, and who are conversant with the former and the present facts of the state of the English Church. Our words can be but suggestive, and we desire that they should be in all humility before those with whom we venture to speak; neither do we forget the relation of the old chronicle, how "At the burial of Chaucer all the poets of the age threw their pens into his grave!" and that those who have defended these principles, have gone to silence, or to other work, after whom, perhaps, no lower person should hope for, or dare, a hearing: but we stand each in our "lot," even now; and "at the end of the days" we shall receive each the judgment of our individual calling.

We have started from the expression of our deep certainty that Obedience is the sum of the Christian Law; with those with whom we venture to speak, we go farther, and assume that for the masses Almighty God has provided the Authoritative Voice of His Holy Church; and that whosoever heareth It (in the obedient hearing of the heart) may receive

now the Waters of Life, and by-and-bye have a right to the Tree of Life; having now suffered leading by the Door into the Sheep-fold, may by-and-bye enter in through the Gates into The City; —that the same simple, while incomprehensible, sublimity, which everywhere distinguishes the Divine from a secondary work, marks it here—that, simple as Creation by a Command—simple as Pardon by the Cross—so is the simplicity and the sublime mystery of Salvation through a Creed and Sacraments[v];—that "to the Jews (they who look for the visible fitness of religion) a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks (they who oppose intellect to faith) foolishness," this Wisdom of God is reserved for Babes, and revealed to the meek and sincere in heart.

It is clear that This, if the Way of Salvation, cannot be, as a doctrine, obscured in any community without great practical danger to the people. It is also clear that a realization of religion which fully and perpetually impresses this creed on the heart, must be the most efficient instrument in the ultimate work of the Church—turning to righteousness the multitudes of the unrighteous;—not from, as far as we can see, any exact fitness in the Way Itself (for the mysteries of these things are by our present understandings inappreciable) but merely *because* it is His Way, Whose alone is the right to appoint the way[w]. And it were needless to speak

[v] St. Mark, xvi. 16, *He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved;* St. John, vi. 54, *Whoso eateth* My *Flesh and drinketh* My *Blood hath Eternal Life.*

[w] It is a serious thought, when we reflect how some people view the Holy Scriptures and interpret them, and found their hopes on their interpretations, that we can no way tell the precise line where the *necessity* of Form ends, and the sacramentality of Faith simply begins: no Christian denies the

of the silence, the almost loss, of these principles and feelings for long long years in the bereaved and beleaguered English Church. Verily the Enemy had sowed tares while men slept;—it were needless to speak of the extent of their present restoration to the pulpits and the private teachings of the great body of the clergy;—every one is familiar with these things. There has arisen no small stir concerning this way. This, it would appear, is some praise.

The Church itself had come to seem in common minds an effete and foolish piece of political pageantry[x]. Some thought it easily dispensed with,

obligation of *some* forms—as, prayer, the Bible, a correct life—and we know, indeed, which is the safer side; that the Form consists with the Sacrament, while it is possible that without the Form, to a great extent, there is no Sacrament;—but this is little comfort to the heart having many *Naamans* among its best beloved of this world.

[x] We will make no comment on the subjoined extract:—"After all, there has been an Election Cry; the separation of Church and State. Wait awhile, and the cry will deepen into a roar. The Church has heard the distant muttering; and—if she take not good heed—the thunder will be rolling and breaking about her towers. For the truth is,—Public Opinion has begun to contemplate the use and dignity—not according to the Acts of Parliament, but according to the Acts of the Apostles, of a Bishop. And—oh, Henry of Exeter, and Charles James of London—and, oh, lordly episcopacy of Rochester, enshrined in palace at the cost of only twenty-eight thousand pounds—the public mind, irreverent as a school-boy with his little sister's doll, is taking the bishop to pieces. How Public Opinion rumples the lawn, and twitches off the apron; and how—feeling for the meek heart of the lowly Christian—how the bran or saw-dust runs out; and how—but the picture is too affecting; it is too much to meet with husk or deal-dust, where we fondly hoped to find a living fount, the beating pulses of meekness, self-denial, and fraternal charity to all men. To think that Public Opinion should ever contemplate a Bishop of London as little other, for all apostolic purposes,

but better retained, because change is always dangerous: others, and many, cried, 'Down with it, down with it, even to the ground!'—then, in the usual way of minor causes conserving great events, as Jesuitism rose side by side with German Reformation, Loyola with Luther, so "Puseyism" is chronologically ranged beside the Movement in which Erastianism on the one hand, and Anti-Erastianism on the other, were combining to betray the outward character of the Faith of England (for, blessedly, over its inward they could have no power) to atrocious disorder and disgrace. As disrespect to the institutions of their country as such, and as of legal force, was taught to men, reverence manifold higher and more intense and lasting, was claimed and has been won for these very institutions, as God-sent Realities, objects of Faith. So are we dealt with.

"The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes

than a Bishop of Bran! Altogether, we are not *ill satisfied* with the result of the present elections. It manifests the beginning of the end. There is an infusion of popular blood in the House: new men are sent there who will speak out. At the next election let the number be increased. Then, the cry of separation of Church and State will be deep and loud. Already the wind is rising; so, Christian bishops, fix your mitres firmly on your apostolic heads; for, as surely as you have bank accounts, there will be very—very squally weather." —*Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, 1847.

Yes—we will add a brief comment to those whom it may concern. We will suggest, is there no *need* of "Puseyism!"

the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences, that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and food to wide neighbourhoods of men."[1]

So are we dealt with. The wounded oyster mends its shell with pearl!

But we talk with those who see in the change we speak of, only an unhappiness and an evil: so far from being a compensation of calamity, they call it a new calamity, and worse than any heretofore. What if on the surface, and to the external mind, and under some aspects, it may seem so—not utterly without a show of reason? This expansion has come upon us, as growth will come to the body, resisting, not co-operating, by a shock. Things apparently undesirable may have, in some ways, attended the movement, (when we look at past reformations, how trifling!) but do not great drawbacks commonly accompany and attach to great blessings? Sometimes blessings are given with so much attendant rebuke, that they seem for the moment, and to our unclear sight, like—curses. Yet, dare we say it had been better otherwise? At least, dare we say it had been *safer* otherwise? Blame, we know, is ever safer than praise—when

[1] Emerson's *Essays*.

the voice of a multitude is in question: and to be condemned in newspapers must surely be to Christian men a better sign and better discipline than being defended in newspapers—else what should mean that 'they are blessed when they are reviled and ill reported of;'—such a benediction cannot refer to their moral life, which is to shine as light in the world; to what, then, must it apply, (for we are sure it *has*, like all HIS words, an intense meaning,) if not to the face of their religious forms and practice? It was not to be expected that so great a change from the past as this revival could occur without a sensation; and in the brightest waters a storm will stir impurity. We do not rejoice in indiscretions or uphold injurious obliquities, though we do earnestly venerate that bold, brave spirit which has risen in the midst of a perverse generation to exert a voice of strength, to warn, to prophecy, to teach—speaking so that men cannot choose but hear; and having already spoken and witnessed so widely and so well, that though in many and many a path the unwise goes on still in his unwisdom, it is rarely to be found now-a-days among the intelligent classes, but the mission has been fulfilled in the wanderer's regard—in one way or another he has been warned, he has heard the voice of the Church, and his blood is upon his own head. That this has been the work is famous, and that it was the vocation we devoutly believe, of the Revival which people call "Puseyism." It has likewise been its work to alienate, as themselves testify, and who shall be anxious to disclaim or prevent!—the whole body of Wesleyans, long a false and self-forced excrescence, from the surface of the English Church; sometimes, too, there are whispers of a preparation on the part of the

"evangelical" party to leave their places to truer men—to men who hold the faith of the fathers who founded their benefices, and built their colleges, and endowed, to serve its holy purposes, the fellowships and stalls they unrighteously usurp —a preparation compelled by "Puseyism." It has created a mighty *sifting* in all quarters.

Is a grave charge of unsoundness brought against it, again, because it seems to be the work of leaders, of particular men, of great and followed names? We would answer, improvements, moral or religious, any more than social or political, are never wrought by the masses, but by the impulses of individual minds. The mantle falls upon the wayfarer unexpected, unlooked-for: the man has become a prophet, and he must be faithful to his awful function, however he seem to his co-mates the mere common wayfarer still, just as ever. They who see the greatness of questions, only can be their expounders, and the agents of their advancement. And it is not the commonly observed way of GOD'S providence to give such perception at once to a nation; the single, separated, meditative men acquire sublime profundity of understanding, and then they take their station as the depositories of opinion and the stars of faith, and are followed even as they follow their secret teacher. We *must be* in the hands of leaders and representatives, if we live in this world. The perturbations of life prevent even right-minded men from coming to see together, as they might, and surely would, if in undisturbed peace they contemplated the great facts before them. It must be left in the hands of the few to read the causes, and solutions, and results of things, and guide their fellows accordingly. And so we see, both confirming and

meeting this necessity, that every remarkable age elicits unusual spirits. Some one or two, or more, on whom they have taken a deep hold give utterance to its strong emotions, to express and perpetuate its personality; and on some few more it is conferred to live and speak, as if they were separate intelligences who had stridden on far off before their comrades of the day, and "contemplated the things happening from secure loop-hole in the future[z]," as if they were over, and their effect concluded; but this capability and this clairvoyance are neither of them vulgar gifts; the multitude go about their daily work and confide to these the concerns in which their great skill lies. And, alas, in the Church of England at the present, what should any do if not trust themselves to "some living teacher or model of sanctity, who may seem especially commended to their confidence[a]?" What should the tried truth-seeker in ordinary ways of life do but be lost in the mazes of private judgment, if he did not commit himself to the control of one personal authority, and gather his attention and affection round one centre, choose one esteemed judgment to be his appeal, rest himself in the direction of one man, and trust that he be not taken away from him and it be said that he, like the King Jehoash, "did right," but "all the days of Jehoidah the priest." Roman Catholics have their leader, their personal appeal, but provided for them without their care; like the fabled Phœnix, his life and presence never pass away; the Embodied Law of Romanism, so far more absolute, so far more independent, and of

[z] Walpole's *Letters*.

[a] The words of the Rev. F. Oakeley in some publication, but the writer is not distinctly sure where to refer to them.

so vastly more universal authority than any member of the Church of England could either claim or consent to be, is an ever-renewing nucleus of fresh power and opinion. To follow a leader or leaders, then, can neither be un-Catholic nor inexpedient, since it is both the custom of Christendom and the instinct of the soul.

To appropriate well-known words of one, himself, indeed, a leader, but also enough of a philosopher to be trusted for speaking dispassionately—words used in a political, but with these tests and facts before us, seemingly equally applicable in a religious sense—"A cause is a great abstraction, and fit only for students; embodied in a party it stirs men to action; but place at the head of that party a leader who can inspire enthusiam, and he commands the world[b]."

Once more, it is objected that "Puseyism" has failed;—that it has brought schism (?) into the Church it aroused, and sadness into the very souls of those who have accomplished its mission? If this is seriously charged as a crime, we will but quote the noted words, "Let us compare ourselves with those who are gone—men of zeal, men of piety, men of prayer, and watchings, and fastings, and almsgiving, and purity of life[c]." If it is advanced as an argument of its insufficiency, we answer,—What "Puseyism" really *is*, cannot yet be seen: "it must take an age to expound an age,"—but as yet, it *looks like* the Restorer of Britain's Church[d].

[b] *Coningsby*, vol. i., p. 227.

[c] *The Plea of Conscience*, Rev. W. Sewell, p. 50.

[d] "God raised up the authors of the *Tracts for the Times* to recal the attention of the Church to the wholesome Catholic principles and practice which she enjoyed before Protestantism

Telling us of 'the times when the poor man heard the teaching of his parish priest and doubted not'—telling us, till we long with unutterable longing for their return:—telling us how "the Church would do great things now, if it were divorced from the degrading and tyrannical connection that enchains it." Giving us even already "other bishops of England than men appointed solely because they were the needy scions of a factitious aristocracy—men of gross ignorance, profligate habits, and grinding extortion; who have disgraced the episcopal throne, and profaned the altar." Rousing high hope in our hearts that we may yet behold—"authority once more honoured, —a solemn reverence rendered the habit of our lives—principles established which may maintain the realm, and secure the happiness of the people —property acknowledging, as in the old days of faith, that labour is his twin brother—and that the essence of all tenure is the performance of duty[e]."

In any view, at least, it cannot be despised: whatever beside it may be, clearly it is—a Great Fact:—one of the Facts of the Generation. The *Record* may rave, and the *Christian Observer* shed tears, (surely it is enough to make them) but the case is even so. It has created a Literature,—it has identified with itself a growing political party —it has built churches—it has won ardent affections. Of these, the features of its world-importance, we have even its enemies to testify. A small periodical, bitterly opposed to these things, which it treats of, gave its readers the following passages

first, and since Evangelicalism despoiled her."—*Tracts for the Last Days*, vol. i., p. 77.

[e] *Coningsby passim.*

in one of the spring numbers of the present year. We extract them, as interesting for their compelled admission of the greatness of events regarded by their author with evidently more than chagrin[f]:—

"We remember, as if it were but yesterday, the feelings excited when, in 1833, *Tract for the Times, No.* 4, *price one penny*, was brought under our notice; this tract had been preceded by three equally small tracts, addressed specially to the clergy; this was addressed to the people ('*ad populum*'). When we saw this tract asserting that the clergy were called of God, even as Aaron; that salvation was by means of the sacraments, that the Church of England priests alone had a right to be quite sure that they have the Lord's body to give to the people—when, in 1833, we thus saw the fundamental principles of the Roman Catholic Church adopted and enforced, our feelings were those of surprise and unaffected pity: we thought, and expressed the thought, that some poor college recluse had wasted his weary hours in converse with those great corrupters of Christianity, the Fathers of the first five centuries, and that, with innocent simplicity, he was propounding the exploded dogmas of times of ignorance and of impious presumption. When he talked of 'the sword and crozier of the bishops,' of the wickedness of the State in legislating respecting bishops and church property—when he talked of divinely delegated powers, by which the infinite weal or woe of men was to be determined by fellow men—we listened as we would to the straw-crowned lunatic, wielding his imaginary sceptre, and demanding awful reverence from all around. Little did we think then, that those penny tracts, so insignificant in their appearance, so ridiculous (and blasphemous) in their assumptions, were part of the means

[f] Though the number in question of the *Oxford Protestant Magazine* is lying by our side, we prefer sparing ourselves the labour of selection, by making use of the extracts, as given in a review of it in the *Oxford Chronicle* newspaper, April 3, 1847.

employed by a band of self-styled 'conspirators,' determined on a great purpose, and resolute to prosecute it in the face of every difficulty. Our estimate *then* was natural; but WHAT SHALL BE SAID *now* OF MEN, WHO WITH IMPERFECT KNOWLEDGE, OR IN PERFECT INDIFFERENCE, TREAT THE WHOLE MOVEMENT AS IF ONLY WORTHY OF CONTEMPT?

"Let us attempt to make a brief and imperfect estimate of the results of this apparently contemptible movement, with its impossible objects.

"Almost the entire body of the clergy has taken the direction in which the half dozen conspirators of 1833 would have them move. If this assertion be thought too broad, let the reader remember, that those who would not follow Mr. Newman in the natural development of the first four tracts, as exhibited in Tract 90, unite in a chorus of praise to the earlier tracts; this is a fact beyond question; and even now, men who would be esteemed anti-Tractarian still commend those earlier tracts; thus displaying that peculiar property, which some possess, of following a system or a principle up to a certain point—generally the point of interest and convenience—and then stopping short, leaving the moral and intellectual process unfinished, and themselves in a position most equivocal, if not essentially immoral. While so large a portion of the clergy adopted the Romanist idea of succession, and consequent divine authority and efficacious sacraments, a powerful and increasing phalanx moved onward, more or less consciously, toward Rome, doctrinal and actual; and in ten years the impossible fact was seen, of five hundred members of Convocation openly defending Tract 90; thus claiming the right to teach all Roman doctrine in the Protestant Church of England. Thousands of rising Englishmen resorting to Oxford, were rapidly brought under the influence of these principles. Tractarian notions spread with all the rapidity of an epidemic, in a locality adapted to foster and diffuse it; and the short period of fourteen years has seen the teaching and

governing classes of this country adopting the dogmas, and determined on re-establishing the practices of the dark ages, or at least, of those ages of deep shadows, which were the precursors of the blackness of darkness which preceded the Reformation."

After some strong remarks on the general indifference of the public press to "the movement," the writer goes on to say:—

"Literary gentlemen, to whom London is the world; men of science, ever pressing toward the receding line which bounds human knowledge; men of business, practical men, who know the markets from Britain to Japan; philosophers, who, in self-satisfied ignorance, are 'no theologians;' idle and selfish men, who live wholly to themselves—these and the unthinking, the coarse and the rude, cannot conceive of Puseyism as a thing of power, concerning them and the human race. Dr. Pusey to them is as the poor monk of Urfurth to that accomplished infidel, Pope Leo X, or as farmer Cromwell to King Charles, or as John Wesley to the peers and prelates of his day.

"Strange it is, to see how few there are who can perceive the force of a principle, when held by fanatics and enthusiasts; by men of strong wills with a purpose to be gained. Loyola himself must found the order of Jesuits, and give the law to Rome and half the world, before he can be esteemed other than a half-mad, broken-down soldier."

There is much truth in this, as the great fact before adduced, "*of* 500 *Members of Convocation openly defending Tract* 90; *and thus claiming the right to teach all Roman doctrine in the Protestant Church of England,*" too clearly evinces.

After noticing many things in "the Spirit of the Age" which have favoured the development of Puseyism, we find the following striking and graphic passage, which, containing, as it does, so much of

historic interest, we are persuaded our readers would not forgive us had we abridged it; and with it we must conclude our notice for the present.

"There is, we are aware, a tolerably large and well-satisfied class, to which nearly all we have said above will be heathen Greek. This class is the gross material body of the age. To these men the spirit of the times is nothing, nor they to it; the counting-house is their temple, and the ledger their bible; their life is in the present, merely, and is made up of rents, profits, and *per cents.*, with a country-house and a pair of horses as the paradise of their future. For themselves they would live content under the combined despotism of Austria and Rome, so that they might eat, drink, and get gain; and as to posterity, what has posterity done for them? let posterity care for itself; beside this talk of Puseyism to them is all humbug.

"Could we meet with a tolerably decent specimen of this class, we would try to convince even him, that Puseyism *is* 'a practical matter:' and to aid his understanding we would teach by example. We would take him by the arm, and show him *three or four young men, each representing a different and powerful class, passing from Oxford into the world*, to do the world's work, as he may; we would bid him for awhile forget the present, and turn back little more than a half score of years, and make a call or two in our colleges.

"We pass beneath the gateway of Oriel College, not to ascend the stair on the south side of the quadrangle, where, in a narrow suite of rooms, Mr. Newman is labouring as a man of strong will and industry, and simple habits only can, but to the north-west corner; we ascend to the first floor; the massive outer door—'the oak'—is open; knocking at the inner door a mild clear voice bids us 'come in;' entering, we cast a rapid glance around; the room is of the first-class; on one side the deep and somewhat narrow round-headed windows look into the quadrangle, on the other across the

street, toward the back of Christ Church. There is a quiet propriety about the room; a few good prints, and a small collection of handsomely-bound books. The occupant rises; his features and complexion are almost of feminine delicacy, and he is tall and slender, almost to fragility; yet his movements are easy and graceful, and, while balancing an ivory paper-knife, he looks a kindly interrogation, and speaks with that easy courtesy which almost uniformly marks the really well-born. We ask of his studies, as one who almost of necessity must bear a part, more or less influential, in the public affairs of this great commercial country. He points to Herodotus, to the Nicomachean ethics, to the Greek poets, and smilingly to Mr. Newman's earliest sermons, and to a new edition of Wordsworth, under his paper-knife. Adam Smith and James Watt, trade, colonies, and commerce, have no place in that room: Oxford knows them not.

"Our visit is ended, and the Hon. Sidney Herbert, the undergraduate, the member for South Wiltshire, and Secretary to the Admiralty, that shall be, bids us a courteous good morning.

"*When will England awaken to the fact, that the young Oxford undergraduate of to-day is the ruler of to-morrow*, and demand that university training shall have some reference to that certain to-morrow, and its duties?

"Who is that tall, fine, vigorous, merry-looking fellow, who has brushed by us in his pink coat, as we leave the college? That is Mr. Monsell, a young Irishman, who inherits Tervoe and immense estates in Ireland; and on his character and conduct will directly depend the welfare, and almost the existence, of hundreds of his wretched countrymen.

"Leaving Oriel College, we pass over to Christ Church, not stopping to glance at Merton College, where, overlooking the Broadwalk, sits a humble fellow and parish priest, little dreaming that to-morrow morning he will wake up and find himself a bishop, nor

imagining that ever his evangelical sentiments will melt off into modified Puseyism.

"We pass beneath the lofty arch of Canterbury gate, and think of Wycliffe, once of Canterbury Hall, the name of which is still retained in the gate and the small quadrangle of Christ Church, into which we pass. A striking group that, on the left, even to those who are no tuft-hunters—three gold tufts and half a dozen velvet caps. Yes; on the steps of that doorway, in Canterbury quadrangle, stand the Earl Douglas, and the Marquises of Abercorn and Waterford, all contemporaries at Christ Church; born legislators, and with territorial influence sufficient to create other legislators to do their bidding in the elective house. But we must not stop to moralise on the men, their honours, or their imperfect training, but go forward, through Peckwater, making a bend to get a good view of the columns and heavy entablature of the library, and so pass into the great quadrangle, over which dominates Mighty Tom. The aristocracy of wealth, as well as of birth, has place here; and though wealthy, its members scorn not a studentship;—ah! there is the man, looking rather graver than his years; he is not thinking of the Duke of Newcastle, or of Newark, though he has just left Lord Lincoln, also an embryo minister of state; but he is reflecting on what Dr. Pusey said last night, and is meditating a book on the relations of the church to the state, and at the same time an article for the *Morning Post*—his father is potential with the *Post*—that is Mr. Gladstone, the embryo President of the Board of Trade, and the Master of the Mint; the right-hand man of Sir R. Peel, who dared to tell his chief that he would resign, if Dr. Wynter, of St. John's College, were made a bishop; the Doctor having, as Vice-Chancellor, and under strong pressure from without, constituted a tribunal, which tried and condemned Dr. Pusey's sermon in favour of the Mass.

"But who is that short and somewhat bent young man, from whom Mr. Gladstone has parted, whose face

is pale to whiteness, and who looks obliquely toward the ground?

"That is Benjamin Harrison; he, too, represents a class which exercises no small influence in church and state. To-morrow he leaves Oxford for Lambeth. The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent to Dr. Pusey, desiring a private chaplain to be recommended to him—and who can be so useful at the ear of an archbishop as Mr. Harrison?

"One more call, and we have done: let us to Exeter College; we must visit the representative of the spirit of the times! Yes, that is the chapel of Exeter College, somewhat ragged and time-stained, and the legend over the door almost illegible, yet may be made out, it is most appropriate, though practically unheeded by the many—

"In primo quærite regnum Dei."

'*Seek first the kingdom of God.*' We cross to the staircase indicated; both doors of the room we want stand open, and the scout tells us Mr. Walter is not in his rooms; he is with Mr. Sewell—is a good deal with Mr. Sewell. And who is Mr. Walter, the undergraduate of Exeter College? what has he to do with either Puseyism or the spirit of the age? Speak modestly of Oxford undergraduates, if you please; the young man is heir to all the thunder-bolts; his father is Mr. Walter, of Bearwood, and of Printing-house-square; and the undergraduate, and the undergraduate's friend, Mr. Sewell, 'more Puseyite than Pusey,' will make themselves heard in behalf of their order throughout the wide world, through the *Times*."

We have not abridged this remarkable article, because it is interesting; nor materially mutilated it, because it is characteristic. Its unceremonious personality we regard in the same way as the personality of history, the names of the age are

inseparable from the facts of the age, and while those alluded to—many, the latchet of whose shoes few of us were worthy to loose—are spoken of little lovingly; yet the hostile arrow picked up by the wayside may innocently be stored in our quiver for service against the very hands which drew it for our detriment.

Did we not assert that The Catholic Church was achieving a quick and certain restoration, and see, even Her enemies themselves being judges, how

> "Her wasted gardens bear
> Autumn violets sweet and rare;
> Relics of a spring time clear,
> Earnests of a bright new year."

Is there not hope—is there not absolute certainty?

We will commend to the reader another witness, of a recent date—referential to a wider field, and fuller demonstration of the pervading spirit, but also very especially bearing on the circumstances of our own country. We will again quote, at some length, to present the full meanings and sentiments of the writer, one of the extremest ultra-protestant school, therefore more valuable to us, *as a witness*, than a partial friend might be[g].

"It is in truth a little surprising to see these old schoolmen thus rise from the dead. What is their

[g] *Eclectic Review*. Art. "Religion in France." Commenting on the series of Catholic theology, publishing by Migue, Rue d'Amboise, Paris, comprising the chief works of the fathers of the Church, and of its ancient advocates and defenders, together with those modern treatises which may be judged worthy of forming a part of this great national undertaking. Published with great regard to economy and lowness of price, thus enabling persons, especially ministers of small means, to possess themselves of copies, the avowed wish being that one or more of the series may be placed in the library of every Catholic clergyman.

errand?—what their message? After having been in the tomb some seven hundred years, here they are on this earth, not in bodily presence, but in spirit. Four huge tomes, of some 1,500 quarto pages each, must have some grave work to perform. And yet this is one[h] only of a long series of publications, a few much older, some of the present hour, but all breathing one spirit, and having a similar tendency. What has suggested this enterprise? How has the publisher, how has the printer dared to venture it—to say nothing of literary co-operators? A vast outlay of money is implied—a large sale is imperatively required. How is it? The editor has in a few words let the reader into the secret. Peter Lombard, he says, ruled Europe for 150 years, being the spiritual father of Thomas Aquinas, who, surpassing his predecessor in influence, ruled Europe for 400 years. Yes, these mighty rulers are called up *to rule* once more. Their power is invoked in order to put a bit into the mouth, and a bridle upon the neck of the present too free generation. Catholicism is bringing forth her mighty men of war, that she may regain her lost dominions. A new intellectual tyranny is intended, founded on the exhumed principles of the middle ages, and wielded by the high-church doctors of the papal see. Nor is the intent without support. The mere undertaking, on the part of men of business, of so extensive and costly a series of books, shows that there is a demand for works of the kind, and a response in the public mind to the wishes of the hierarchy. In truth, this and other publications *are token of a condition of the public feeling in Europe*, of which Protestants ought not to be ignorant, yet to which their attention has little, if at all, been drawn in this country.

"We cannot omit to recommend our Protestant ministers to avail themselves of the opportunity now presented for becoming familiar with works which the Church of Rome puts forth as her bulwarks, if only that

[h] The work reviewed is Peter Lombard's *Four Books of Principles* and *The Sum of Theology* by Saint Thomas Aquinas.

they may be prepared to meet the enemy on his own ground. Did our space indeed permit, we should go on to show that there are other than merely polemical considerations, which at the present day, especially, recommend the study of the giant works of the olden time; this at least may be said, that these were by men not only of renown, but mighty strength, the extent of whose learning, and the subtlety of whose logical skill, may probably have been equalled, yet certainly have not been surpassed, even after the lapse of centuries, and all the intellectual excitements of modern times.

"In referring to the movement which is going on throughout Europe back towards the past, we cannot fail to advert to the divines of the Oxford school. In truth, *Puseyism is only one phase of a very widely-spread state of mind, and the efforts which it makes are only one striving among many after a certain achievement.* Within our own borders there is a kindred movement, 'Young England' and Puseyism move in nearly parallel lines. They differ chiefly in their means. Their great point of agreement is that they both look backward, in order to find power for influencing the present and shaping the future. The Janus of the old Romans is an embodiment of their characteristic principle. They have at once before them that which was, and that which may be. But their regards are not equal; they think of the future, and love the past. Reverence for antiquity is the god of their idolatry. Our present ills are to be remedied, and our coming condition made happy and prosperous by infusing the past into the present. The men to whom we refer have, we believe, been thrown back to days gone by, and institutions which have faded and vanished, mainly by a certain amiable dissatisfaction with the actual condition of the people at large, and the appliances which have been used for their improvement. This condition they know to be unsatisfactory, these appliances they consider insufficient. The evils under which the people suffer result from a disproportionate development of the material and the moral interests of

the nation. In our haste to be rich, we have almost ceased to be just, and lost much of the true spirit of religion. We have learned to create, but know not how to distribute, wealth. We are, therefore, suffering under the two extremes of plethora and inanition. We starve one member of the social frame to pamper another. And we have carried the love and the use of machinery to such an extent, that we regard even our fellow men only as instruments for making money. Society is, in consequence, materialised in nearly all its parts. The rich want human hearts, the poor want human culture.

"This culture is not to be afforded by the instrumentality of which Mechanics' Institutions may be considered as the representative. The experiment has been tried; the Diffusion of Knowledge Society's books are scarcely more than so much learned lumber. NEITHER HISTORY NOR ALGEBRA WILL MAKE A POOR (NO, NOR A RICH) MAN GOOD AND HAPPY!

"*A widely-spread and deeply-seated feeling is finding utterance in society; a very different, & far more spiritual, influence must be brought to bear on the British people*, and principally on our hand-labourers, ere the nation can be in anything like a satisfactory state.

"Many, particularly the benevolent and enlightened (if somewhat visionary) men who form the twofold party to which we have referred, looking back and looking on, are on the point of prefering Rome to Lambeth, and would rather see chivalry revived than the Reform Act continued.

"*Not essentially dissimilar influences and considerations are at work in the United States of America, and on the continent of Europe, to make men look with favour on the once exploded principles of* IMPLICIT FAITH AND DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY; and to seek a remedy for present disorders in reviving the spirit which animated society centuries ago."

We live in a New Era: we live in an exigent time. Within a brief period, the intelligent world

about us has come to be guided by a government unknown in the past. Not Statutes, not Soldiers, not even Orators nor Preachers—but Books, rule the land. Thousands and tens of thousands, nay, the millions of Free Europe, look to books to teach them the right, and believe in books. And as to England, with the present demand for Education, this temper is likely to become universal, not to decrease in potency. A man would understand a subject, and he looks not to a teacher, but to books to instruct him. He would learn his necessary manner of proceeding in any difficulty, and he consults, generally, neither his solicitor nor his priest, but books. A dispute between powerful classes is to be decided, and instead of the long-bow and the battle-axe, books become the convincing medium. Books, then, Literature, constitute the Power of the day, and to their statistics we refer for the popular pulse—by the description of them which is bought and sold, by the relative repute of the different orders among them, we discern how the health of the community stands. Thus, in fact, the Literature of the day is the great and chief question, in judging the progress of sentiments and energies; and the extract we have quoted above takes a wise view of the state of things, when it draws its data from the demand for a certain kind of books. Nor is the testimony of the chief fact therein commented on by any means an isolated or a partial one. The catalogues of our publishers each month as they appear, read us the same sign. Work after work, edition following edition, adds continual demonstration of the multitude who seek, and the numbers ready to provide, at the expense of toil, and time, and gold, mental aliment already exorcised from the common curse of the fruit of

the Tree of Knowledge—already suffered and sanctioned and stored up, the fragments left of the feasts of Christian ages long gone by.

Beside all this, we have innumerable more, and immense (as we may say, indirect) concurrent testimonies of the same kind, to the same certain truth—that it is a great spirit which is at work, and that its work is a moral marvel. See the altered manner of writing history:—read Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens, and read Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, and read Harrison Ainsworth's graceful Romance-Historiettes,—and say, is not something stirring and influencing the age, in the correction of so many false notions of the past?—What can it be but The Catholic Church! And read the most popular of the authors especially 'the people's,'—Charles Dickens, and his kindred writers, even his imitators,—and beneath their feather-falling stories, the divining rod will detect the vein of deep true-heartedness—truth to GOD, and truth to man—the very temper of The Catholic Church! And run through the range of the day's poetical productions, from Miss Barrett and Alfred Tennyson, to the merest rhymer of the magazine—and you will feel that there also is a searching current of loving thoughtfulness, which can find its vent nowhere at last but in The Catholic Church! Literature is unquestionably a mighty instrument—the mightiest, short of miracles—and Almighty GOD has shewn Himself wonderful towards HIS Own Work, in so, as HE has done, turning its power to the service of HIS purposes—thus uttering into its frame HIS Words, which—

"Shall bow ten thousand minds
Like waving corn before the winds."

See then how fast the Day comes—Rejoice, for it is near at hand. The night is far spent—its hours have been long, and dark, and weary, but the Day IS at hand! And they who hate it, know it; they who fear the light, feel that its hour is come: and many who are in their deep selves true men, fear it too, while they watch its rapid dawning:—they have prejudices which they have argued with themselves are truth; and as a glimmer of the real heaven-brightness falls upon them, they grievedly shrink from the shapes of the things they had cherished. The one doctrine to which mostly the last resistance rises, the one dogma which embarks every struggling opposition, and all the skill of dying antagonism, is that one which the rekindling light shews out most fully—that, the Religion which is from above is sent for the "casting down imagination, and every high thing which exalteth itself, and bringing into subjection every thought to the OBEDIENCE OF CHRIST."

He who will accomplish his individual vocation, and wage his holy warfare amidst scenes such as these times still present—with their ignorance, and apathy, and irreverence, and frivolities, and egregious fantasies, with their wild mammon worship, and cold rationalising scepticism, must be prepared indeed from the Church's own unusual armory; and the girding band of endurance may often well serve in the stead of the sackcloth of hair anciently worn as the discipline of the earnest man. Difficulty, abundant difficulty, will attend the several path of every lover of the right, and every vowed servant of The Catholic Church—but being safe in the way—there need be no fear, no unquietness. The world walks by with its keen smile. But the Church sits still, serene, imperial, passing in review the des-

tinies of the Ages; prepared, constant, and content. She lifts up no haughty eyes, for She remembers faults and follies, and days which she would fain wipe out of the calendar of Her history—but She is conscious of heart-faithfulness to her Lord, and She knows, for He has said, that He will not forsake Her "ever—even to the consummation of the world"—that now She is His Chosen One, His Betrothed; and that then She will be His Bride—that the day when His Feet shall stand again upon Mount Olivet will end Her tribulation, and ensure Her peace. The Ultimate Universal is certain as the Word of GOD can make it—surer than the dawn of a to-morrow. We confess that we should have no more scruple, feel no more that we were doing a visionary and *outré* thing in building a vast cathedral, and furnishing it with every symbol and hieroglyphic of Catholicism, in the midst of a population (could such be found even now) consisting entirely of the utterest, ultraest Protestants, than we should feel that we were committed to such a charge in providing ourselves with gloves for to-morrow's wear.

We may not forecast, though we may have deep presentiments what will be the ecclesiastical memorials of the coming time. We have spoken of the Catholic Church, as a great, abstract, immortal thing—the possible possession of any country, the essential property of none—wonderful music, whose notes are sounded "within the the veil," while their hallowed echoes vibrate to the remotest border of Its vast frame. We have spoken of it as The Religion of the True Sacraments and the Pure Succession, be they where they may. All external to such Religion, it is known, must come to confusion—all obedient to

it, we suggest an earnest belief, will constitute The Sanctified, Cleansed, and Glorious Church, which is to be presented, at the end of the days, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing," by Its Eternal Redeemer and Head, to HIM Who created the World for Its alone sake. With the intermediate tableaux of the mighty history the concern of each Christian may be intimate, indeed, —but it will be practical, silent and slowly appearing. Each step will point to the next for the foot to take; and it will be enough. Great signs are abroad: the condition of the Papal States, the low growl of the undeveloped earthquake which threatens to rend Europe ere many winters and summers more shall have revolved upon her fields, the universal motion and excitement of Christendom—whether Catholic or Schismatic—whisper prophecies which speak deep things—prophecies of change and consternation—but within and above, and in God's Word, abides the one great prophecy of peace and rest.

Truth is Eternal—Error, Mortal—What need we more!

Ce sont les étoiles qui brillent au ciel le nuit, quand elles y règnent seules. Mais n'oubliez pas que leur éclat pâlit aux approches du jour, et qu'à la place où elles sont encore l'œil les cherche vainement quand le soleil a jété dans l'espace sa chaleur et sa clarté.—DUVEYRIER.

CHAPTER I.

The Silent Preparation.

"By the Hand of the Unknown,
The Living Stones are moulded
To a glorious shrine, all one,
Full soon to be unfolded:
The Building wherein God doth dwell,
The Holy Church invisible.

"Glory be to God who layed
In Heaven the foundation;
And to the Spirit who hath made
The walls of our salvation;
To Christ, Himself the Corner Stone,
Be Glory! to the Three in One."

Hymns from the Paris Breviary.

A DEEP and lonely night had closed in a short November day of the year of grace 1834. Great cities were lulling to an early rest. Strong men were locking up their strength for to-morrow. The hush of the darkness was given for repose to heavy-laden England;—and abroad, silence and sleep held their dominion; but within, within the castle, within the cabin, within the heart—was the never-sleeping business of unfulfilled work, was the never-silent cry of the new want, was the never-ceasing whirring of the wheel which bears away the old life and bears forward the young.

The world is full of startling contrasts, full of

keen truths, full of iron realities, such as we cannot escape;—we turn from them, but in our actual life they crush and cut us continually.

On that November evening a large and well-ordered family was assembled with a few select guests in the dining-room of a respectable and substantial house, backed by extensive grounds, standing beside one of the great thoroughfares of traffic of a town in Berkshire. They had met to celebrate the accession of one of their number, the brother of the host, to a rich "living;" and though the dinner-hour was far exceeded and the wine-decanters and dessert bore witness to a protracted havoc, the party still lingered round the board, unwilling to make the customary formal division where all were so correct and so agreeable.

The house was the Parsonage of the principal parish; the host the Rector—one of those delightful spirits whose wit and urbanity captivate a wide circle of flattering friends, and who with open hand and open heart pursue an easy gentlemanlike course, such as the counterpart of the life of the large proportion of the higher class among the English clergy a few years since. He, too, who was the centre of congratulation, was well capable of contributing a large share to the less material pleasures of the entertainment, having arrived fresh from the brilliant society of the University, where he had been for several years residing on a Fellowship, in waiting for his present good fortune. So with the ready interchange of sparkling repartee, and the bright intelligence of good-humour and sympathy, and all the charming nothings of propriety and polish, the piquancy of the party kept up as if the world had not been full of miserable men suffering on every side.

Yet, in the close vicinity of comfort and the indications of happiness are always to be found life's sufferers. The gay idol of the fête of Hanover or Belgrave square need but let down a glass of her splendid carriage a moment ere she steps from it to the marble hall and the decorated staircase, to be assailed with the story of woe verified by terrible appearances. The abode of the clergyman is the established resort of the wretched; prescriptively it is their Hôtel-Dieu; and where custom has for a while ceased to honour their confidence, they still sound its knocker and wear away its door-step, in untiring admonition that, whoever may be the independent inheritors of the earth, the tenant there is only placed as the Almoner of One who is their Friend and their Reliever, as the sworn Steward of Providence to give when they ask, comfort, and silver, and miracles.

At the instant when the footman announced that coffee waited in the drawing-room, and the party rose to adjourn to a fresh repast and new sources of luxury, a female servant was summoned to the street-door by a low single knock. As she opened the door, a gust of the damp wind from without caused the delicate domestic to half-close it again with unceremonious rapidity, and while she stood thus cautiously protected to hear the message of the applicant, she held her apron to her mouth to defend her yet more from the injurious air.

A woman from the farthest extremity of the parish had come to beg the Rector to administer the last offices to her dying husband. In the midst of his work the poor man had been taken suddenly and severely ill, she had now to walk two

miles to get parochial medical aid, her neighbours thought her husband could not even last till her return, and she was afraid he would die without 'The Sacrament.' She had been, she said, to the Curate's, but he was from home; and she had spoken to a clergyman whose house was within a few yards of her cottage, but he said she was not in his parish, and he had enough to attend to. The woman bore an ill character, her husband was known to be a poacher and a drunkard!—the excommunicatory power of the Church was clearly in the hands of the maid-servant, and she used it by shortly dismissing the woman with the information that Mr. Thynne was engaged with a dinner-party—if he should be going out in the morning she would name the person to him.

Before midnight the unabsolved soul had gone to give its account to its Maker, and the last instinct of religion had perished from the heart of the widow.

During the short colloquy at the door, and for some minutes previously, a little boy, with feet, legs, breast, and head bare to the weather, had stood flattening his nose against a pane of the window of the lighted dining-room, where the space of a few inches was inadvertently unclosed by the thick curtains, so that he could gaze in at the well-dressed people and the comfortable fireside. He was one of a vagrant family, and had yet his dole of pence to beg before he dared go *home* to the beggars' lodging-house! and ask for his supper.

The little lad was something of a philosopher, and through the window he studied the countenances within his field of vision, while revolving in his mind the probabilities of success if

he should lift the knocker of the door. The fine and benevolent face of the master of the house was turned full towards him, and his auguries were of the brightest, when a magic unexplained seized the company, and they all rose and disappeared. At the same time the poor woman came up, and the bare-footed boy crept to the door, and heard her petition and dismissal. Then he trotted off, having made this conclusion with himself—never to ask alms at that house, for it was of no use!—and this mental prayer to an Unknown God, that if the presence of a clergyman were necessary to one dying in peace, *he* might not happen to come to die at the clergyman's dinner-time!

These two, the woman and the lad, had scarcely disappeared, when another summons brought the maid-servant again to the door; and presently after the Rector returned to the vacated dining-room, and accosted two visitors with a polite friendliness. "My son is come, Sir," said one of them, "to avail himself of the introductions you kindly promised; I believe he is to go up to Oxford to-morrow."

"Exactly," said the clergyman, extending his hand to the young man, adding, "I am glad to see you. I presume you have just returned from your tour. I have spoken of you to my brother, and, very opportunely, he is here at present; allow me to introduce you to him, and I have no doubt he will be able to meet all your wishes."

The Rector touched the bell, and communicated a second series of impatient exclamations to the drawing-room at these "unseasonable interruptions." But both himself and his brother were far too well-bred to indicate any such feeling in their

deportment to the callers; and introductions to some of the best connexions in the university were readily tendered to the young man, with some really valuable advice and many friendly hints as to customs and observances. He was questioned about his studies and his travels, congratulated on his choice of a 'profession,' wished well through his examinations, and some good ecclesiastical wind-fall by and bye. The short conversation made a favourable impression of the youth's talent and feelings, and as he rose with his father to take leave, both the clergymen desired him to communicate with them when they could in any way be of use to him, promising to interest themselves in giving him a curacy as soon as he should be in deacon's orders.

The father and son went out, and took their way towards one of the lowest neighbourhoods of the town; their next errand was at the beggars' lodging-house.

As they had walked to the Rectory, they were met by the poor woman, on her way to the parish doctor, and she had told them her tale with much bitterness and many tears. They did all for her that was in their power, giving her money to remunerate immediate medical attendance, and cheering her with the hope that the case might not be so extreme; but while they listened to her fierce lamentations, the heart of the young pretendant to Holy Orders burned within him, for the time when should be committed to him to bestow those greater gifts which the woman sought in vain; which price and money cannot buy, but which rich and poor alike are desolate without. Already facts had begun to open upon his mind the wide truth, that the blessedness which God

will give to human life, is on condition of the inviolable fulfilment of duty by every party concerned, both dispenser and recipient.

As they passed on, they encountered the little boy who had stood flattening his nose against the window, taking his notes of the dinner-party. Again they stopped to hear the story of distress, but this time they thought it wiser to test the accuracy of the statement before administering relief; so, telling the child to wait for them at the turning of the road, they had concluded their visit at the Rectory, and now followed their bare-footed but keenly intelligent little guide to the haunts of hunger and vice and misery.

In the way, he, with a childlike communicativeness, related the repulse of the poor woman, of which he had been a witness, with his own impressions, drawn from his private inspection of the dining-room; and would have built on the new-found sympathy to which his young heart flowed out, many vehement charges against the rich and well-housed—but his auditors gently checked his angry and unseemly words. Unseemly such words always are; and impatient envy is a great sin. Yet if sometimes the wealthy and delicate could stand aside and hear the talk and the weeping of the little ones of the poor, it might be well for them; it might open their hearts by opening their eyes, and be better for them in the time to come; for certain it is—

> "The child's sob curseth deeper in the silence,
> Than the strong man in his wrath!"

A Catholic preacher of eminence in the present day, has remarked, 'How serious a thought it is for people living according to the manners of an

opulent land, that the only actual irretrievable case of condemnation related by the Great Teacher, is of one of whom no other fault is told than that he "fared sumptuously every day."' If we pursue this idea in our own minds, we shall find it acquiring an awful vividness. It is not said that the riches of this affluent man were ill-gained; on the contrary, we seem justified in the conclusion that he was enjoying an inheritance rightfully descended. It is not said that he lived in any wickedness of self-indulgence, or out-stepped the prerogatives and necessary illustrations of his rank:—he was "clothed in purple and fine linen," a gorgeous dress in those days, but not more comparatively expensive (if so much so) than the present common attire of European ladies;—and he "fared sumptuously every day." And where is now the household above the lower-middle class in England who will endure less than "sumptuous" fare every day,—even on days when the Church cautions to abstinence and humiliation. "Lazarus lay at his gate, desiring to eat of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table;" but it is not said that he asked for them and was refused, or that the rich man knew he was there. How many beggars come and go at the gates of our rich men, and they never know of their appeal? Perhaps they have given a general order to their servants to relieve all who come; and this appears not only sufficient but generous; and who would say the master should be accountable for the neglect of the servant, if *one* went unhelped away. Yet we have no reason to infer that it was otherwise than this with the rich man in the Gospel. We are not told that he was habitually hard-hearted to the poor; we are not told that *many*

beggars, but that "*a certain* beggar" lay at his gate hungry; and "he was full of sores,"—a disgusting and loathsome object. How many of our rich men or tender ladies would endure the mere presence of such a one by their mansion gates? Would not rather some menial be sent to roughly dislodge him, to find another resting-place where he might. Yet Lazarus was allowed to be "daily" laid where he is described. And after all it is recorded that—

"The beggar died, *and was carried by the Angels into Abraham's bosom:*

"The rich man also died, *and was buried;*

"*And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.*"

And holy Abraham, in answer to his bitter cry for help, said only,

"Son, *remember* that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; and now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

A partial and one-sided idea imbibed in infancy, may have left a different impression of this parable on our minds from what its true simplicity warrants; but considered anew and earnestly, and as His words should be considered, it is very awful under the view we speak of. It seems as if an abyss of the fearfulest responsibility were one thing with the very possession of worldly wealth; as if unknown sacrifice and untold self-denial constituted a rich man's only road to heaven. But at the least we have one so legible intimation of the duty of every one, more or less rich, or even having but a sufficiency, to do alms in a measure only limited by the utmost limit of his means, that none can follow the rich man to the "torments"

of "hell," because of the parable being 'a dark saying.' We read elsewhere, "WHOSO HATH THIS WORLD'S GOOD AND SEETH HIS BROTHER HAVE NEED, AND SHUTTETH UP HIS COMPASSIONS AGAINST HIM, HOW DWELLETH THE LOVE OF GOD IN HIM?"

Silent with their own thoughts, the little group of the bare-footed child and his two friends threaded the back streets which were to bring them to the house of congregation of the hardened vagabond, the casual vagrant, the homeless "tramp," where the boy was to find his mother! and sister!

As they entered a narrow cutting leading to the heart of a mass of buildings, they were startled by a door being violently flung open and several persons issuing into the street, as if in pursuit. A candle was held up at the door, but the wind instantly extinguished it, and all that could be seen was by the faint light of a dirty lamp at the opening of the alley. But enough was heard, in the midst of oaths and shouts and horrible laughter, to explain that an intoxicated man had been chafed into fighting with a companion more sober than himself, and that while a ring formed round the wretched champions, urging their rage, another party was arguing for the 'fairness' of putting off the brutal battle until both should be sober and stand on equal ground. A woman, apparently the wife of the drunkard, went forward and spoke to his antagonist; the savage dealt her a blow which made her spring from him with a howling scream, and a few of the by-standers cried "shame." The father and son made their way into the crowd, and for an instant the voice of the young student was heard rising clearly above the tumult; but policemen came up, and the two men were dragged away, to spend in the lock-up

room the remainder of the night commenced in revelry.

"Here is more need of the missionary of instruction than of punishment," said the father to his son.

"True," replied the young man; "the clergyman would be a better keeper of the peace than the policeman."

The next angle of the crowded dwellings conducted them to the place they were seeking. It was a large and lofty house, once tenanted by "respectable" inhabitants, but long ruinous, and turned into a hive for these migratory paupers.

The little boy went forward into the fœtid-smelling hall, and looked round for his mother. A score or two of voices were employed in different keys of contention. A fire was blazing in the wide ancient chimney, and threw a glare over the groups collected in its neighbourhood. He scanned them one after another with his quick eye, but dirt and rags have such a look of similarity that their wearers are not so easily individualized. Presently he discovered her he sought in a woman in the shaded corner of the fire-place, occupied in toasting a slice of ham on the end of a clasp-knife. He went close to her, and said in a whining tone, "Mother, I have got nothing." As he expected, he received an imprecation and an angry blow on his bare head, (his welcome home!) and, with a look of startling triumphant villany retreated to the company he had brought with him. The beggar-woman stared vacantly at them, and then rose and half-muttered an apology for the indiscretion of her temper. The Spartan principle of discovery being the real criminality was clearly in her creed. They asked her history, and she told them a tale of the very

gall and wormwood of misforture. Her husband, a railway navigator, had been killed by the fall of an embankment: a fever carried off three of her children in one week, and left herself hardly able to travel a mile in a day; her little hoard of money was all gone; her poor household goods seized upon to liquidate arrears of rent: her clothes long sold for bread, and she now, with her too remaining children, had yet a hundred miles to walk to reach their 'parish.' These latter miseries had not softened her—afflictions of man's promoting are in this unlike GOD'S trials—these harden, those purify. It was evident the woman who had wept over the grave of children dead had become a ruffian to those who remained looking to her for food and shelter: and while she talked she darted glances of vengeance at the wretched starveling who had betrayed her into her late exposure.

"I think," said the young man, "she would sell that boy; shall we buy him, father?"

The father looked scarcely inclined to trifle so far with human nature; but the novel proposal was made, and when asked to name the price she set upon her son,—

"Take him," said she, "for what he is worth, and welcome: he may as well die under your hands as mine!"

"But I will stay with you, mother," cried the now frightened boy; "I will stay with you—I will not go." The never-dying clinging to kindred rising up within him.

"But you *must* go, boy; of what use are you to me?" retorted the woman.

"We will see about it in the morning," said the young man who would bargain for the ransom of this taking little brother. He slipped

a glittering half-a-crown into the boy's hand, while his father tendered with his relief some words of serious remonstrance to the woman. The sister also had joined the group, and the double appeal softened the countenances of the miserable creatures; but they hastened to hide their unusual wealth from the eyes of the too-attentive by-standers, hesitating no longer to promise to come in the morning to the house indicated to them for another interview with their benefactors.

The father and son walked quickly home, for it was late, and there was one who would have been looking for them long since.

Midnight came. The beggar woman and her children slept the wakeful troubled sleep of the poor on one of the crowded upper floors of the house where they supped—crowded with men and women, young and old, diseased and pure, families and strangers, herded like the cattle of the fields.

The widow, with her neighbours, 'laid out' the body of her dead husband, and then, according to the custom of her class—a relic, it would seem, of the ancient ways—lighted a candle beside the corpse, and withdrew to the next room to keep her watch with those who volunteered to bear her company till morning.

The party at the Rectory separated late, and closed the shutters of their chamber windows, that the dawning light might not arouse them disagreeably early.

The young student, weary with rapid journeys, and the still speedier transit of ideas and feelings through his heart and mind, dreamt confused dreams of mountains, and cities, and waterfalls, and unhappy human creatures, till the calm waves of

the Isis seemed to be flowing above his head, and quieting all into a silent sense of patience unutterable. But his father and his mother sat holding long and earnest talk concerning things in which he made a continually recurring image.

They were a lovely and devoted pair, those two sitting side by side gazing into the declining fire in their inexpensively furnished parlour:—they were such as the world takes account of only to prevent their carrying on their purposes of good too widely and too efficiently to the detriment of her dominion, but such as will be very high in the kingdom of heaven. They were still young; at least their eyes had not waxed dim, nor the bright locks changed their shade. They were young, very young, when they were married—full of the hope and jubilation which are the inalienable spirit of youth and beauty, and love and a summer wedding day;—they both were beautiful; the clergyman who married them said, while he blessed them afresh, that he had never united a handsomer couple. It was not to be hoped that sorrow would forget or refrain to lay a stern tithe-finger upon the harvest-field of happiness; but as days went on, and they passed into and felt more of life, they but the more often sang together, while she played the beautiful piano-forte accompaniment which he had composed, their favorite song—

> By our path of sorrow Thou plantest still
> Thy lilies of consolation;
> But the loveliest of all—to do Thy will—
> Be it done in resignation!

Music is an emblem of the Church, and an engine of Her power, and an agent of Her purest benediction. It is Her emblem—like light, as discord represents darkness and error. It is Her

emblem—as subject to the minutest rules, not one of which must suffer even momentary infraction, and yet free to ten thousand ever-varied demonstrations of grandeur and of beauty, as the occasion or the place may ask. It is Her emblem—as flinging wide its charms on every side, on every ear, but entering, savingly, soothingly only into the desiring souls of the few. Great music and splendid pictures are among the few things of the past, whose mightiness abides undiminished. God-sent, it is enduring. More often consecrated than are the high energies of much other kindred genius, it gathers around itself pure and glorious associations, which the wicked cannot hide, which the vain can never break. He is not wholly lost who still loves music—the desire of moral, may grow out of the delight, in natural, harmony. Nor is one utterly unhappy who remains susceptible to the power of music,—yielding it leave to do what it is well able, to correct suffering with a superior satisfaction, and comfort misfortune with the sense of a perfectness which passeth not away. The Church has constituted music a distinguished emissary of Her blessing,—making it a chief feature of all Her solemn services, and mingling it with all Her sweetest offices; and they do a serious wrong who neglect Her directions in this way: it seems to become a sort of other Sacrament by which She implants feelings, and wins to Herself wandering thoughts, and establishes an earnest oneness of many people, such as rites addressed to the separate man realize less vividly. The Sacramentality of the music of the Church will be comprehended best by any who have been the lonest and the longest sad on account of the sorrows of the world.

The profession of the father of the young man

to whom we have introduced our readers as a candidate for University life, was that of a musical composer, and had been that of organist in one of our finest cathedrals: and happily, unlike the case to too many of his exalted craft, he was one who united reverent piety to high professional talent. With him and his like-minded and beloved wife it had ever been a source of deep pleasure to express the changing feelings of human life in the grand notes of the Venite and Te Deum, and the exulting truthfulness of the Magnificat, and the tender resignation of the Nunc Dimittis, and the melancholy but firmest faith of the Domine refugium—and since his resignation of his office, and their removal from the neighbourhood of the cathedral, during ten years they had rarely missed singing or reciting together the Daily Service and Psalms at eight o'clock in the morning;—when separated by distance, they met spiritually in the hallowed practice at the accustomed hour.

These were of those people whom GOD knows, but man cannot reckon up, who live beside the world while they live in it; live a more real and wonderful life than what is seen, in Christ's communion. In the midst of business and industry, in domestic duties, and in the office or in the fields, while the loud noises and the mirth of men sound in their ears, they keep their hearts hid with GOD and their steadfast minds calm in the quiet loftiness of the Church; wearing the cross, and entering into the kingdom of the Saints.

No proud pretensions of connection, or descent, or wealth, belonged to them; a simple, holy, self-denying course was the tenor of their life; much of it devoted earnestly to the up-training of their two children to a preparedness for *their* season of

work and duty, when another generation should have originated to the world fresh and deeper necessities.

With an intenseness of anxious hope they watched over the growing years of their one son, the child of the midsummer of their hearts—Emil. For with him had grown up their single ambition; it was a good and righteous thought. That Emil Norman should be a clergyman, had been the hope and the prayer of his parents since his Baptism-day. Not for the possible distinction he might attain, far less for the respectability or the ease of such an office, but for the pure honour in which they held the priesthood, they desired it for their son. A few such consecrated ones there have been, ever, at least, among the sad number of whom late years have only recorded that they were "*provided for* in the Church." They have been the hard-working students of the Universities, the humbler Fellows, the laborious Tutors, the unknown in the company of gold-tassels—who can tell, how such may have been the salt of the land, else, long ago, good for nothing?

It is an affecting aspiration entering into the heart of the family of slenderer means and less esteemed condition—that one of them shall be trained for a Priest. Unheard-of sacrifices are made, and privations endured (when the studies are to be pursued at Oxford or Cambridge) to accomplish the beloved wish—but not one of that happy household murmurs. They feel, though they may not say what they feel,—that the purchase they make is far beyond the price they give—something not to be reckoned as to value by the coins and currency of this world. They are winning for one they love dearly the greatest dignity which mortal

man can bear, and, we believe, this is more felt among the class who gain such distinctions with difficulty, than in higher and richer families. With the latter, the clergyman, one of many sons placed in the different professions, makes his visits or spends his vacations at home among the rest, and is thought no more of than they—indeed often, because he is a less amusing and gay guest, the consideration paid to the barrister or the naval captain, or even the young cadet, is greater than is awarded to their brother the priest. But for all this, the priest is higher than they—he has overstepped them in rank by an infinite interval, and the 'simple ones understand' this 'wisdom.' We should go to a Roman Catholic country fully to appreciate the holy instinct which belongs to the reverent and unsophisticated mind on this subject. The priest, poor though he may be, illiterate though he may be, even less morally perfect though he may be—*is* that wonderful, high, and unapproachable character—a PRIEST—still; and as such he is ever regarded by Roman Catholics, quite separately from any outward conditions whatever: —as such also, we believe, he is looked upon in the lowly home which he may light up with his filial or fraternal presence, even in a land where his order is less distinctly divided from the rest of the community by any broad rubicon of reverence and awe. And if the thought should have occurred, if it should have been uttered, that the Church is, in this country, the one only path of professional advancement open to the middle classes; if some fond sister, or even the mother, should have a bright treasure-picture in her most secret mind of the outward glory that may one day encircle, as a halo, the cherished household name—is it a

great fault? is there any heart hard enough to condemn it? And when the young ecclesiastic returns from his sojourn among learned and honoured men, and is himself also a scholar, and himself also truly an equal with the titled and beneficed, when he celebrates his first service, and delivers his first sermon, and the eyes that watched over his childhood and his youth are blinded with the rapturous tear of blessedness as they look up and are cast down again before his passing by in his holy vestments, and the hands that tended his weak infancy, touch his reverently, while parents, and sisters, and friends address him with respect and deference—for he is now greater than any of them;—it is an affecting sight, and impresses us with the awful powers of the hidden world; for no outward and earthly dignity, be it high as it may, and no secular attribute, how bright soever—and no advantage, of whatever nature—is seen to *so* exalt the man above his fellows.

His early years were passed by Emil at his parents' side; and less in gaining the learning of books than in practising the precept of the Grecian sage—"Music for the mind—Gymnastics for the body"—and thereby laying up a store of physical health and mental elasticity and peacefulness, to stand him in good stead when a severer life should necessarily come to press its heavy hand upon his mind and frame. At the time of his birth they resided in the cathedral city and within its quiet cloisters; a little subsequently they took up their abode many miles from any town, in a secluded and magnificent district of England, where the impressiveness of the scenery and the simplicity of the people alike continued the preservation of the child's soul from that saddest, but

too common, pollution—early worldliness. Afterwards they removed to the town where our readers have been introduced to them, and the young Emil was placed under the care of a curate, a valued friend of his father's family.

Before his elementary course could be considered completed, his tutor was called to another sphere of labour, where pastoral duties could no longer be dvided with the work of tuition; and it became necessary, therefore, to find for his pupil a new home of study. Eton was selected with little hesitation—though at that time the public schools, and Eton especially, exemplified but few of the conditions of the pure living of Christian youth, such as might be desired to surround one educating for Holy Orders. Some of their friends were surprised at such an act on the part of persons so careful as to the associations of their children as the parents of Emil; but they, though deeply deploring much to which they must expose their son, knew their ground, and felt it to be true. They were in the course of obedience, rather than of preference. And there is a confidence in the institutions of one's country which Almighty GOD seems to honour:—Oxford has taught (by rule) little theology,—alas, (practically) how little morality!—yet the average of earnest and high-principled men, pillars in the Church and blessings in the world, whom she counts among her sons,—canonized in the heart of their country, or living in its present praise—is a vast and startling phenomenon for those who loudly preach active choice and parental responsibility in the matter:—And if you meet two young men—of the army, or the bar, or other of the higher secular callings, or of the upper classes in England—full of the utmost

boisterousness of their youth, and the recklessness of their profession or position, the one of them who has been an Eton Boy you will find the boldest in courage, the loftiest in spirit, very probably the maddest in mischief, but also with a latent indestructible reverence for religion, and a real charity of heart, such as ever yet has been, and God grant may ever be, the clearest characteristic of the English gentleman.

Emil departed for Eton: and that day was a sad one in his house. In the case of elder beloved ones the loss of presence has many spiritual recompenses,—but when the child who has grown up by our side goes forth, his place is empty, and there is nothing left to compensate the vacancy. The mother and the sister (for he had a sister a few months his senior) gazed with dimmed eyes after the coach which conveyed him away with his father, who accompanied him to his new world. In the evening, the parents sat together by the fire-side, and the father with a long-drawn sigh said—

"God grant we may not have erred in sending him away from us."

"Surely it cannot be," replied the mother, "to have spared ourselves the trial would have been selfish."

"True—but he has gone from us clear and spotless—will he be thus when he returns?—with his bright eye and his warm heart—he has gone from us fit for the kingdom of God, will he so come back?—he has been a good son—never grieving us—have we made for ourselves the first grief on his account—the first of many?"

"Trust in God," whispered the mother, with a wondering glance upward into her husband's face,

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where it seemed to her that from that day forward a mysterious melancholy, quite unlike her own pain at missing her pleasant son, had settled and abided. She knew little of the world which opens beyond the doors of the sheltering home, and her fears were proportionably few; but the father—acquainted with its wickedness, and shuddering with presentiments of peril—feared, and was sad. Thenceforward, every morning in the silent intention of his heart, he applied to Emil the prayer, "that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by THY governance, to do always that is righteous in THY sight." Perhaps the prevision was given for this very end;—it seemed, at least, that the "prayers of the righteous man" 'availed,' in the preservation to their object of perhaps as pure a moral heart and life as ever fulfilled its course among the ways of men. Thus, also, is the appropriated mediation of the Church a refuge from over-anxiousness of heart.

Emil took up his abode in the "long bed-room," and his place with the "sixth form" boys, and soon learned to love "Etona's classic shades," and became a known name in Thames boating, and on the Brocas. And when his home received him back at his final "holidays," he had suffered indeed no deterioration. There was a look of pride on his fine brow, and an independence in his tone and gait, which detracted nothing from his charms of person, that the world would call such; and he had brought with him tokens and testimonies that he would be, if spared in life, a wise and learned man—a distinction in the world's sight high and unquestionable—but to those who 'considered' him so intently, it was more than all that his large

blue eyes looked calmly into theirs—that he looked pure and grave, like one often in intercourse with Holy Angels. For a few months he went to the Continent, to travel in company with his former clerical tutor—to see chief cities, and climb celebrated mountains, and sail on classic waters, and gather from many sources great thoughts and healthy energies; and then he came back, and the evening of his return is the period at which this chapter has brought him before the reader.

And Emil was to leave his parents again on the morrow to go up to Oxford, to be there for awhile before his matriculation. Thus the meeting was only a parting.

"Ah," said the mother, "it is hard that we must be separated from our son so soon: I think he might remain with us a short few days before we lose him again."

"That short few days would only draw closer the links whose pressure we already feel," returned the husband.

"Yet it is so severe a self-denial, that he must indeed go to-morrow, when he only came to-day."

"But I arranged it thus purposely, that we might have the trial, and feel it."

"You are always in earnest, but can you mean this?"

"Yes, my wife, I mean that we ought now to feel that our son is no longer ours, nor can ever be again. We have freely given him to the life and office he is going to sustain; but I was afraid we still looked upon him as, in a manner, our own: as one to whose society we had a right to look forward; who might be to us, in fact, just what good sons in other ways of life are to their parents. It is not so:—we took him to nurse him, and bring

him up for GOD, and, I trust, as far as was in our power, we did the duty faithfully; now his infancy is past, he has to advance above our hands, and we have but to await our wages. So I would have us feel emphatically and at once, that now our house is but a hotel, where he stops for a day on his journey, and that we are only ministers to his temporary wants. Have I done wrong, Edith?"

"Oh no," murmured the mother—"oh no; but it is very hard to feel all this."

"Did we ever propose to offer to the LORD our GOD that which cost us nothing?" said the true-hearted man, drawing closer to her side, and speaking lowly and kindly—"Dear Edith," said he, "long life has never been among our prayers; I would that we might just live to hear his name begin to be distinguished, and then I would ask our Heavenly Master to suffer the quiet hand of death to withdraw us together into the inner world; and that the clods of the valley might be sweet about us somewhere where the footsteps of Emil would often pass by."

The mother bent her head upon the arm that had been her pride in youth—her youth which felt to her but yesterday—and her tears fell fast to think that their vocation—hers, and his who was unchanged a whit in her eye since the morning when he led her to the altar, and they were full of the new purposes of life—to think that their vocation was even already done, and they had but to wait to pass away and be gathered to their fathers.

Presently, she had gone with noiseless steps to the chamber of her son. He slept, with his beautiful forehead turned upwards, and his thick soft locks of light hair strewing the pillow. His travelling packages were piled in the room. Again

a tear started in her eye, remembering that this her home was now but his "hotel." But instantly she had bent her knees by the bedside, and she prayed for him under his coming burdens,—for his future life, with its awful responsibilities and severe occupations, its snares and days of trial, such as he could never yet have known. She prayed unselfishly, fervently, and confidently, as a Christian woman can pray—that he might endure his path, however rugged or straight or perplexing; that he might fulfil the measure his duty, supported from above under toil and self-denial, and win the greatness and the reward of the righteous priest, from a lifetime of truth, and devotion, and action. Till it had worn deep into the night, she prayed, resting her face upon the bed. And when she arose to go, she left open on the table by the sleeper's side an elegant Common Prayer-book, which she had brought to bestow as her parting gift to him. She opened it at the service for the ensuing festival, St. Andrew's Day—the initial of the Church's holy year—the day, too, belonging more especially to those undertaking the clerical office; and as she bent over the treasure of her heart, to lay another blessing on his young life, the lingering trance of many thoughts resolved itself into the forcible words of the Collect of the morning which was almost breaking,—

"Almighty God, Who didst give such grace to thy Holy Apostle Saint Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him without delay; grant unto us all, that we, being called by Thy Holy Word, may forthwith give up ourselves obediently to fulfil Thy Holy Commandments; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

Who of us can tell how much we may be in-

debted to unknown prayers and the secret over-watching of the Holy Angels!

That same night in Calcutta, at the same hour (only that there it was in mid-day and burning sunshine), in a palace-like house, where everything was conducted with the circumstance and pride of station, another mother looked anxiously upon the slumber of her child. A young girl slept heavily on a sofa, with thin curtains drawn round to protect her from the molestation of the insects of the climate; and the pale livid blue of her lips and extended fingers too fearfully told the disease which struggled with her.

But she slept, and there was hope. The mother despatched an attendant to the Government-house, to request her husband to come to her. In a few moments a tall, handsome, military man—but many years her elder—entered the room, and unbuckling his sword, laid it with his gloves and shako on a couch, and seated himself by the lady. The two gazed for a moment at each other, and then at the sleeping child: there was hope in their countenances, and a look of relief, which told how unspeakable had been the anxiety.

"You have promised me, Andrew," said the lady, "that you will return to England if our dear Helen recovers."

The soldier turned away his face, hiding an emotion of, it might be, impatience, or distress. Again the question was repeated entreatingly, while the small white hand was pressed upon his sash-bound waist.

"I have promised, my love," he said; and, as if acknowledging the vow, the young sleeper opened

her fair eyes, and raised her head and smiled upon her parents.

Then all was benediction. Suffering and prayer, those two greatest human powers, had striven severely in the heart of the mother; and with many sleepless days and nights, she was very weary. The child was spared,—and now she thanked God, and lay down to sleep on the bed, to which her husband bore her. Attendants watched in the room, and an aged nurse sat beside the sofa of the convalescent, fanning with a fan of soft feathers; and the officer resumed his sword and cap, and passed out to the garden terrace.

A few weeks afterwards there lay a passenger-ship becalmed upon the Southern Ocean.

Amongst its party were the handsome officer and his young daughter. They were dressed in the deepest mourning. The mother was not there; —*she* had been the victim of the Cholera Death.

Again, the same November day saw a scene of interest enacted in a town on the banks of the Guadalquiver, on the part of the nearest living relatives of the last-described persons.

In a convent chapel, the flickering tapers bore witness of lengthened vespers; but still rose the *Libera Nos* from the distant choir, responsive to the Litanies of the Altar-priest; still kneeled the Acolytes on the last step of the Holy Ascent; still dropped the rapid beads through the fingers of the few admitted to the privilege of worship there. At last, the final *Ave Maria* had been sung, the concluding *Dominos Vobiscum* had been faintly heard, and the choir and church were vacated, except by a lady and child, who, both wrapped in

long black mantillas, continued kneeling before an altar of the Blessed Virgin, where two tall and costly candles flamed beside the image of the Mother of Protection. Many times the child raised her large eyes to the lady's face, as if craving the meaning of this vigil; but there was an agony working in that trusted countenance which frighted the gentle little one, and she cast down her head again, and waited patiently. Even so can one picture the young Isaac to have gazed and wondered as he made with his father the ascent of Mount Moriah.

A little later in the evening, the lady stood in her own house, the gardens of which adjoined those of the convent, in a vast and richly furnished saloon, full of marvellous fragrance entering by a score of windows from overarching cedars, and thickets of roses and orange groves, and full of the magnificent moonlight of the south; here and there a lamp swung from the carved and gilded arches of the spacious chamber; and the child grasped a large prism-glass in her small hands, and made rainbows on her dress and on the floor from the rays of the lamps. Her mother, meanwhile, was planning for her another rainbow, of which the child herself should be the prism, and the light should be from celestial lamps.

The lady stood earnestly talking with a cloaked and veiled nun, and they both frequently looked towards the open door of the room, and paused as if for the arrival of another person. An hour had elapsed before a page appeared, preceding the priest who had officiated at the chapel vespers. The ecclesiastic entered, and the page closed the door and departed.

"You sent for me, señora," said the young

priest, courteously, advancing towards where the lady and the nun were standing.

"And Father Steffano will pardon the unseasonableness, as well as the urgency, of my request, when I tell him that it is but to fulfil the most merciful office of the religion of the Lord of Mercy that I have entreated his presence to-night," replied the lady in a tone of emotion, which seemed to leave her meaning something to be feared.

The priest stood with his hands crossed quietly on his breast, and his eyes bent on the ground, awaiting her further speech. At last she pointed to the little girl, who had put down her prism and come to her mother's side, and said:

"Colonel Riddesdale has determined on returning to England; I must leave this child in your care and that of our mother, who has already promised me to undertake the charge."

The nun assented for her own part, and the priest enquired:—

"Is this arrangement with Colonel Riddesdale's approbation, señora?"

"It is not so, father; but it has been always understood that my preference should regulate the arrangements for my daughter."

"The señora simply desires to leave the young lady with our reverend mother for education, and will return to resume her charge when a sufficient time shall have elapsed for its completion," said the priest, enquiringly.

"I wish, father, that my child should enter your convent as a novice, and take the vows as early as they may be permitted. I desire to preserve her as a pure angel for heaven; I desire to see her no more on earth that I may the more

certainly behold her there—where, God give *me* grace amidst the terrible temptations of the world, that we may meet at last for ever."

"Señora, have you well considered the sacrifices you make, as well on your daughter's account as your own?"

"I have considered them, father, as—nothing."

"This is a fair home, señora, and I have heard you say you have a fairer in your husband's country; you have spoken of terrible temptations in the world, it has also its sinless pleasures:—you have many friends, you are rich, you are young—you can, in all human probability, be a guardian to your daughter for many years—we may not distrust God's providence. The Order to which you commit so fragile a novice is the most severe in our church. Spain is on the brink of troubles, we cannot ensure safety to our religious houses for months, much less for years or a life-time. There are convents in England, and in Ireland many, which would afford you opportunities of seeing your daughter during the time of her education, and facilitate all your desires for her in a spiritual sense."

The calm mild gaze of the priest rested on the lady, apparently so reckless of her costly offering, like the great masters represent Our Blessed Lord's look upon the young man who had so ill-considered the deep expense of his proposals if received and realized. But she did not shrink, as he did, before the caution:—gently and steadfastly she answered, "Shall I bestow the lamb in the lion's den?"

The nun had raised her veil, and stooped, talking to the child, but she said,—

"It seems to me that Father Steffano's suggestion is not to be set aside inconsiderately; the

little one might be safer in your adopted country, my daughter."

"Spain is my country," exclaimed the young mother earnestly; "my only country. Have I not seen England and its godlessness; and is not Ireland like a garden above a volcano; and who have I there to take my child and be what you, mother, and you, my father, can be to her? Before the altar of Our Lady I have this very night consecrated her, and given her away out of my own heart and out of my own hands, for her sake—for my own sake. Ah, I might die; many a one as young as I am, withers away with an inward wasting, and their children are orphans."

The lady sunk upon her knees before the priest, and took his passive hand, and placed in it the hand of the child, and pleaded as they plead who have

> "— Known what 'tis to stake
> The heart's whole capital of blessedness
> Upon one die—
> To lose the cast—be beggared in the soul"—

and would secure their best beloved from such another wreck of fortune, though it were by tears and toil of words which they would no otherwise expend. The priest was moved; he raised his eyes to the deep heavens, brilliant with the ten thousand burning stars that watch over Spain, and he laid his right hand upon the little one's head, in token that the sacrifice was accepted. Albeit his low voice was heard to say fervently, "Madre de Gracia—Madre de Misericordia—Mi buen Angel —interceded por mi en este momento"—before he turned again to the group before him and said, "O mi Dios! Bendecid estas santas resoluciones!"

By intricate paths, and from many places, are

conducted the future materials of the Holy Catholic Church. The rivers of every continent supply the waters of the sea, from whence are gathered the blessed clouds of heaven. Granite from Egypt, and stone from the quarries of the Drachenfels, and Parian marble, and the earth-cement of Puteoli, build up a splendid unity of building—consistent, and prepared to endure. The gold of Ophir, and the cedars of Mount Lebanon, and the fabrics of Tyrean merchants, serve the service of the same temple. And every day, from countries or walks of life far distant, and unimagined situations, are coming nearer to each of us future companions, whose footsteps will by-and-by be imprinted in the same pathway with ours,—with whose destinies our own may be eternally bound up.

CHAPTER II.

Counsel and Caution.

"—doch wie wir immer uns winden und wenden, bringen wir's damit nichts vorvärts.—Lehre uns die rechte weise zeige uns dei Mittle und wege—wie wir es beginnen."—*Das Vater Unser*, Veith.

"Cannot one discern, too, across all democratic turbulence, that this, at bottom, is the wish and prayer of all human hearts, everywhere and at all times: 'Give me a leader, a true leader, not a false sham leader, a true leader, that he may guide me on the true way, that I may be loyal to him, that I may swear fealty to him and follow him, and feel that it is well with me!' The relation of the taught to their teacher, of the loyal subject to his guiding king, is, under one shape or another, the vital element of human Society; indispensable to it, perennial in it: without which, as a body reft of its soul, it falls down into death, and with horrid noisome dissolution passes away and disappears."—*Carlyle.*

A NEW and richly ornamented thin volume of sanctuses, chants, and services, just uncased from its paper wrappers, lay on a rosewood table, surrounded by the various furniture and bijouterie which distinguished the room as a young lady's *own* retreat. The low fauteuil and the luxurious ottoman, covered with damask of pale blue, corresponding with the long sweeping curtains that trailed their silver fringes on either side the high

pointed window; the costly texture of the Italian matting which covered the floor, the elegant argand burner depended from the ceiling by its chased and polished bar, and many delicate appliances, testified to the ruling spirit of the nineteenth century—comfort, ease, addictedness to pleasure. And there was the small cottage-piano, with a tall Grecian-shaped ground-glass vase, bearing some half-dozen choicest flowers, standing on its top; Mozart's *Davidde Penitente* lay open on the music-board, and a guitar strung with a broad ribbon, was lying beside, peaceful and proud with its gifts of melody. On an easel was spread a sheet of Bishop Cosin's Hours' Book, with a broad margin, on which was being executed an illumination of flowers and miniatures in brilliant water-colours and metallic inks. An embroidery frame stood near the window, where, on a stretched surface of deep crimson velvet, was designed what might possibly be the covering for the illuminated book, one section containing the hour-glass and scythe—monitors of mortality—the other, the triple-cross and circle—emblems of the Christian's faith and hope, and its undyingness. Tastefully fancied book-shelves occupied one side of the apartment, filled with the later and lighter literature of several languages, and a few of the best English novels and travels, as well as all the usual array of ladies' favourite poets—Moore, and Scott, and Campbell, and Rogers, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and Hemans, and a dark russia-bound Byron, and an Elizabeth Barrett in pure white vellum, and Mrs. Norton and Alfred Tennyson, side by side with Schiller and Goethe and Count Victor Hugo. Close by, a reading-desk was covered and piled with books of a different

character. The most conspicuous and upper volumes were—Newman's *Sermons*, the *Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society*, Bishop Andrewes' *Devotions*, Le Bas' *Life of Laud*, Herbert's *Poems*, the *Lyra Apostolica*, and many numbers of the *Tracts for the Times*, with various pamphlets of kindred tendency, were scattered among these. An or-molu and jewelled clock stood on the marble mantlepiece, with silent pendulum, and hands pointing far astray; and near it a three-hours' glass, in a chased silver frame, had run out its sands. On the floor was an ebony desk, half emptied of disordered papers, as if having undergone a hasty search; and on the rosewood table a writing-case lay open, with a pair of embroidered gloves and a perfumed cambric handkerchief, and a newly-blotted manuscript, and pens and porcelain inkstand, lying by its side. Various adjuncts of expensive fancy-work were there also, like all the rest, in sad confusion,—scissors entangled in gold threads, a mother-of-pearl needle-case irremediably damaged by a dripping pen which had been thrown across it, and thimble, silks, and German wools, with pins and patterns, and cords and threads, emulating each other's liberty in a tray-basket, commonly called a 'tidy!' A number of wild plants, with the instruments for botanical examination, were heaped withering beside a box finely carved of the wood of a rarer climate; a bowl of scented water mingled faint odours with the air. Nothing bespoke repose,—everything confusion,—the anomaly, the inappropriateness, ideally surrounding a mind in a transition state.

Beside the table, leaning her arm on the tall back of a chaise-de-priere, and trifling with the

string which had secured her parcel, the book of chants and services, stood the mistress of all this scattered property. But her eyes had wandered away from the embossed morocco of her new possession, towards some vision in the distant landscape, "by all but them unseen." Notwithstanding their derangement, the furniture and appointments of the room evidenced taste, wealth, and an accomplished owner; and the appearance of the young lady who stood there, the, at present, unobserving proprietor of all, confirmed her part in the agreeable predicate. Clearly, she was one of fashion's chosen children. About two-and-twenty years might have passed over her head, and each had diligently used its time to mature and dignify the birth-dowry of beauty and intelligence; but there was a spirituality and a flush of feeling in her countenance, scarcely according with the idea of the woman who had passed some seasons under the wear of the world. As she stood she was tall and slender of figure, and very fair, with bright hazel eyes, and her hair was of that rich dull stone-colour which we see in well-mellowed pictures, crowning heads surrounded by halos. The silk gown she wore was of a light indistinct hue, and its folds fell on the ground like the masses of sculptured drapery. About her neck was clasped a deep berthe of heavy lace. She wore no jewellery—it was a vigil of the Church. The rays of the afternoon sun streamed through the deep bow-window by her side, but she had bent lower over the chair on which she leaned, and covered her face with her hands, and sighed more heavily than it seemed one so favoured should do. She moved into the window-recess. The breath of rich conservatories and beds of the brightest

flowers rushed in through the open casement. The deep hush of the summer-day was beginning to be broken by the vespers of a thousand birds, —the gay laugh and voices of men in conversation rose from the opened doors of a room below, —and the hot sun waned among masses of clouds some degrees above the horizon; but she saw nothing, heard nothing, or was as if it were so,— a look of melancholy, almost of misery, was on her countenance,—her eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed in a low, passionate, lamenting voice —"None rejoices with me; none grieves with me. I am alone—alone!"

"Not *alone*, dear friend; nor, any further than is your will, without sympathy," replied a lady who had entered the room after several ineffectual signals at the door. The tone was sweet and soothing; and as the speaker closed the latch and raised her thick blue veil, she displayed one of those singularly pure and perfect faces which belong only and infallibly to the good. Traces of sorrow, indeed it bore; and more than thirty years of this life must have been endured to sadden so, and at the same time so to sanctify, features which nature made to be magnificent. The lady advanced, and taking in her own the hand held out to greet her, spoke again,—"The Lady Helen," she said, "is heavy of heart to-day; and yet the sympathy which she is craving from others, if extended to them on her part, would impose on her the pleasant duty to rejoice with them who do rejoice."

The young lady thus addressed had exclaimed, "Ah, Miss Norman, how kind of you to come to me;" but at the last part of the sentence she looked half-inquiringly, half-reproachfully, at her visitor—and the latter added,

"My words are very literal, dear child; I would rather have heard that you were in the midst of your father's guests just now, than have found you here, however pleasant it may be to me to meet you at any and every time."

"Why so?"

"Simply because—you must pardon my plainness—I believe you would have been in the one case fulfilling that highest sacrifice, the performance of duty,—while in the other, I fear you are offering a will-worship which is doubtful, not to say dangerous."

"Oh, will you always be so severe? But, indeed, to-day I may be allowed my retreat. Papa has a party of gentlemen, and he never requires me to join them till they go into the drawing-room."

"I thought to-day was your papa's birth-day."

"So it is. All his oldest acquaintances, some of his fellow-collegians, and several very great friends in the army are ——"

"Stay," said the visitor, gently drawing the young lady to a couch, and seating herself beside her—"stay," and her mild eyes looked into those she questioned; "perhaps sometimes when he does not *require* he *requests?*"

"But surely, of all counsellors, *you* would not advise me to live as I might on the principle you imply, perpetually in the midst of this wretched worldliness. If I did not resolutely shut myself up from it, I should be carried away by it. To-day, papa did indeed ask me to dine with them, but the hour would have interfered with my afternoon's reading; and is not the neglect of private recollection the source of more evil than one dare think of?"

"Dear child, you would not like me to say that

you are strangely fond of involving simple questions in great difficulty; yet I really think you make yourself a most needlessly straitened path by that habit of mind, and I so fear you are blinding yourself to real duties by a scrupulousness in forms most good and holy in themselves, but by themselves only like the tithe of the mint, anise, and cummin, the lighter matters of the law. It is, indeed, so wrong to withdraw yourself from those social duties in the midst of which GOD'S providence has set you—I am sure you cannot do so without losing HIS blessing, which is Spiritual Life. Tell me, now, were the duties you speak of performed this afternoon in a manner that was good and useful, or were they only punctilious, and without the Light of HIS countenance?"

The question went home, and the reply came from a reproved heart.

"I rather hurried, because I wished for half-an-hour's work at my illuminating, and then I remembered," and she pointed to the disordered desk, "that I had neglected to find an address papa asked me for, and then came the London parcels and this book of new chants, and as I was occupied with one thing after another of these kinds, I could not help so painfully remembering that they were all my solitary interests, that no one about me has a thought or feeling in common with me in the highest matters, that my occupations are looked upon as mere trifling, if not insane folly; and hardest of all, that when one would rejoice at the news of growth and honour which are now attending the principles of the Church, that too must be alone, for no one cares for or scarcely knows the fact. It is more possible to weep alone than to be glad alone, and so with all these

thoughts you found me looking, I dare say, not as if I were under a blessing."

The elder lady became graver and graver as this tale went on—for some minutes she did not reply; at last she said,

"I came, dear child, with a message from my brother, that after the evening service in the church he has two or three sick people to visit in the village, and will then reply to your note in person. He did not quite understand the nature of the difficulties of which you spoke in your present course, and said an interview of five minutes with you might be more satisfactory than a long letter at hazard. I hope you have not thought him unmindful of you for not replying earlier."

"I imagined I might find a note from Mr. Norman here this afternoon, but as I did not, I should have spoken to him in the evening. He is dining with my father, I believe."

"No; the vicar is there, but my brother is just now occupied as I have said; indeed, I am not aware that he received an invitation."

"I am surprised."

"I am not so, love. A curate, and a poor curate, is regarded by the great men of this world, and truly, as *a labourer*, and the unworking lords of the earth look upon labourers in a different light to what GOD and HIS Angels do."

The speaker rose to go.

"You will see my brother then," she added, glancing at her watch, "I should think, in less than an hour. Will that be quite convenient to you?"

"Perfectly. I will desire that he may be shown to me here, to prevent interruption; and as I must appear in the drawing-room, it will ensure my not occupying too much of his time."

When the door had closed behind the curate's sister, and Lady Helen Riddesdale was alone again, she buried her head in the deep cushions of her couch, and her thoughts troubled her. Her case was that of numbers in our day, who have felt and responded to the nearer drawings of the Mother of their Souls. This absorbing affection having once taken hold upon the heart, there seems no room in the life for any object or attraction besides. And these times are very worldly. As converts in past ages thronged to the monastery and the convent, so among us the awakened mind, filled with zeal like new conversion, sighs for a retreat; for we cannot live in the midst of our relations, or mix with the families of our friends, or hear, or read, or see what is going on around, without feeling that to keep faithful to such a Love, conquering all the bewildering interests pressed on us from the outward, must be a hard, incessant, and continuous struggle. The reliant mind, the very one most joyfully giving up itself to the invitation of the Church, the Mistress of meekest children, that mind most dreads such struggle, is most fearful of the event of battle with the enemies of the Spirit; and the consequence is that such a one is apt to seek refuge in flight;—flight indeed to the arms of the Strong, flight to the covering of the Wise, but flight that perhaps will forfeit the reward of individual victory.

Lady Helen had been brought by the arresting power of opinions and facts lately canvassed in the parish of which her father was patron and temporal proprietor, to consider the need of other than a formal and fashionable adhesion to the *doctrines* of the English Church. With a good understanding, and a will gentle, but where conviction

was concerned, fearless, she saw, she received, and would conform to, the course such a deeper profession involved. The principles she believed—she would uphold: the devotions she approved—she would perform: the vanities forbidden by the vow of her obedience—she would utterly renounce. With a sincere and steadfast purpose she was minded to walk in the Good Old Ways. Well, it may be asked, what could be wiser or better, or more certain of GOD's Blessing? Why, as we said before, these are worldly times—worldly times in distinction from religious times—and the world is in every family:—and when one heart would renounce its own peculiar share of worldliness (as we may bless our Father in Heaven HE is at present leading and also strengthening many to do) it looks offensive and strange; and if one seemingly hitherto unoccupied would devote a yearning service to religion, the world rises eagerly up in the shape of some forgotten prerogative or long-sleeping usage of domestic life, and claims as her *right* the fealty and the labour which free-will would bestow elsewhere. We are not speaking as of trifles of family duties and the ties of home; they are very sacred things; but we only say that now the world is in them, whereas once they gave all their influence to piety, and derived all their power from the Church:—now the customs of society regulate the family—once the commands of the Church were its rule—and so social duties and duties to GOD clash and interfere. It is the natural, the almost sure way of the earnest-minded novice in religious life, to throw aside all outward bonds to the service which is renounced in spirit;—and in the ages of Faith this might be the right way—perhaps such as we should scarcely

dare to say that it is not right now—but it seems that the course of things is changed, and the world needs dealing with, and the Evil One must be overcome (grace being given) in a different manner. However, the means we speak of lying nearest and easiest to the hand, their use, if a mistake, is a very natural one. It were easier, like S Francis (though with reverence we would speak of the ease of imitating so great a saint, yet we conceive it were easier) to give up all claim to inheritance and lands, and resign even our clothes belonging to our relatives of this world, and stand and fold our hands over our sackcloth—than to live in the midst of, and endure in patient and perpetual mortification, the jest, the anger, or the scorn of those to whom our faith is 'foolishness.'

Helen Riddesdale had received warmly and practically the idea and doctrines of The Church, and looking round amongst those nearest to her and finding no response to her own feelings, the natural heart within her had become chafed and indignant. The young women of England of late days have not been brought up to reflect on and imitate the pattern of the Highest and Holiest Woman, who under wonderful revelations "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart," and Helen had not yet drunk deep enough of the Catholic Spirit to find that communion, unseen and illimitable, which it is its glory and its pledge to give. Under the excitement of new thoughts, she panted for the generous sympathy of kindred feeling, and found herself, as most individuals in a revival from past errors must find themselves, alone, in the midst of a current of opposing forces. She had not indeed gone to her father, her only immediate near relative, and explained to him her

present views and the hold they had taken upon her, and the practice which must grow out of them, and requested his sympathy and approval:—it might be better for such confidences to be always promptly sought, but this is at least one of the only cases where the child *might* ask for bread and the parent give him a stone; and so the tested courage often fails to be true to itself and those it loves best. She had seen with a quick and sensitive eye her father's daily indifference to matters which constituted her daily life—she had heard the light laugh in conversation upon questions to her most serious—she had marked sometimes the frown of displeasure—and so, though she had not asked for sympathy and met with a rebuff, she had believed that there was none to be obtained for the asking, and a shadow unnatural to her joyous countenance often betrayed the sadness of the soul within. And then these feelings led to a course of conduct truly too pleasant to be the right—she secluded herself from all society beyond the precincts of her father's house, and even there was so frequently invisible that her friends began to charge her with oddness and eccentricity.

General Riddesdale was a gay, and as the world would say, fine-hearted man; a little proud of his sword, his cellar, and his daughter! That the first should be stained with a suspicion of cowardice, or the second left unreplenished to its complement, or the third be spoiled with an over-religion—were catastrophes not to be contemplated. A moderate portion of piety was proper and becoming in a woman, but anything of asceticism—it could not be heard of. At the same time that the General was a gay and gallant, he was also a very irritable

and sensitive man; as he grew old, and rank and immense wealth contributed their force to the same effect, it seemed that he became less rather than more scrupulous of the indulgence of this temperament, while, with the nobleness of his military bearing, much of military tyranny remained in his habits, making him more dreaded than endeared in most of the relations of life. Accordingly, clear evidences had been given that the patron was no friend to the hard-working curate delegated to oversee the parish whose estates he had purchased, and in whose manor-house he had been for the past few months resident. Mr. Norman was no 'man of the world,' agreeable for his leisurely, dinner-party air, and always a welcomed guest, because bringing with him the lever of wit to raise the sunken spirits of fatigued devotees of business and pleasure. He was a grave cold-mannered man; commonly, if you met him on the highways, abstracted in thought; and always on his road to some cottage of the sick, or to the school-house, or some duty at his Church. He might have been passed by, forgotton, and civilly left to his parochial drudgery, but that the patron's eye had been unpleasantly attracted to him. He had committed the crying sin of paying more respect to souls than to secular greatness, in resisting an application made by General Riddesdale to have the commanding area of the chancelarch in the venerable parish Church of the village, assigned to his single use, for the site of a large commodious pew, to be furnished drawing-room-wise—the General having thus purposed his own greater exaltation, and the accommodation of his upper servants in the sufficiently distinguished square pew already prescriptive to his mansion;

for these last were not pleased to be herded with the mere menials of the establishment on the floor of prayer. The chancel was, indeed, fitted up with benches for the poor, and they must all be dispersed to some dark and damp and far-off corners —but this was nothing to the landed proprietor— it was no concern of his that for the construction of his pew forty or fifty people would be driven from the church for want of room, or by most unjust discomfort: *of course* it was no concern of his; so the claim had been put in, and some gifts to the further decoration of the edifice tendered as a temptation—and, in an hour of unaccountable presumption! the curate had made it *his* concern to stand guardian over the rights of the weak, and avowed in vestry that no man whosoever, be he knight or king, has or can have sufferance to build up distinctions for himself in the House of God—or there, in the ground common to all, holy to all, with his rank and circumstance inconvenience his neighbour and insult the poor. From that day forth the gentleman occupied his Sundays away from Church. He had to be 'nursing after a week's hunting,' or, 'to make up arrears of correspondence,' 'to get through the adjourned debate,' or, 'wished to have a quiet morning with his visitors,' or some other plausible alternative was always at hand when his daughter's prepared appearance told him the hour of worship: and though he did not forbid, still he was plainly displeased by the Lady Helen's persevering church-going, and more by her expressions of pleasure in certain usages and principles urged by the curate upon his people. It was 'Puseyism' that had opposed the appropriation of the pew, *therefore* the General abhorred 'Puseyism,' and these revived customs and doc-

trines were 'Puseyism,' and clearly Mr. Norman was a 'Puseyite.' The ancient alarm cry of 'No Popery!' was easily raised against the Daily Prayers and the Weekly Eucharist, and Festivals, and Fasting, and Alms—so, tacitly resigning, and with scorn rather than regret, into hands right glad to claim it, the whole costly monopoly of the goodness and holy deeds of the Church. In a measure, however, Mr. Norman was under public protection; the world had received him as an author, and crowned him with her wreath; and as every now and then eminent eyes were directed towards his position, the General's own haughty *Nemo me impune lacessit* would have worn equally well on his plain bearings. In consequence, probably, of this, the outward seemings of civility had been at present kept up, and the curate and his sister continued to be guests at the General's table on the Saints' Days—(according to the long kept-up custom of the parish and the manor, a custom which it were well to see restored, wherever it has fallen into disuse, in the intercourse of our squirearchy and clergy.) But it was not General Riddesdale's temper to long abide the existence of rival authority; and now, fortifying himself behind the strength of his Protestantism, he had on the very day on which we introduce the reader to his house, obtained the presence of the long non-resident vicar at his birth-day entertainment, and he purposed to use the opportunity in procuring the removal of the curate. Also, though to indulge his daughter's pleaded partiality for the country, the General had victimized himself with an unusually long stay on his estates, it was now necessary to be in Town, and he had arranged for the immediate departure of his family after celebrating his festival day. He was the more anxious,

therefore, to transact this trifling business at once out of hand.

Quite unaware of the new clouds gathering in her way, and mentally following that common development of first deep religious feelings, resistance and warfare—the Lady Helen meanwhile had scruples as to the return to formerly familiar gaiety which she felt unable to solve, and hence the visit we have left her awaiting. Much longer she waited than the agreed hour, for Mr. Norman did not grow more backward to impress the lesson that the priest and the poor are, in GOD'S kingdom, the nobility on whom the concerns of all others must attend.

At length, when the evening lamps were lighted, briefly announced, and with a briefer salutation, the curate appeared in the Lady Helen's cabinet. Time had not done *all* the work of change in his person since we saw him last, a boy, with his fair hair and his flushed brow making a beautiful picture on his sleeping pillow:—another bereaver of beauty had joined company with Emil Norman —thought, hard, wearing, lonely thought had marked wrinkles and an unearthly paleness on his countenance, and by the wilder work it had been making in his secret heart, the graceful and elegant suavity of manner which had charmed all beholders, was exchanged for so stern a seriousness that it almost appeared harshness. The spiritual transitions through which the earnest have passed of late have been such as thus to change men. He motioned Lady Helen to a seat, while he stood to hear the case propounded for his advice. It was quickly told:—that her father would no longer delay the removal to London—that she had proposed for herself to remain behind at Westray,

but the General refused to entertain the wish—that if she did so, therefore, it must be in opposition to his absolute commands—and, whether under these circumstances she should be right in following her own conviction of duty, was what she wished to understand; her impression was that she should, for how could she consistently return to that "world and the things of the world," which lay under the condemnation of GOD and of the Church: *here* her practical path was often difficult, but *there* it would be too involved to be endured—she could *here* do self-denials and give herself to holy works, which would in her position *there*, become totally impossible—was not her time now come to take up her cross and show that she was worthy of her profession, loving neither parent nor pleasure better than it? but she was distracted with uncertainty, and could form no resolution as to her course.

The clergyman glanced round upon the riches and carelessness of the apartment where he stood, with a sarcastic smile, as if he contrasted the fair-sounding Theory of the Cross with the absence of the semblance of its reality. "Then," said he, "I believe I understand you rightly, Lady Helen—you purpose to separate yourself from your father except at the times when he may make his residence in the country?"

"I would willingly escape entirely from town and fashionable watering places," replied the young lady.

"Escape!" said Mr. Norman, "and does that appear to you to be the fulfilment of the course which was to see you Christ's 'faithful soldier,' 'manfully fighting under His banner?'"

"I do not know—I know nothing—but"—and

she handed to the clergyman a tract, bearing on its title-page the guarantee of the name of 'Frederick W. Faber,'—"I try to learn my duty from any sources within my reach; and while the commands of the Bible seem very clear to renounce the world without any reserve, such words as these cannot be forgotten as soon as they are read."

Mr. Norman looked at the passage to which her finger pointed, already underlined with her pencil. The words were—"We are not to ask ourselves where our self-denial is to end, when we have done enough, when the measure of our sacrifice is full. This is the spirit of a slave rather than a son. It is never full. There is never self-denial enough; all is self-denial in the school of Christ. We have a life in our veins, we have not laid that down yet beneath the Cross. The blood of martyrdom would not fill the cup. The martyrs themselves are but unprofitable servants, though they are as Angels in our eyes. Why are we clinging to these perishable things? Surely we do not love them. Our home is not here. It is very far away; we are pining for it. We are athirst for GOD. But perchance it may be said, this is an unnatural state. We *do* love these things; we have set our hearts, it cannot be concealed—we have set them fondly on earth, and the green things and the bright things that are upon the earth. It cannot be. You cannot love the world nor the world you. The Cross has been planted in your hearts. You and the world, you and your affections, you and your idols must part for ever, part in the blood that flowed where the stern Cross went deepest in. You and all your dreams must part, O ye of the Christian Circumcision!"

The severity of the clergyman's countenance

relaxed as he read, for surely the mind that could appropriate to itself these earnest sentiments had advanced farther than he had imagined in right ways. But as he drew a chair, and seated himself opposite to Lady Helen, he fixed on her his blue, mild eyes with a still grave scrutiny, for he was thinking "how *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

He listened patiently to the tale of her course and of her difficulties, never before so fully opened to him:—how his own character had first penetrated her mind, and how eagerly she had received his instructions and studied his witness of truth, for they had unfolded to her a new world to which she knew no other access; and how she had laboured and striven to conform her life to the picture his sermons presented, and which she discovered in the books he recommended, and the books he wrote, by frequent prayers, by the strictest church observances, by some austerities, by retirement, by the practice of conscientious charity to the poor, and by dedication of her time and acquired accomplishments in Church ways—how frequently and grievously she failed in carrying out her best resolutions, and how she was yet compelled by circumstances to mix with worldly things and people, and how these disturbed and irritated her; how frequently she found herself betrayed into warm arguments by attempting to defend what her acquaintances and her father all either laughed at or blamed; and so she missed the peace and satisfaction which religion should bestow, becoming also less and less able to endure her position of solitariness in the midst of such opposed interests. These things may appear trifles or fictions to many a reader, but here and there a deep heart will respond to their

verity; and the priest, who listened to the simple-minded acknowledgment, saw and felt their force. But he spoke to Lady Helen long and very seriously, warning her against a sudden and romantic religiousness, reminding her that the time had been very short (but a few months) since the first glimpses of these truths entered her heart. And the Church requires a grounded and gradual progress, and imparts Her perfect knowledge and great peace alone on this condition. She permits no excited movement, takes Her children and sets them in the way of Her Sacraments and Commandments, and bids them go forward simply and steadily, neither leaping nor lingering, and desires them in these ways to attain a high walk of faith before they venture to come out in singularities, and witness for Her in distinguished manners, especially warning her against getting into verbal controversies in any way, or with any person, as a habit most infallibly destructive to religion and temper, and every good thing, and often the source of untold misconceptions on the part of those who are strangers to the real teaching of the Church, through the very zeal and ardour, if not the actual unsoundness, of the defenders of Her practices—urging, beside these motives, the unbecomingness of a controversial spirit in a woman, especially a young woman—speaking of the example set by the Blessed Virgin and the holiest saints in these things—and then showing very plainly and very forcibly the far more real life of religion, which consists in silent, patient discipline, the denial of self-will, the forsaking of secret pleasure, the living in extreme regularity, and putting away the *private* pomps of riches first, before any change in world-observed things is attempted. And he looked round again,

and Lady Helen followed his eye to one piece of luxury or expensive trifling and another, till she felt that her now proposed act of self-denial was indeed beginning at the wrong end of a long and difficult course.

Long he talked to her; in his low, calm, unaccented tone, pouring out volumes of priceless words—priceless their auditor soon came to see them to have been, and to wish that she could have treasured up every echo of them against hours of need.

He spoke of the beauty of the Church, the fascination of its ideal character, its poetical attractiveness, and the influence of these things on the educated mind; and then the possible unreality of that influence—how romance is not religion, though it may lead in its ways, and poetry is not piety, though it may feed its flame. He cautioned, too, concerning that zeal of laborious observances which, alas, must be feared to be the offering of false fire upon GOD'S altar, as carrying with it no heart service; whereas the brilliancy of works should be the outshining of the fervour of the flames of love. And then he spoke of her father, and sacred filial duties, the bond to which the Church scarcely under any circumstances consents to dissolve. He talked to her of the intensity of the pang inflicted upon the parent by the unkindness of the child; and the impossibility that, with his views, her father could feel the course she proposed in any other way than as a deep unkindness and wrong; how that father was aged now, and had lost all the loves of this world except herself, and she by-and-by might come to be bereaved in her turn of the associations of her youth, and the friends who had clustered round her bright days,

and then she might remember him and his grey hairs gone down to the grave in sorrow,—how no self-sacrifice and no loss of the most desired things on the part of children can be too costly a gift to bestow in acknowledgment of that devotion with which a parent's best years have been given so unselfishly and uncomplainingly to labours for their future advantage. Then he entered into the particulars of the town life from which she was shrinking, supposed its minutest difficulties, and showed their ready remedy. A ball or an opera, or a vainest party, attended in conformity with filial obedience, would become an occasion of more real benefit than a self-imposed task of much apparent piety. If she feared the mental and spiritual effect of the scenes of vanity into which she must cheerfully suffer herself to be taken, were there not many possible times of being alone to be seized, even in the midst of a London season, and by its most incessantly occupied people, if indeed such moments were sought with the true feeling of the need which every one has of them in order to strengthen and collect themselves? And she might carry out in many ways the suggestions already made as to regularity of life and personal, small but continual, sacrifices—sacrifices of taste at the table, which no curious eye could note—of superabundant sleep, which none should know of but the holy, watching angels—of ease in sitting or lying, understood by none but the own body denied its desired luxuries—sacrifices of pleasant books, of the gaze at attractive objects, of the utterance of witticisms and vivacious words which would bring a little applause;—unnumbered might be the self-denials of every day, far more really hard and more really beneficial than the total with-

drawal from that position in which it had pleased GOD to place her under the command of her parent. He advised her to leave behind at Westray the many books among which he feared she had been rambling in search of theological doctrines, and to let one single precious book be the ground of her study and devotion while in the midst of the distractions of London: he referred to S Thomas á Kempis' *Imitation*, which, if she made her own by meditation and prayer, she would need no literary novelties to assist her in conforming her life to the will of the Church, whose all-including law is, that her children should be 'like Christ,' Her Lord and Pattern. Of this best of uninspired books he promised to send her his own copy, and then Mr. Norman rose to go; and Lady Helen knelt on the ground before him to receive his blessing, and he departed.

Scarcely had the outer doors closed upon the curate, when General Riddesdale entered his daughter's room. He looked displeased, and exclaimed—

"Alone—Helen!—I thought Mr. Norman was here."

"He has been here, papa," replied Lady Helen.

"So I was informed, when I inquired of your maid the reason of your not appearing in the drawing-room."

For the first time Lady Helen looked towards her silent time-piece, and then put her hand to her girdle; but her watch was not there. Her father, however, speedily supplied her deficient knowledge.

"The hour," he said, opening his repeater, "is ten minutes past nine."

"I had no idea, papa, of the lateness of the evening."

"Probably not. Neither, perhaps, had you any idea that you were making use of the blessing of a parting interview, which I can inform you is the fact, as Mr. Norman will vacate his curacy within a week."

She looked up, but she asked no explanation, and the General continued in a loud tone—

"I request, Lady Helen, that in future when you find yourself in need of spiritual guidance you will have recourse to the judicious and sober-minded vicar of the parish, and not to his Popery-possessed curates."

"But Mr. Thynne, papa," began Lady Helen—

"Is the spiritual head of this parish," said the General, "and a man of family and respectability, and therefore in every view a proper person to be consulted by my daughter when she finds herself in any difficulty referable to his profession."

Helen said no more. She had been going to urge that the vicar only appeared in his parish for a few Sundays in the year, and that while resident he was occupied too entirely with social and convivial visits to be consulted on the spiritual concerns of his people; but she felt that her teacher would have said silence was now her wiser course. So drawing on her embroidered gloves, and taking up her perfumed handkerchief, she laid her hand on her father's arm and accompanied him to the drawing-room, where presently displeasure and irritation were smoothed away from the still handsome brow of the veteran soldier, when he saw his sometimes wayward child shining and smiling in the midst of his delighted guests. We do not say that an amiable paternal vanity was *all* the gentle influence contributing to this happy result. Our observations of human nature would lead us to

more than a suspicion, that the little agreeable revenge perpetrated upon the misunderstood and unoffending curate took its large share in restoring the equanimity of General Riddesdale's countenance.

And then came the hour of retirement—of sleep to those for whom it was destined; and Lady Helen gladly sought her room, to recollect and to consider. She felt that she could have no spectator of her hour of reflection that night, so she dismissed her maid, and seated herself beside the table covered with a snowy damask, on which was displayed a massive looking-glass and chased silver dressing service, with two tall wax tapers, to perform the duties of a toilet, which she first determined should be a very speedy and unarduous one. But toilet and resolution and all were forgotten, as a small, sealed packet caught her eye, laid upon her jewel-box, and addressed in Mr. Norman's handwriting. It was the promised copy of á Kempis—a French edition—the *Imitation de Jesus Christ*, and beautifully illustrated with the designs of Pugin and Overbeck. A short note, from Miss Norman, accompanied the book; it ran thus:—

"Dear Lady Helen,

"Our interview this afternoon was so very brief that I believe I did not hear from you that you were so speedily leaving Westray. I am sure I need not beg you to believe that my ardent wishes for your happiness and welfare always follow you. We shall miss you here, both as to labour and the light of your countenance—yet those who dwell under the heavens of the same Church have hardly a right to talk of separation and adieus, because a little space is to be interposed between their bodily presence—if *you* ever miss *us*, dear friend,

remember how ready is our continual intercourse in the Communion of Saints. I feel that my brother has said all, and infinitely more and better than I could have said, as to your present position;—read—and more than read—make a part of your daily mind—the little book he has sent you, and by experience I can assure you that it will become like the Blessed Words of HIM whose Spirit it portrays—'a light to your feet, and a lantern to your path.'

"Very truly and affectionately I am yours,

"URSULA NORMAN."

Within this was enclosed the following from the Curate:—

"I pray that this book may be a great blessing to you, as it assuredly will be if you use it in conformity with the design of its holy writer, as the foundation of spiritual meditation. And once more, as I have done before, most earnestly I would impress upon you the principle of Religious Reserve. Nothing so soon or so sadly spoils individual religion as suffering it to undergo a close examination from external people. The breath is left upon the jewel, the tarnish on the precious metal, and perhaps only by much labour, perhaps never, will it be able to be restored to its first brightness. I imagine you do not yourself much feel a need of such caution as this, but indeed I foresee it for you. You would, I have no doubt, feel shocked and disgusted by that lowest kind of exposure of sacred things, which belongs to the class who discuss the most sacred, and solemn, and inward things, as they might give the *on dit* of their circle on a question of fashion or of trade—but you must not make sure that because your mind has no sympathy with this, I may so call it, religious vulgarity, you are therefore in no danger of the mental habit from which it primarily springs. Your very desire for sympathy will betray you into the error—while your experience and delight in the course you have chosen will too readily give rise in your mind to wonder that all do not see

with you and feel with you, and I am afraid you will lose by needless words. Be very careful not to fall into the fault condemned by your favourite author, Mr. Faber, than whom you could not have, in a writer of our days, a purer or a more valuable guide—where he says—'We think holy thoughts; and then unhallow them by telling them to others, that they may see how great our thoughts are. We watch and fast, and are fain our faces should grow pale, that men may see how austere our watching and our fasting are'—but oh, above all things, when you find yourself beginning to enter into controversy, or even into conversation, on the serious subjects of the Church, consider your companions—whether they are those who will receive or who will scorn these things, and if the latter, whether, at the time and under the circumstances, it does appear absolutely your duty to impose upon them the responsibility of knowledge which you are sure is awful truth, and which they will, as far as you can judge, reject, and yet have to answer for, because it has been set before them. Study our Blessed Lord's character in this view, and conform to His practice. I need scarcely repeat my earnest advice to you with regard to your father. Your duty to him once neglected, it will lie as an incubus on your soul for life—sins may be repented, false steps may be retraced; but undutifulness to a parent can never, never be retrieved—for we see our error, but the wronged one is gone, and we are left alone in vain mourning. May The Wonderful One guide you with His Eye, and ever give you peace, is the prayer of,

"Lady Helen,

"Your faithful Servant,

"E. N."

These two notes were read and re-read, and the book looked through from end to end, and then all were placed within the jewel-box, and the night was far advanced, but no sleep was even then to visit the eyelids of Lady Helen Riddesdale—she sat

musing on an already eventful life, and picturing out plans for future days, until the daylight of the morning brought her much marvelling maid to prepare her for her appearance at the breakfast table.

A single word more of Mr. Norman in the histories of the evening we have detailed. Scarcely had he despatched the above note with his packet to Lady Helen (by the same boy for whose purchase he bargained with the beggar-woman, years before), when one of the grooms of Westray presented at his door an envelope, containing these billets—delivered from General Riddesdale's own hand, at the door of his private drawing-room, late in the evening—

"My dear Sir,

"It seems that some little Tractarian innovations of yours have given sad offence to some of the parishioners. You know I regard all these questions in a much broader light than many of my brethren. I trust my feelings will never contract into sectarianism, and, if you are inclined to put on your surplice and read prayers in the church morning and evening, in preference to doing that duty in your own study, I am sure my objections would only lie on the ground of your own health and comfort. As to the pew affair, I really don't understand it; nor, I suppose, is it very important that it should suffer either a court-martial or an ecclesiastical commission—however, I am sure with all these oppositions about you (mere nothings, though they may be, individually), you cannot be comfortably situated, and *that* my personal esteem for you would lead me to wish you always to be. I have just passed through Berkshire, where I found my brother overwhelmed with duty, his curate having been ordered to a sea-place for his health, and he therefore left alone—and though I had no idea then of your discomforts, I half promised him to do duty

here for a few weeks, if you would kindly go and assist him. I have written to confirm the arrangement, subject to your own approval, and if the duty should suit you, I have not the least doubt my brother will be thankful to retain your services as his curate, if your continuance here should really appear undesirable to you. I imagine there would be no end to be answered by my seeing you at the present time. I am almost immediately starting, with two of my nieces, for the Rhine, and will get a friend to see to the parish, if you leave, until further arrangements are made—if any difficulty arises, we can communicate by letter, through my bankers, as usual, where you will find a cheque at your service, I need not say with the sincerest best wishes of,

"My dear Sir,
"Yours ever truly and obliged,
"EDWARD LINCOLN THYNNE.

"Westray, 8 P.M.
"To the Rev. E. Norman."

"Sir,
"Mr. Thynne requests me to enclose a note, which, permit me to accompany with the information that *I* moved for your removal—on the public grounds of desiring the Protestant harmony and regulation of this parish, and also on the private grounds of not wishing to have my own family disturbed and perverted by the influence of your Puseyite follies.
"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient humble servant,
"ANDREW RIDDESDALE.

"Westray, 10 P.M.
"To the Rev. E. Norman."

Little was the last writer thinking in his pride that the very principles he now reviled, and the

very person he insulted were to be those, and those only, to afford peace to his dying bed when its day should come.

The curate read these communications, and the blood mounted involuntarily to his pale face. He sat in his study among his books, hardly discernible, at first, by the glimmer of the single candle burning beside the venerable folio with which he had been occupied. The window by his side was open upon the moonless summer night, but the red flush poured from cheek to brow, and the young man rose as if to go, as he would have done in youth, and in later days under different influences to those he acknowledged now, to seek reparation of the insult and injury—he arose, like Sampson, to go forth as at other times, but like the strong man's strength, the motives of his youth were departed from him—*now* his sworn vocation was to suffer, and to suffer silently—he could almost have wished that the prohibition to revenge wrong had carried with it an annihilation of manhood to render it a more possible law; but another instant, and the brilliant lamps of a suddenly passing carriage, bearing some of the guests from the park, had thrown across the obscure room a bright Rembrandt-like ray, falling first in its momentary lightning upon the bowed head of the troubled student himself, and then, as suddenly, on the open page of an illuminated book, drawing his eye to it. It was that beautiful Oxford Prayer Book, left by his mother on his table in his chamber the night before he entered the University. It was open, and he drew it towards him; it was open at the page where there was the often-read note in the margin, in the small elegant hand-writing of its giver, "For consider HIM Who endured such

contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds," and the text to which this note was appended was a page in the 'Ordering of Priests,' where it was said,—

"We exhort you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye have in remembrance into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an Office and Charge ye are called: that is to say, to be Messengers, Watchmen, and Stewards of the Lord; to teach and to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever.

"And see that you never cease your labour, your care and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are or shall be committed to your charge, unto the agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ."——

In the fulfilment of the clearest duties of his office this present wrong had been incurred, *therefore,* came in a good hour the admonition, "Consider HIM Who endured such contradiction of sinners against HIMSELF, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds," and it was calmness and strength to him. The Church has abundant peace for Her children while they walk in the path of Her commandments. Her consolations fail when by vanity, or obliquity, or self-will, they, though but for a moment, turn to prove their devotion, (however earnest and well-intentioned) in walks of their voluntary feelings; for She is a great Queen, and officious service is as contrary to the manner of Her court as are disobedience and unrule.

In a few days the saloons at Westray were silent and tenantless, save by a solitary servant here and there dispersed, and Mr. Norman was fixed, for a time, in a new home, and wider sphere of labour, in the old town of Berkshire, where he had spent his early boyhood.

CHAPTER III.

The Lady of the Manor-House—The Curate of the Village.

"'Poor sons of earth,' said the pitying Spirit,
'Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flow'rets of Eden still ye inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.'"

Lalla Rookh.

"*Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere.*"

WE must invert the order of our chronology, and go backwards instead of forwards to gather up a few facts. Brought up to her fifteenth year amidst the luxuries of the slaveries, the grandeur and the glare of East Indian life, Helen Riddesdale will not be regarded as an extreme type of that pious susceptibility which those who call God's Wisdom 'folly,' have decided to be Its most profitable, because the most plastic, material. We will, therefore, en passant, relate her course and its causes, as she travelled towards that home which she was finally to possess in the Catholic Church.

Many years before the time whence our history commences, two brothers of a Scottish family of high rank, drew their commissions, received the congratulations of their friends, and departed with

their regiment to join the British troops under the Duke of York in the Netherlands. France was at that moment suffering Robespierre and La Vendée; Napoleon's career had yet to be made—so the brothers were of that generation, who stood on one of Time's greatest boundary lines—to whom it was given to watch the vibration of one of those, in the splendid words of Villemain, "immenses pendules de l'eternité qui battent les siècles comme les nôtres battent les secondes!"

These brothers were Andrew and Baliol Riddesdale. They remained only for a short time in the same regiment; Baliol, who was but a boy, being considerably the junior of his brother, joining General O'Hara in the Peninsula; while the East Indies became eventually the destination of Andrew.

Well-earned promotion and a handsome face had in after years won for Baliol a Spanish lady's love and hand. How felicitous an event this might be, we may possibly understand in the sequel of our history; at present, we follow Andrew Riddesdale to the court and camp of India, where the star of his ascendant blazed brilliantly and long.

He was, as we have said, a choleric and haughty man—the fear of the barrack and the terror of the field-day was he through every gradation of his military rank, from aide-de-camp to general. But, withal, a brave man in war, and a gallant man in the ball-room, and a gay one at the mess, he was as universally courted as dreaded; and the tokens of favour bestowed on him by those keenest judges of human character—the brothers (be they named with the reverence of the great) Lord Wellesley and Lord Wellington—were such as to

leave no doubt of his talent and high qualifications.

Not till he had advanced to the maturity of years and the maximum of his profession, did Andrew Riddesdale seek for himself the quiet solaces of domestic life. A young and high-born ward of the then Governor-General—the beauty, the brilliant, and the millionnaire of the Indian metropolitan court, was at last his ambitious, but as the event proved, not too confident choice. The guerdon of the soldier's perils has long ages ago been fixed at this proud rate—possibly the gallantry of his gay attire, as well as the imposing circumstances with which he surrounds himself may also have something to do with the phenomenon of the unresisting hearts he wins; at least, in the present case, the conquest was made from the midst of many suitors, and the marriage ceremony had been solemnized before any one whom it might concern, discovered that the General was *so* old and the lady *so* young. The fêted bride settled down with wonderful ease into the wifely woman; and the years that ensued while she gave herself to be a minister of love and of good works to the worn soul of the veteran soldier, were such years as are stored up by the hands of unseen ones—precious balsams—to lend their fragrance to the future tomb. The one child of this lovely lady—the Helen Riddesdale whom we know—was reared in the midst of the hot sunshine and the fierce impetuosity of that bewitching but death-dealing zone.

It was not to be hoped that she should grow up *faultless*, for the helps of the Church in that half-heathen land are neither frequent nor powerful; and *without them* the strength of the Baptised can

in no case, so far as is revealed to us, persevere perfectly and unto the end. Beside this, there had to be combatted with the mother's utmost care, and then with necessarily imperfect success, the unwise irregularities to which the General's peculiar disposition led in his treatment of his child. Alternate indulgence, far beyond the limit of discretion, and harshness, not intended such to her, but inspired by external things, and imparting its unhappy influence as she grew beyond the age of early childhood, in a temper of waywardness and instability. And added to this wildness, there was a deep and restless fund of sentiment, which often made the anxious mother tremble for the young one's future happiness—she could not see how angels were guiding the wavering steps towards the place of only secure refuge of the mind against itself; therefore, though she prayed to GOD for HIS protection for the child, she also *feared*.

It was a strange thing to educate a girl of rank in India—so many thought it—so Lady Riddesdale felt it—but on this point for fifteen years the General remained inexorable. He could not be left widowed and childless for a period of years; neither would he hear of retiring from his offices and returning finally to his native country. The excitements and the habits of Calcutta life seemed to have become indispensable to him; he did not see—for she would have him see nothing that might afflict him—the yearning longing after home which had entered into the heart of his young wife—and so, once evaded, the suggestion was withdrawn on her part, and they continued in India. But as years went on, Lady Riddesdale found that her own buoyant constitution was fast failing under the long pressure of climate and

care, and then she began to contemplate with real alarm the possibility of her leaving her daughter alone on the dangerous precipice of womanly life —with no counsellor but an advanced and overfond father, in the midst of Eastern and military society. She had begun to urge this view upon the General, but without effect, when on a sudden the help of a fearful auxiliary was lent to her gentle prayers. The weakness, or at least the yieldingness, of man in affliction is as proverbial as his bravery in joy; and when the Pestilence came and laid its hand, as we have elsewhere related, on the fair object of the mutual solicitude of the parents, General Riddesdale vowed a fervent and impassioned vow to conform to the course which he owed to his wife and child, if the latter might indeed be spared. It was accepted. And presently it was called to be renewed from the bitter intensity of a breaking heart on the bier and on the grave of that angel wife. Nevertheless, *Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere:* [Evil comes not always to injure.] On the part of the bereaved the first burst of grief was consuming, but when a while had passed, and wilder mourning had settled into a hallowed worship, that inscrutable influence which the will of the dead sometimes seems to exercise over the living operated to the fulfilment of the desires of the departed one—as being a tenderer homage than the keeping watch by her silent ashes. The mother was reverently left to her rest. Vast estates and less authorized possessions were converted into portable property, offices of high trust and passing splendours indigenous to, while existing only in, that Eastern life, were all resigned, and General Riddesdale, with the young Helen, set sail for Europe.

England, the dreamland of the Anglo-Indian girl's heart, was reached at length—the Thames—Gravesend—London—and a new world opened no less upon the grey-haired man than upon the expectant child. Steam-machinery and Whig Reforms had even then vastly changed the face of the old country. But one glance of the mind suffices for all these details—we pass on to the time when, after many months spent in Paris under the hands of professeurs and governesses, acquiring talents, which the English upper classes have decided are not to be so faultlessly imparted in their own island,—and a short sojourn in the Austrian capital, perfecting her education in music particularly,—and a journey through Germany for the physical benefit of peculiar modifications of the elements of air and water—throughout which the General accompanied her, with the double object of being his daughter's immediate guardian, and himself escaping the irksome thraldom of English habits—we pass on to the time when Lady Helen made her serious entrée upon long-anticipated "life."

Long anticipated—for even her mother had taught her to look upon its perspective with a proud satisfaction, and her surviving parent had ever spoken of the time when she should accompany him into the gay and occupied scenes, the resorts of their rank, as a period of complete felicity for them both. A distinguished novelist puts in the mouth of a heroine:

"Have you ever been conscious, while listening to a beautiful piece of music, of a deep necessity, an indescribable longing, to find in your own life a harmony like that which you perceived in the tune?—if so, you have then an idea of the suffering and the release of my

soul. I was yet a little child when, for the first time, I was seized by this longing, without at that time comprehending it. There was a little concert in the house of my parents: the harp, piano, horn, and clarionette, were played by four distinguished artists. In one part of the symphony the instruments united in an indescribably sweet and joyous melody, in the feeling of which my childish soul was seized upon by a strong delight, and at the same time by a deep melancholy. It seemed to me as if I had then an understanding of heaven, and I burst into tears. Ah! the meaning of these I have learned since then. Many such, and many far more painful, tears of longing, have fallen upon the dark web of my life." . . . . "In the meantime, a spirit was developed within me: which full of living energy woke to the sense of its nonentity—to a sense of the enslaving contradictions in which it moved, and to the most vehement desire to free itself from them. As yet, I did not understand what I was to do with my restless spirit. By contemplation, however, of noble works of art, it appeared to me frequently that the enigma of my inner self became clear to me. When I observed the antique vestal, so calm, so assured, and yet so gentle—when I saw how she stood, self-possessed, firm, and serene—I had a foretaste of the life which I needed, and sought after both outwardly and inwardly, and I wept tears of melancholy longing."

This indescribable desire, this consciousness of a soul born for better things, had agitated the being of Helen. We solemnly believe that such a consciousness arises at one time or another, once at least, in every baptized person. It may be never recognised for want of self-watchfulness, it may be neglected and never known, it may be crushed by the stress of circumstances, it may be (alas! how often is) insulted and withdraw itself; but once, we believe, once, at least, every one on

whose brow the pure rain of the regenerating sacrament has fallen, becomes inwardly persuaded of the higher destiny to which that hallowing invoked his human nature. It *may be*, in these evil times, amidst so much surrounding worldliness, which never thinks a thought of God and the Holy Angels, nor associates the unexplained longings of the heart with a necessity for Heaven; it *may be but once!*—how awful then the need that that one moment, come when it may, be seized as the hour of Salvation. Helen entered into the world, and sought for this—she knew not what—in every ignis fatuus flitting and fleeting there. She had looked forward to this period as the certain bourne of satisfaction—it had been so represented to her—and when she passed from one scene of gaiety to another, and from one circle of adulation and amusement to another, and still perceived her heart to be cold and vacant, it appeared to her that the defect must lie in herself, and not in the sources of her search. Nothing, in her father's opinion, was too good, or too splendid, or too costly for the well-prepared heiress of his vast wealth. He was not one to value gold for its colour, or his bonds in stock for the amount of riches which could be cast up from their figures. Riches are a snare and a bar against the kingdom of Heaven in various ways; it is not the passion of all to hoard; our present character was an exemplification of quite a different phasis of their temptations. Money he esteemed as the representative—the embodiment of Power; as the engine that could command talent, and homage, and luxury; and to obtain these for himself and for his child, his expenditure was ever of the freest; nothing did she lack of magnificent attire to enshrine her fair person, or

distinguished occasions to win the award of its natural applause, or abundance of fashionable friendship, or professions which would have solicited a deeper meaning. But with all, and in all, and under all, the same yearning, longing desire of something better than these was in the heart of the woman, as had been in the mind of the child and the school-girl. Then came the time when the enigma was to interpret itself. Having speedily become dissatisfied with several successive country residences, tried, and found wanting in one indispensable requisite or another, and in turn sold, or let, or shut up, General Riddesdale and his daughter, now arrived at woman's years, weary with the overwrought excitements of the just concluded season, came one autumn to Westray, and were enraptured with its scenery and conveniences, and settled themselves there for a few weeks' rest.

It was a glorious and a goodly place. Anciently the mansion had been a Religious House, and, with its surrounding demesne, was well known as one of the finest specimens of that taste for the picturesque and the beautiful for which the churchmen of the middle ages have a proverbial fame. The grey walls, now mostly ivy-covered, rose amidst wide woodlands of perennial greenness, penetrated by turfy roads, over which the carriage-wheel or the horse-hoof passed soundlessly, and cooled to the very foot of the sloping terrace-crowned lawn before the house by the broad stream of one of our fairest rivers. Besides this, it was a country of splendid sport. The game had been long and carefully preserved—a great desideratum in the eyes of an exclusive like the General—and the estates were well tenanted. The place was to be sold as it stood—furnished

on a princely scale, and in the perfection of order. The deeds of purchase were signed, and the new owners of Westray became at once its inhabitants.

The parish where this noble estate was situated was blessed with *a Churchman!* for its curate, its only resident clergyman. In the quiet of the country, at that plain venerable village church, by the words of the grave and earnest-voiced priest officiating there, religion assumed a different aspect to what it had ever worn in the eyes of Lady Helen, and the Church became something more than the English Establishment, which it was respectable to speak of with respect, something more than an undefined hereditary prejudice—the Sacraments and paternity of the Church were discovered to be that unknown good which could satisfy the heart, and fill its vacancy.

Preachers she had heard before—numerous and highly reputed ones. The false sublimity and pathos, the licentious religionism, with the occasional thunders of commination of evangelical pulpits, were familiar to her ears; the elegant ingenuity and the deluding mysticism of the abstruse and absurd theology of the 'orthodox,' or, in other words, the High-and-Dry Church school, were equally well-known to her; but (and this single mind is but the type of a great class) these had for the most part died away in fruitless echoes. Vain generalities concerning awful truths sometimes harden, sometimes stultify the soul. The preachings of original sin and universal human depravity —things bad enough, and true enough, and fearful enough, but which, as commonly treated by these orders of orators, suffer the sinner to escape amidst his excuses, or to cower untouched under his delusions,—had left her soul unhelped.

Is it not the quick instinct looking round, and pointing individually to the real soul-devouring, world-devouring, actual sins and errors, that are here in contact with us—immorality, oppression, covetousness, self-will, vanity—is it not the combating these present and visible demons, and challenging them to an exorcism, not the ever droning on, or firing at random over old, extinct, or invisible, or distant, and therefore not-to-be-offended, wicked spirits—which must win the great ingatherings of the latter days, and which does ever call irresistibly the true and the earnest? This was the character of the instruction by sermons under which Lady Helen had now come, and her mind opened to its power.

And besides these there were other circumstances—concurrences of grace, which in after days she loved to recount to herself, though to another eye they might appear as mere facts, without any specialty or providence in them. What followed we know.

"THOU hast created us for THYSELF," says S Augustine, as quoted by S Ignatius in the *Spiritual Exercises*, "and our hearts will ever be restless till they repose in THEE."

The curate of that favoured parish was Emil Norman. His inward history, too, had been an eventful one. He had gone up to Oxford at the time when the university first began to be agitated with the Hampden question,—a time when the slumber was breaking from many a brow, long adamant to the touch of events, or the sweeping breath of public influences. Strong instinctive feeling had risen up with a vast voice as to the heterodoxy of certain tendencies, exhibited by the teaching of a certain class within the precincts

of ever-faithful Oxford. The atrociousness of a Regius Professor of Divinity in that venerable university so broadly declaring himself a disciple of popular liberalism, as Dr. Hampden had done in calling both the Creed and the Articles of the Church "mere human speculations, the relics of a false and exploded philosophy," had roused the very gentlest to unwonted action. The great struggle had begun in earnest—in earnest on both sides—which continues now, and but waxing warmer; Heaven knows where it will end! A while after, and the tactics of the Evangelical school were sorely at fault in the preservation of their consistency. They who had so recently formally upheld open and explicit Rationalism and Latitudinarianism; they who had put forth schemes of Church Reform and vehement effusions of a charitable desire for conforming the Church as closely as possible to the wishes and the scruples of heresy—especially in the Liturgical expressions of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration and the use of the Athanasian Creed—these persons were suddenly seized with an epidemic of 'orthodoxy,' so virulent and so violent that their championship became no less than terrific. It seemed that they must have received from some Genevan or American brethren private advices of light as to the true meaning of the Tracts for the Times, or a commentary from the head-quarters literary of their persuasion on the fourth volume of Fronde's Remains—so extraordinary and energetic became their current use of terms expressive of devotion to the English Church exactly in its then condition, and in no other possible shape, without Reform rather than with Restoration. Their fidelity to the Articles, so recently all

but repudiated, having found out that *they* were the Protestant part of the Prayer-book—their adhesion to 'sound doctrine' and the 'ancient faith,' so lately treated as quite unimportant affairs, and so grievously little known, so seldom 'endured' among them. But it is not our business here to trace out the traditions of Hampdenism, or affiliate feeling with unhappy sections of parties. We only refer to these things as coincident with the influence of other doctrines, important to the colour of our history.

Evangelicism had come long ago to walk abroad in her silver slippers. The mitre was the looked-for right of evangelical preachers. The titled and the noble distinguished the pleasing sect. But multitude and opulence and rank are not always "heaven's letters" to bodies of Christian men. The pomp of nationality had become its own, and haughty worldliness had next possessed its temper. Already tens of thousands had begun to see and feel the force of these facts; it was time that ancient things should be remembered; and then came the days when silently but strongly began the wrestling, doctrine to doctrine, principle to principle; after that, and the pen of 'Puseyism' was found more than a match for the patronage of Evangelicism; after that, and in the words of a brilliant writer, caring not a whit for either side, except as the spectator cares for the bravest gladiator, "the *British Critic*, in many a pungent and powerful paper, impaled the writhing correspondents of the *Christian Observer;*" and dispassionate men confessed that courage and Catholic manhood were more winning to the heart than the solicitous pretexts and nice resources of a theology whose only eminence was its wealth in

preferment, and whose antiquity was coeval with ignorance, sensuality, and irreligion.

But the tumultuous turbulencies of religious controversy entered far more rarely than the world might imagine into those quiet rooms of Oriel. There men learned a silence, a self-subduing, and an unworldliness—there they held communion with high spirits, the living and the dead—there they girded themselves with knowledge and zeal and spiritual-mindedness, ready for conflicts yet to come.

We have seen Mr. Norman in his first curacy—a charge committed to him by the courteous clergyman who had given him his initiative introductions in Oxford. We have seen him almost violently ejected from that position, and we follow him back to the town of his early life, where he took his place as curate to the elder brother of his late vicar, and his own former parish pastor.

His parents had been long dead. It had been their prayer that they might see the opening promise of his course; and when fame began to be busy with him, they were 'drawn into the inner world by the quiet hand of death.' The star that beamed on his renown looked down upon their grave. Blessed are they who may mark the rapid stations of the splendid path of one—their pride—until, weary with homage, he descends to dwell again amongst them, and fold his rich mantle by their side to sleep; but rather blessed are they who see the culminating greatness of their beloved one, and see no more, but themselves sleep securely. Emil came to the grave of his parents, and often (even as they had prayed) his footsteps were heard passing beside, above, over their heads; and many of life's best moments of strength and

bloom, its bright instants of inspiration, when it was granted to him to seize on and to utter the supremely pure, the supremely beautiful, from the intensity within him—he traced to the grave of his parents—the intercessions of the invisible ones are mighty.

CHAPTER IV.

The Warfare of Daily Life.

"On se corrige quelquefois mieux par la vue du mal par l'exemple du bien : et il est bon de s'accoutumer à profiter du mal, puisqu'il est si ordinaire, au lieu que le bien est si rare."—*Pensées de Pascal.*

"Dans les premiers moments de sa retraite il avait bien pu borner ses vices à mener une vie innocente, confinée en une solitude exacte et assaisonnée de pienses lectures; mais il n'avait pas tardé, disait-il, à comprendre qu'un état si doux et si paisible ne convenait pas à un homme dont la jeunnesse s'était passé dans de tels égarements. Le scrupule d'expiation en vue de l'eternité, le vœu ardent de la pénitence le saisit. La raison modérée a beau dire et vouloir mitiger, il y a dans les grands cœurs repentants quelque chose qui crie plus haut, une conscience qui veut se punir et ne pas être consolée à si peu de frais.—*Vie de Rancé* par Châteaubriand.

TO Town, for the last few weeks of the season, Lady Helen and General Riddesdale journied. London was still in high carnival; gaiety and lustre, crowd and dissipation, opened to them on every side. The spring had been one of unusual bustle; and the few thousands whose presence gives life, and whose migration abandons the metropolis to its million of nobodies, remained in their unbroken circles shedding attractions and amiabilities over the charmed quarters. The house in Spring Gardens was besieged with welcomes; and invites for

the closing month of fashion assailed the new arrivals like so many perfumed missiles. And the temptations of High Class pressed upon the path of the Neophyte.

What these temptations are, perhaps those only who have been set, for a while at least, in their midst, can at all realize; whether they extend in equal force to any extra-metropolitan society, we much doubt. An hereditary aristocracy, vast wealth and luxury, and unfathomable pride, with the negation of a Church, are their latent occasions, and these indeed may be found in provincial dwellings; but the immunity of numbers, and the neighbourhood of a court, create new features in the illustrious, and deepen those elsewhere developed. There is a multitude whose party-custom it is to decry the patrician race—to call it a moral violence—a fountain of sin—a source of curses—these will neither understand our meaning nor our elucidation: there is a number of vampire people of whom high birth is more esteemed than canonization, these, entrenched behind their own assiduous blindness, will aver that more blessed is the noble in his temptations than the mean man in his simplicity:—there is a meagre-hearted sect who, because their own furniture and accoutrements are by no means irreproachable, would wage a war of extermination against all that are so, and become content only then when they should see everything superior to their upstart selves reduced to the level possible to their own attainment—these, no doubt, will readily pronounce piety and nobility to be utterly incongruous: but one who would truly comprehend the difficulties of uniting, in the high life of present England, of London, religion with rank—one who would learn how to pray for those

who are 'set in slippery places'—let him use his entrée, if he have one, into one or two of the houses of the great—not the nouveaux riches, but the chivalrous, ideal, historic class; let him dwell for a while in the midst of their silken refinements, live and walk and abide in their golden chambers, partake of the delicate joys which are indigenous there; see, and suffer to enter into him, the propriety, the polish, the purity, the perfume of every bright saloon, and of every movement and every motive there;—the indescribable grace, the ineffable civilization, the exquisite humanity, the charity;—the absence of noise, of hurry, of astonishment, of every infliction of pain, of every confusion. But his plainness will recal times when the rich furniture and the fragrant things, and order, and propriety, and lowliness of air, were gifts given to the House of God, while in the 'own house' of the Christian man the crucifix was the object most costly and conspicuous—he perhaps will disadvantageously compare these times and those, and question for a moment the presence of Christian faith in those illuminated and 'ceiled' houses—Let him abide longer, and discover the high valuation these great in their secret hearts set upon their greatness; their scorn of the vulgar mass, who are to them as beasts of burden; their conviction that equipages and genealogies are the supreme good; and the tacit, latent, pervading laxity as to countenancing wrong-doing, by an obliviousness most polite but most sinful: let him remark the princely independence of authority, the reckless display of power, the indignant rousing at the remotest implication of contempt: let him fully see, feel, and understand all this, and let him consider whether the Catholic Church, that image of ancient majesty, before

which mortal crowns and coronets must be as dust, could be set up in the midst of these rival and new splendors?—how these people could endure the entrance into their earthly paradise of the severe celestial rule—solitude, fasting, celibacy, poverty, martyrdom? and alas, he will be too ready to question whether, by even the hardest possibility, these rich can come into the Kingdom of GOD? But if by that time he shall have learned to pray in their behalf in kindly earnest, that they "may so pass through things temporal that they finally lose not the things eternal," and to join in their name in the solemn litany—"IN ALL TIME OF OUR WEALTH, DELIVER US, O LORD,"—his days or his weeks will not have been wasted, neither, we may hope, his charity.

By a difficult leave from the General, and a still more difficult persuasion of herself, Helen had succeeded in obtaining Miss Normaff to accompany her as a friend and visitor from Westray to Spring Gardens. She foresaw the hazard of her position, and she wanted a counsellor *at hand.* Miss Norman had already been the confidante of many heavy hours, and the sympathising witness of some times of intense joy; to her the perplexed mind naturally turned itself: but she who would at the whisper of duty have made her abode in the wretchedest cabin of the earth, submitted reluctantly to become the guest of lordly halls.

For a while all went well, within and without. It was not the tempter's time; while the conscience was sensitive from its first proving was not the season, that Cunning One knew, for his evil handling. His malevolent wisdom would not wear out the soul he covets to ruin with incessant storms, any more than his thirst of misery would suffer it

to repose in perpetual sunshine; so he mingles his purposes with the 'yarn' of human life in undetected subtlety.

Yet scruples painfully distressed the mind of Helen as to the courses into which she found herself again so violently whirled. Many times with tears she begged Miss Norman to seek for her renewed direction, but the answer was ever the same—obedience to her father's wishes in every instance not sinful.

Miss Norman herself rarely, almost never, joined her to parties or public places, though solicited importunately, under many loving pretexts. Her reply to such was always that Obedience did not call *her* to that particular course, and that for her therefore it would be wrong, and she could not dare to calculate on being gratuitously protected from its snares. She had struck out for herself a quiet and hidden life even in London. At home whenever Lady Helen was unoccupied, she fulfilled the task for which she had come thither, of affording the benefit of some experience in severe ways to the new initiate who might fail under the stress of their trials, employing herself in the drawing-room or the library with elegant works, wherein she was well skilled, and in her own chamber with what, with a fear of ostentatious righteousness, she reserved for such secret places, sewing garments for the miserable poor. And when at the hours which fashion devotes to its daily audiences, or when the parks were filling with the gilded and gay people who loiter away time's preciousness there, waiting, often long vainly, for the advent among them of their idol Pleasure, but withal regarding the hosts of exoteric persons as extremely to be commiserated, knowing nothing and possessing no enjoy-

ments; when Helen was carried to act her part in these exhibitions, Ursula Norman, simply dressed, and unattended, made her way to places seldom trodden by the like footsteps, on errands of holy charity.

In the crowded localities lying between the great artery of Oxford Street and the parallel outlets of the parks, invisible to the regions where the enlightened and the civilized circulate, behind the Squares, in the interstices which connect or dissever the nobleman's mansion and his mews, there is a mass of misery and iniquity crying daily like the blood of Abel from the ground to the GOD Whose children the poor are, and Who knoweth the proud afar off. Cruelty and horrible sin are there; scenes that make the pure to veil their eyes, and words at which the pious would ask deafness as a boon from heaven; pestiferous cellars crowded with human creatures, and attics where wretchedness has crept to hide itself in its expulsion from many a fairer place. The riot of a country rising, when the military are in requisition and magistrates appear in their state, has certainly a very terrible effect on the imagination, but London, with its all things infernal, from the wail of the stricken infant to the suppressed rage of the hungered artizan, and the look of demon-malice in the eye of the wicked woman, is to us a more confounding spectacle. The English poor were once a strong, silent people; now they are weak, and cry out on every side, and their cries are bitter and full of vengeance. But ladies sit in their elegant upper rooms in London, receiving their elegant visitors, and doing their everlasting elegant work in german-wool, and they will tell you, they have told us, that they '*do not realize the idea of actual wickedness;*' and on this they no doubt congra-

tulate themselves;—what would be thought of them were it supposed that they *could* 'realize the idea' of things passing within a short short walk of their correct and peaceful residences! surely society would blush for them! How could they appear in the midst of the refined, supposed spotless as the robes they wear, if their minds had been clouded with the sight of sin, and those most discreditable streets which they know not even the names of, and from which, if their coachman ventures to take them as a 'cut' to some more authorized destination, they refrain their eyes by lowering the crimson silk of their carriage blinds? 'Ladies could not visit such places,' 'Men might if duty called, but even for them it is hardly right,' They 'wonder how clergymen and medical men can penetrate there—it is really very benevolent—but it must be a dreadful sacrifice!' Could the lover approach to his lips the hand that had been known to rest for an instant in gentle benediction among the rough locks of the child of crime? could he listen to the charming song breathed by the voice that but an hour before had expended its sweetness in whispering hope and Christianity by the death-pillow of the felon or the thief! It could not be; society has its boundary lines of doing good—subscriptions, and so on—within them we may work, but not beyond—it is improper! Yet once there walked upon this earth a Holy One, Whose birthright was the eternal coronet of the universe, and He was reviled as the 'Friend of publicans and sinners.' And once there were women called Sœurs de la Charité, who ventured to follow in His footsteps and minister in prisons and in hospitals, and in unpleasant lanes and resorts of evil people—were they not as delicately bred as we?

were they not, hundreds of them, the daughters of palaces, and the fairest and choicest of the land? and were they not kept pure in their blessed minds—pure as God's Angels? And it often happened that great ladies moving in the world, in royal courts, for a while, for a vow or for penitence, laid by their state and joined these lowly sœurs in their vocation; and when they had fulfilled their time and returned to the scenes of their own life, had they by these means lost caste, or become any way degraded in the eyes of their contemporaries? We suggest *not.* Noble cavaliers bent to them the knee of devotion, such as never presses the ground for woman now, though grosser adulation and deceiving obsequiousness be her so-cherished meed, and their less courageous or less self-sacrificing sisters looked on them, we suggest, with envy, not with suspicion of contamination.

Henceforward, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good, and of enduring ill,—
Of comforting for ill and teaching good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,
Arise.

Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood,—
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason: feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;

But go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich:
An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown
Be set upon thy head!

We have wandered with Miss Norman far away from the path of the Lady Helen.

One morning she had returned, seemingly unusually excited, from a déjeuner given at a splendid suburban residence, where all the rank and fashion of the day had congregated in a dazzling constellation. The General left her at home, and drove back to his club, and as she ascended the stairs, she enquired for Miss Norman, in a tone of unwonted impatience. When she reached the room, the smallest and silentest inhabited in the house, where she found her friend, she seated herself without a word on the hassock at her feet, and sat long silent, burying her face on Miss Norman's knee. Roused by the gentle unclasping of an ornament which had adorned her head, and a fond kind pressure of her hand, she exclaimed—"Oh, I cannot go on as I have done; I must break off this life, or my heart and mind must return to it,—it is impossible to maintain two such contrary existences."

"Were your heart and mind ever in this kind of life, dear child," said Miss Norman—"that you speak of their returning to it—or has it afforded you any such satisfaction as to make you regret that a part of yourself is withdrawn from it?"

"Ah, no, perhaps not; but we are human, we cannot live as two persons; and I do think it is wicked trifling with those holier things to which I have felt direct and wonderful calls, to attempt to mix with them scenes of vanity and pride, such as that I have just left. It seems to me the very worst alliance of the worship of God and mammon."

"And why does it 'seem' so to you, my Helen, and why do you 'think' so—what have we to do

to *think*, when once our course of duty has been pointed out to us by those whose guidance we seek in GOD'S name? What is done in sincerity of intention can never be called trifling; and though I would not say that an individual may not err in the direction of a conscience committed to him, yet we know that the Church collective cannot err, and as far as he restrains himself to being the interpreter of Its voice, he partakes Its infallibility. But even more than this, I would not believe that the All Merciful One would commit frail creatures like ourselves to an imperfect system of Providence, so that when we trusted it fully, and followed it faithfully, even then we should be betrayed. In these times, especially, when Almighty GOD is stirring up so much wisdom in our Church, could it be that HE would permit HIS little ones to be led astray, when with pure hearts they look up to HIM from their pathways of straightness, and listen for HIS omnipotent voice, in the only way in which HE now makes it audible among men, in the instruction of the Church, in the rule of external authority, and who, having heard, determine to follow it in blind and beseeching obedience. When you say you cannot be two persons, you do not mean that we cannot have an outward and an inward life—the one necessarily debased to the vile purposes of this world, and the other at the same time exalted to abide in the Communion of Saints."

"This may all be," replied Lady Helen, "yet how can we escape the force of the plain distinct promise of our Baptism, to renounce 'all the vain pomp and glory of the world,' and the solemnity of our prayer to be preserved from all 'the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,' what can this be but mockery, if we are all the while to place our-

selves in situations of the greatest peril from these deceits?"

"Over-scrupulousness," said Miss Norman, "is not exactly the fault of our days, but if it has an avenue of ingress to our hearts, it is such a one as this—when it can delude us from our obedience by persuading us that we are in the just pursuit of some supereminent holiness. In themselves, and apart from circumstances, unquestionably these things which distress you are wrong, are sinful—but taking them in relation to the manners of the day, we see that what would be 'pomps and vanities' to one person, are the necessary appendages of the rank of another—the dress which you must wear would involve the sin of pride to the daughter of one of your tradespeople, and a ball to you is no more than one of their social tea-drinkings is to them. But you know, dear Helen, when these things are observed only from the pure and virtuous motive of strict obedience, they become taken away from the 'pomps and vanities,' which we are pledged to renounce, and are placed among the lessons of humility which we are to learn at the feet of our LORD, the Most Mortified, Who sometimes sat at meat with sinners, and once condescended to grace with HIS Presence the festivities of a house of bridal:—a double and wonderful lesson for our own direction, we may learn from these traits of HIS conduct, when we remember that when HE ate with Publicans and Sinners, HE was also by that act bringing down upon HIMSELF the bitterest enmity and contempt of the rest of the people, and that at the marriage at Cana, as I need not remind you, believed by the fathers to have been that of S John the Evangelist, HE called the Bridegroom from the Bride, and bade

him, thenceforth follow HIM, and HE would lead him to a higher marriage."

Helen listened, but she looked more perplexed than convinced; and her friend seated herself on the low cushion by her side, and encircling her slender figure with her arm, said gently—

"Does my Helen perfectly understand the nature of evangelical obedience? It seems to me that she rather takes the words of the Church in Her offices and instructions, and interprets them, as some sacrilegiously do the Holy Scriptures, according to her own private judgment. You know we sometimes talk of Romanists and their religion, and admire, and perhaps covet, many parts of their system; now a Romanist would never fall into such an error as this, and yet he might with far more excuse because his books are numerous, and as we might say, interpret each other—whereas we have only one book of authorised Church instruction—our Book of Common Prayer; and necessarily, therefore, as we cannot have from a written source that full and unmistakable traditional direction which we require for our daily walk—we must appeal to oral authority. A Romanist, as I said before, does it continually—ever fearful of erring by entering on the work of interpretation for himself, and so ever acknowledging the inadequacy of his judgment for his own guidance. It is a law of his Church that he should do so, and oh—a most wise and heavenly law. I remember one Roman Catholic writer, addressing the Religious under his care, says something like this—'We must consider well the reproach which Almighty GOD made to the Jews, "In the days of your fasts your own will is found." If we will take CHRIST for our leader we must resolve to serve HIM in the manner HE pre-

scribes; our devotions and mortifications, and studies, and all our actions must be directed by His will, manifested to us by our superiors,' or by the holy conventual rule. We must never follow our own will, even in devotion—it would be a mistaken zeal, and a most pernicious error in spirituality. True perfection does not consist precisely in this or that mortification, but in the exact performance of prescribed duties. Whatever is contrary to this, though it may be very good and laudable in itself, would not be a virtue to us. All our actions, to be religious, and to merit a recompense, must be performed in the time and place appointed by obedience. It would be very wrong to spend in prayer any part of the time allotted for our studies or other duties, and no extraordinary practices or devotions will be pleasing to God, or meritorious, unless they are approved of and allowed by superiors.' Something like this is the substance of an instruction on obedience; and, dear Helen, you must consider this view of the case. Though it is true, one more intent upon objections than sound practice might say that we, in the English Church, have no regime either to invite or to satisfy such a temper, that is in fact a question to be applied to each individual's own case, not settled in the mass; and I think you will see that as general obedience to your father has been prescribed as your present path, you are really gaining higher virtue by adhering to it, even in ways which seem to you questionable, than you would be by ever so much imaginary progress in religion in ways of your own choosing."

"But," said Helen, "what avails it us to know all these things when we know also, as I do, far more surely, that in our own case the rule laid down is

an impossible one? If I were commanded to give myself to the world, and sacrifice my part in the Church, it would be a different thing—but to live in the world, and continue a life of devotion in times and a country such as these, is an impracticable attempt?"

"Yet," rejoined Miss Norman, "Our Saviour's prayer was, 'Not that THOU shouldest take them out of the world, but that THOU shouldest keep them from the evil'—and the Church, my Helen, never commands impossible tasks—what She bids She imparts strength to perform. It was never known of Her that she required the tale of bricks without having supplied the material."

"How has She supplied me with strength for the necessities imposed upon me?" said Helen.

"Do *you* ask this, Helen,—you who have known such blessedness of the Sacraments, such power of prayer, such vigilance of your Holy Mother's help in every past season of need? You are unhappy to-day—some secret cloud afflicts you—No, dear Helen, the Church never sends Her children abroad upon the arena of life without complete and tempered armour, if they will accept it from Her outstretched hands."

It was as Miss Norman had said—chill clouds had overcast the mind of the tried one: she had ever been a creature of sunshine and shadows; over-sad with little cause, and bounding with joy when it were vain to desiderate the reason—this morning, too, had been one of considerable fatigue and much excitement—the young and impressionable heart will sometimes feel itself, as it were, giving way under the weight of outward things, when truly it is the farthest from danger, because most wary—but her ever faithful admonisher knew

a deeper cause for the darkness, and she had brought the conversation to this point on purpose to say a serious word in a direction in which she grieved to see one otherwise so really earnest going far wrong.

The Daily Offices of the Church were not then so frequently observed by the Clergy in their respective parishes as the since-succeeding years have happily seen them; and, in dearth of these public blessings, Miss Norman, at their first coming to town, had remembered the custom of her sainted parents, one of the earliest associations of her youth, and proposed and agreed with Lady Helen that they should read and sing together the Morning Service before breakfast time each day, while the world left them yet undisturbed. For a while this was persevered in, and proved a rich source of comfort to them both, but by degrees Lady Helen fell off in her regularity, and at length discontinued the practice altogether, making the plea of late hours, and fatigue, and sometimes of disliking to mix so much religion and worldliness. So easy is it to be exact in a duty for a few days, or weeks; so hard, requiring so much courage, and virtue, and resolution to continue such against the tediousness of repetition; how much more, then, to walk in holy ways for years, and to our life's end, needs the spirit of Jesus Christ—the spirit of obedience, the spirit of patience, the spirit of humility.

Miss Norman felt that the duty she would now urge again was not a seductive and pleasant one, nor exactly one bound upon them by the Church, and so in neither of these ways having the advantage that the public service would have had, yet it would be an effect of regularity, which, in the

manner of her private devotion, had been chiefly recommended to her friend.

"But," said Lady Helen, when she spoke strongly of the desirableness of the practice, "I do not understand why you are so particular about an observance of this kind now, when once you rather seemed to speak with disapproval of any sort of punctiliousness on my part, in merely private duties of devotion."

"Yes, because they were once leading you astray from the walk of your actual duty, and that is exactly the sort of evil which I am always most anxious to guard you against. 'Whatever is done, to be acceptable to our Holy Mother's eye, must be performed at least, in the *spirit of obedience;* where we lack actual command, we must keep close to the general meaning of our instructions.'"

"But the idea of extreme regularity is really painful to me; what I feel that I do by compulsion I do in misery and fretfulness."

"It is this wavering habit, dear child," rejoined Miss Norman, "which spoils you of your peace, and, most certainly, of all reward from the services, which, however laborious, you may perform, from the sudden starts of your mind. As to the present question, I have attempted sometimes to compensate your absence at our hour of prayer, by trying, as it were, to substitute myself for you in going through the office, but I soon felt this could not be; the vicarious power of prayer is given only to the Priests of the Church."

"What!" said Lady Helen, eagerly, "do you mean that *they* have power to appear in prayer in our place, so that we should receive equal benefit as from our own personal presence?"

"So much as that, I scarcely know whether I should have the sanction of the Church in saying,

but undoubtedly those whom they remember vicariously in the temple of Almighty GOD become spiritually in the presence of GOD, and, if themselves correspond to the high privilege, are in the way of receiving blessings of a high kind."

Lady Helen was thoughtful.

"Perhaps," said she presently, "Mr. Norman would so remember us in his Daily Service if we were to fix our reading at the same hour?"

That evening Miss Norman wrote the request to her brother; and from the following day to the time of their parting, every morning saw those two faithful-hearted women kneel side by side in that same retired room, at the moment when the bell of the leagues-distant sanctuary where Mr. Norman officiated, ceased its toll to prayers, and heard them chant sweetly, in low voices, the psalms and collects of the matins' service.

Thus does the Catholic doctrine of the Church provide against every distress, and Her hand gives help in every necessity. She exacts severe obedience, but she opens Herself as the free fountain of power and of peace.

As years have gone on, this particular trial—deficiency of the public services—has blessedly become almost extinct, with regard to the metropolis. And we may trust that the changed state of things has worked some happy modification also in those on whose account it has been wrought;—especially when we observe the increasing number of the daily-open churches in the west and north-west of the vast city, where chiefly the upper classes have congregated, may we not take it as a bright Sign of Hope? Very gradually, but, as we may believe, the more surely, the work has been going on in many minds which shall prepare

them to estimate future and fuller blessings. We are persuaded that we have but to name the Temple Church, or Christ Church in the Broadway Westminster, or S Mark's Chelsea, or Margaret Chapel, or Christ Church S Pancras, to call up in many a heart thrilling and hallowed feelings. The Temple with its ancient and restored splendours—Christ Church, Westminster, with its pure Catholicity, its great red cross, its bright arabesques and rich embroideries, and lofty candlesticks and tapers, mute witnesses at least to the Light which is of the Church; and Margaret Chapel, with its intense associations of benediction and spiritual beauty, living on in many souls; and S Mark's with its severe and solemn and sweet witness to the manner of the worship once the custom of the saints: and Christ Church, Albany Street, filled with its own peculiar atmosphere of earnest holiness—simple, dignified, and true in all the observances of religion and its highest privileges, the sought out home of prayer alike of the lord and the lowly little one. (It was the chance of the present writer and a companion once to occupy seats in an early omnibus, availing for transit from Charing Cross to Albany Street, at the hour of the Christ Church prayers, between a peer of the realm and a young girl closely veiled, but known as an employée in a fashionable millinery establishment;—three independent centres of intention;—all alighted in the New Road, at the end of Albany Street, and though with very different degrees of speed, for the poor child seemed weak and worn, all presently made their way to the same altar, and united in the same beloved service. The young one had her day of toil, the peer his day of temptation, the writer also a day of trial

to pass through; and each came up to the place where they knew prayer was wont to be made, to worship and to prepare themselves. Surely the incident might encourage the mind as an anticipative type of approaching better days.)

But to return to our narrative—for the remembrance of past defectiveness of gifts beguiles us into dwelling on present mercies. From that time, as we have said, the recitation of the Morning Service was never omitted; and to fulfil the beautiful law to its utmost letter Lady Helen constantly dedicated some alms from personal self-denial, against each Sunday and Festival day, to be reserved and added to her regular offering at the Holy Communion. Need we say that the blessed recompense became a thousand-fold? Who is there who has tried, and knows not the rich efficacy of this good work to the soul's health? Little do they conceive who condemn the holy practice of the Offertory, or resist its reintroduction into our Festival Services; the loss they are lading upon themselves. We know that it was the way of the early Christians to offer, when they came together, on the first day of the week, according as GOD had prospered them, the consecrating tithe, as it were, from each work-day's labours; it is recorded, too, as the pious custom of some, that they laid by during the week in consideration of the spiritual necessities of their households; like Holy Job, who offered burnt offerings lest it might be that his sons had sinned in their festivities; and some among ourselves have tried the practice of setting aside a gift according to our means, and the magnitude of the occasion, in penitence for each sin, in thanksgiving for each mercy, in petition on account of each need as it occurs; and who knows

how speedily each such offering may take its tale to Heaven's ear? The Church teaches us to trust that the earnest recitation of the Lord's Prayer, with alms, if possible, is a blessed means of purification from the stains of the lesser sins of our daily life as they pass over the soul; abundant are the graces which She publishes to the faith of acts like these: who knows, then, how an unspeakable a privilege it may be to thus make the daily or frequent offering to the weekly dedication, the incense of which is to go up to our LORD'S footstool, fragrant from HIS Holy sanctuary. They do not reckon up all these things who will not endure the Offertory in their churches. Yet they might, if they had but once attended with unstopped ears, to the voice of the inspired sentences which accompany it:

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; *and look what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again.*

"Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man; *and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee.*

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little; *for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity.*

"Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give, and glad to distribute, *laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may attain eternal life.*"

Mr. Norman's letter promising compliance with the request of his sister and Lady Helen, still dwelt upon the theme on which the latter needed, and perhaps we all need, such reiterated counsel. He bade his sister to remind her friend of how all

the great saints of old were distinguished above all things by that virtue of simple meekness which retains no will or desire of its own. To remember Holy Abel, and Isaac, and Jacob, the beginning of whose lives was in that gentleness to which GOD will teach HIS way. And to see in Cain and Esau the headstrong temper which GOD will leave to choose its own way, and which must, therefore, come to destruction. And to contrast Holy David and King Saul—David, brought up in the quiet home of his father, and among the sheepfolds, attained the blessed testimony that he was the Man after GOD'S Own Heart; and Saul, in his wilfulness, went on till the fearful word was sent out to him, "The LORD is departed from thee." And to watch the working of men's souls, and see the lowly, loving temper that listens to a mother's voice, and regards a father's wish,—giving up its own will, and studying rather than its own things the things of others—by-and-by attaining the highest walk of faith, having gone from strength to strength, and from glory to glory. And then, as was ever his wont, turning from the blessed servant to the higher Master, he begged that she would not fail in her promised study of the *Imitation*, and more frequently than all HIS Divine Course, he said, 'let the mind be exercised in imagining our LORD in HIS hidden and obscure life at Nazareth.'

'It may be said that the life at present required of Lady Helen Riddesdale is as different as conceivable from such a one, and that she would choose and prefer *that*. We will not enter upon the question of the ease or difficulty of the one or the other—the same law governs both—dutiful obedience; and at the present day, I have no

doubt a higher degree of virtue is required for living in a station of rank, and abstaining from the world in heart, by doing everything, even following the distasteful customs of society, on the principle of lowly submission to an external authority—a much higher degree of virtue than would carry the poor man faultlessly through his path to heaven. Our Blessed LORD's life from the age of twelve to thirty years is summed up in the words, "HE was subject to them." One may think it a duty to be giving the energies of youth to a better cause; yet thus lived Jesus Christ in subjection to HIS Blessed Mother and Holy Joseph, a life seemingly useless, while, as it may be seen, HE might have gone through the world and instructed and converted all men. This is one of the adorable mysteries of GOD. What may we not learn from those simple words revealing nothing but silence and obedience? We remember, too, "the multitude which no man can number,' who have closely followed these HIS footsteps in HIS Incarnation, and are sharing now HIS bliss and glory—they, who—in the words of a poet to whom we may be indebted for diction, though by no means for doctrine, and scarcely for ideas—who "lived unknown till persecution dragged them into fame, and chased them up to heaven." Such have been the salt of the earth, and so with HIS followers now, if GOD calls them to work for HIM in their station, HE will lead them to usefulness in the path of obedience: if HE purposes other things for them, and that they should leave their position to serve HIS cause, HE will certainly only appear to them while they walk in the ways of obedience.'

The influence of all these blessed thoughts

began to be very visible in the daily deportment of the once wayward and imperious girl. Her father, however, for whom she was commanded thus to live, was yet able to remain blinded by the inward sophistry of prejudices to the cause of the fact which he found so great an enhancement to his comfort; and her sensitive mind was at first disturbed anew by finding on several occasions that credit attributed to herself and her own disposition, which she felt, in fairness, belonged in a far other direction. But it is not so easily, nor so completely purely that any are fully to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; 'through much tribulation,' is the word of the decree, and next there germinated the seed of satisfaction and self-confidence to add its trial to the plant of grace.

A bal costumé, of unusual pretensions and magnificence was announced by a distinguished lady, as closing her entertainments of the season. Helen rejoiced to see her father put aside their tickets, saying they would make no use of them. As the world would be all occupied for that evening, they might hope to be secure from invasion, and she laid out the employment of the hours with Miss Norman with glee and gratulation. But, alas! for pleasant plans. The very evening before it was to take place, General Riddesdale walked into the drawing-room, where his daughter and her friend were sitting, and said gaily—"Helen, my love, I will not after all deprive you of the pleasure of this ball, because I am too old to be your squire. Our friend, the Marquise de V—— has been begging me to put you under her protection, and I am sure you could not be in better hands—what say you?"

"Oh Papa," began Lady Helen, but she caught the eye of her watchful monitor, who looked up from her etching board both to sympathize with and to strengthen her.

"You were going to say that the time is too short now to arrange all the requisite paraphernalia," said the General, "but the amiable Marquise has everything provided for you. She tells me that she had been meditating this attack, and thought the best chance of success was to turn all her artillery on me at once, and at the last pas, having learned"—and the old soldier stroked the fair head of his child—"that you are so good and obedient, that you do nothing and go nowhere without your father's consent; and she says you had told her in this particular case you declined with me. But the dress—the dress—after all the most important matter,—I must take you to Piccadilly at once to Madame de V——, and you will see if her artistes cannot rapidly transform you into a sultana of the Porte, a character which Madame does you the flattery to assert that you are admirably fitted to sustain."

Helen looked really dismayed, but the General, delighted himself, mistook the downcast eye for a mere token of surprise; and adding, "I have letters to write, after which I shall be most happy to attend you to the Marquise de V——'s; and you, too, fair nun," he continued, turning kindly to Miss Norman—"you will go with us to the rehearsal of Helen's début, as princess of the harem." He left the room, and the two ladies looked at each other in suspense. Helen was the first to break the silence.

"*Must I* go?" she exclaimed, in a choking voice.

Miss Norman rose, and laid aside her drawing.

"Dear Helen," she said, "I think you would be justified at least in intreating your papa to release you from the engagement. This you can do, as he is not intending to go with you himself: but if he is particular about it, I scarcely know what to advise." Again both were silent, but Miss Norman resumed—

"Some people think it fanaticism to look to have particular guidance from heaven in what may be called the little affairs of life—I do not. I think if we committed every difficult incident, in its very passage, to the wings of prayer, we should be in little danger of going wrong under any circumstances. I would above all things advise my Helen to try this."

"But," said Helen, "if papa determines upon my going."

"His determination," rejoined Miss Norman, "is subject like all things else to His will in Whose hand are the hearts of all men, and Who turneth them as the rivers of water are turned: but supposing the case you look forward to, I do not see what else should guide you but your general rule of obedience."

"Have *you* ever proved the difficulty of this dreadful rule?" said Helen, in a deep and disturbed voice.

"*I have*," replied Miss Norman: but it was not until a pause of so great a length had intervened between the question and the reply, that Lady Helen was repeating her interrogation. Tears had started to the fair eyes of the self-possessed and patient-minded woman; a look of something unutterable, as of the past, struggled painfully over her countenance. She, too, had suffered.

The entrance of evening visitors put an end to the conversation, and in an hour after Lady Helen was the gayest of a gay circle at No. —, Piccadilly, trying on plumes, suiting bright colours, and choosing splendid jewels to appear at the bal costumé. So is the human heart fitful and inconsistent when it is fain to feel itself most strong. The visitors who had entered were the Marquise de V——, and her two lovely nieces, who were to form part of the train of the Lady Helen in her masqued character; and their charming raillery, and wit, and smiles, and the prestige of their descriptions of the anticipated fête of the morrow, won the heart which had but now been so vacant to the delights of the life which was the spring of their satisfactions. When the General, radiant under his white hairs, entered to accompany the the ladies, that he might, as the Marquise said, "see how captivating could be even a veiled queen in the midst of a veiled court," not a word was urged as to escape from the engagement; and Miss Norman, from the window of another room, watched the carriages drive off, with a misgiving that somehow there would come now work for repentance of another kind than had afflicted her charge before. Under the most distinguished of chaperonship, with the most unexceptionable of suites, and in dress whose splendour the General had already delighted in the pride of his princely means to contrast with others about to appear on the same field of display, Lady Helen was more content than we might have desired to believe her in appearing at the fancy ball. It passed off with perfect eclât; and two days after, on the evening of the sabbath, as she sat with Miss Norman in her dressing-room, she said—

"I have only satisfied myself to-day of your reason for seeming to think me justified in objecting to go to the bal costumé. I have no doubt it was owing to its being held on a Friday."

"Did you not think of it before?" said Miss Norman. "I, on the contrary, imagined you *were* thinking of it; and on that account I was the more sorry to find your resolution voluntarily fixed to go. But that *was* my chief feeling about it, for I need not say to you, my Helen, how can we expect the blessing of preservation from the temptations of luxury and gaiety, when we choose for times of their chief display seasons which the Church has appointed for penitence and recollection?"

"But I could not control the ball being fixed for that day."

"True: but you said you did not remember the fact of its being Friday; so that if an alteration had been in your power, you could scarcely have used it."

"But, then, surely I am not accountable for the unwariness of my mind, or the fault of my memory in such a case."

"If, dear Helen, we always lived in the temper and spirit of the Church, mere memory would scarcely be our mind's act on these occasions. We do not *remember* to take our daily food and sleep, and to shun, in a general way, engagements which would deprive us of them; and we do not *remember* to look and to express ourselves in a way which will be pleasing to those we love dearly. We do these things *intuitively*, because the nature to do them is in us. So it would be with the observances of the Church, if they were in our hearts like a nature—*our new nature*—we should have no need of separate recollection of each, in the cir-

cumstances which might involve it, the instinct of love would be our sufficient admonition."

When Lady Helen retired to her room that night, she took from her escretoire the tablet of memoranda which Mr. Norman had recommended her to keep as a monitor of her hourly life—a record of faults and of inward wants—and she wrote thus:—(The first words the reader will recognize as a part of the Confession in the Order of Evening Prayer in Bishop Andrewes' Devotions, then but lately re-printed in the Tracts for the Times, and *this part* since forming the prayer of Confession in a more recent little publication, entitled 'A Form of Self-Examination, Confession, and Prayer,' to be used every evening.)

"Lord,
As we add day to day,
So sin to sin.
The just falleth seven times a-day;
And I, an exceeding sinner,
Seventy times seven,
A wonderful, a horrible thing, O Lord.
But I turn with groans
From my evil ways,
And I return into my heart,
And with all my heart I turn to Thee,
O God of penitents and Saviour of sinners;
And evening by evening I will return
In the innermost marrow of my soul;
And my soul out of the deep
Crieth unto Thee.
I have sinned, O Lord, against Thee,
Heavily against Thee,
Alas, alas, woe is me! for my misery.
I repent, O me, I repent, spare me, O Lord,
I repent, O me, I repent,
Help Thou my impenitence."

"On Friday I attended the —— ——'s bal costumé, and I think I have never fallen really so low

since I first began to feel the obligations of a Christian life. It was Friday, and there were we some hundreds of Christian women, once and for ever baptized into His death, crowned with flowers and with jewels on a day when He had worn a crown of thorns; our feet shod with the finest embroidery, when His had been bare and bleeding, and pierced with the awful nail; acting royalty in unholy sport, when He, the Great King, had been crucified for our very sinfulness. Yet I never even recollected the day nor its solemn association at the time, nor until this morning I happened to take up a common-place book of Miss Norman's, in which my eye was caught to two or three short sentences underlined and dated simply, 'Friday.' One—

"It was a saying of S Bernard, that it is a shame to see delicate members of a Head pierced with thorns."

The next:

"Sainte Catherine de Sienne voyant que son Sauveur lui présentait deux couronnes, l'une d'or, l'autre d'épines, 'Oh, je veux la couronne de douleur,' dit-elle, 'pour ce monde; l'autre sera pour le ciel.'"

And the last, as a comment on the foregoing—

"Clement of Alexandria says, speaking of the practice of wearing on the person artificial or natural flowers, 'When our Lord was crowned with thorns, shall we, insulting, as it were, His Passion, put on garlands of flowers.'"

"It was not to be wondered at that temptation took fast hold upon me, when, at the suggestion of vanity, and when I might have avoided it, I joined in such a scene at such a time:—and it was so. I became intoxicated with pride and self-congratulation; I felt triumphant in being the object of

praise and respect; and when for one moment I fancied myself slighted by an individual, I was inwardly filled with irritated temper and mortification. Ah! how, at such times as these, one sighs for that one and true refuge from oneself and the crushing weight of one's own infirmities, which our Blessed LORD reared up for HIS weakest children, when He uttered the words to HIS Apostles, 'Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted.' How vigorously one might go on if these constantly-accumulating weights could be lightened, as HIS mercy has provided that they might—if in every hour of spiritual sickness one could go and 'show' oneself 'to the priest,' and be healed, and cleansed, and sent forth strong again."

Notes of secret wailing like these were not uncommon in the time of which we write—alas! they are too common *now*. We say, alas! not for their sake, for they are a blessed sign, but because the uttered lamentation often loses itself on vacancy. It is but, comparatively speaking, here and there one Anglican Priest who as yet ventures to grasp the magnitude of the apostolical commission, and, in the name of the Merciful One emancipate the trembling spirit from its thraldom. Many and many a one, like her of whom we are writing, has sighed and sighed in vain for confession and absolution from sin in the bosom of the English Church. When the mind reflects upon this great unsatisfaction, disquieting and melancholy thoughts arise. Brighter visions than the past or the present have indeed seemed to dawn upon the view, and more inviting scenes have stretched themselves onward in long and joyous perspective; but it is felt that they are amidst the remoteness and uncertainty of the future,—amidst days that may never arrive, and

events that may be only as the phantoms of a dream. Are there not, even, at present, great drawbacks even to the probable practical efficacy and desirableness of Confession in the English Church? It seems more than doubtful whether its solemnities can ever consort with the condition of a married clergy. The Confessional must unfit a man for domestic life no less than fireside frivolities must unfit *him* for *it*. Never, while memory lasts, will the writer lose the impression of this *fact* indelibly effected by once watching the results of the attempt to unite the two principles by a young and devoted man, who might be truly said to fall a sacrifice to the experiment. The clouded brow by the evening hearth, then the silent and constrained habit, then the irritation in return for kind assiduities, then the distressing, *almost* overthrow of reason, and, at last, the hail, both on his own part and by those who loved him best, of physical illness as a moral hope—were the several stages of the unnatural union—the termination of which was only melancholy in a greater extreme. It is a very awful thing to be made the sacramental medium between God and man; that alone, one would think, must render the solitude of the affections, and the reservation of every lower emotion, a necessity to those so chosen; but to bear about in the bosom the continual fresh tale of the sins of hundreds of men and women, not casually and partially known, but minutely, frightfully developed from the probed heart of penitence or of terror, and to sometimes unbend and play the gentleman of the world or the pleasant companion before these people! or—but we leave the too solemn question, on which, perhaps, we have no right to thus express private impressions, however forcibly they

may have become fixed with ourselves by the witness of such a case as we have alluded to.

In putting together these pages on Christian Life in the midst of the world, we might do a not-unwelcome service to many of the less-familiar with practical works treating of the subject, in translating from one of the volumes of S Francis de Sales, his short valuable instruction to a spiritual daughter on this class of difficulties. We will give it as it stands, leaving those who may like to appropriate it to adapt it to themselves according to their own Church, and opportunities, and position. The Instruction is entitled, "How a person engaged in the world may accomplish a Holy Life," and the Saint writes:—

"You desire, my daughter, the great grace of evangelical perfection; truly, the highest aspiration of the human heart; cherish it, and let it wax stronger and stronger all the days you live. The means of arriving at this pure end are various, according to different vocations; for both Religious, and widows, and the married, may gain perfection—but not all by the same path. To such as you, the appointed means are—that you live in unity with God and with your neighbour. The way of union with God is chiefly through the Sacraments and Prayer.

"As to the use of the Sacraments, you should not suffer any single month to go by without at least once communicating; but I should counsel you to frequent the Sacraments much oftener, as it may be, according to the progress you make in the divine life, and the direction of your spiritual superiors.

"As to Prayer, you must make it frequently—especially mental prayer or meditation. Devote to this, each day, at least a half hour, and let it be timed neither after dinner nor after supper. If, in the act of meditation, you sometimes, and even frequently, find

no comfort, you must not be distressed, but persevere patiently with a simple heart and a single mind, neither violencing your spirit, nor yielding to despair. When you feel heaviness and fatigue oppressing this duty, it is better that you should make use of a book—reading for a while on your subject, and then meditating, and again reading and meditating, till you have filled up your half hour. Saint Theresa was accustomed to do this at the commencement of her spiritual life; she spoke of the custom as attended with many advantages, and every director will advise it as an assistance authorised by experience. But ever remember, that the gift of meditation is not to be gained by a mere effort of the mind, it is rather the slowly acquired grace of perseverence, and affection, and humility.

"In addition to this, you should give an hour daily to the serious reading of some spiritual book; and at all times, and in all companies, accustom yourself to realize the Presence of God, and address yourself to Him in frequent ejaculatory prayer.

"As to the means which should promote the fulfilment of your duty to your neighbour, they are many—but I will speak only of a few. You should consider your neighbour as standing to you on earth in the place of your Lord, to be served and loved. It is the advice of S Paul that servants serve God in their masters, and their masters in God. This kind of love of your neighbour must mark all your exterior conduct, and neither must you fret yourself if it should appear for a time to be repaid with ingratitude; every obstacle yields at last to love. To this end you must often direct your prayers, for after you have asked the love of God, it is right that you ask the love of your neighbour, and ever most especially that it may be given you to love those for whom you feel an aversion, or who are your enemies.

"I counsel you to sometimes visit the poor, and the sick of the hospitals, to comfort them, and to share, as it were, their sufferings; help them and pray for them. Beware, also, that no one be wronged by your too long

tarrying in the Church, or at your other devotions, and so neglecting the care of your worldly estate, in which you are rendered, in a manner, controller of the actions of many others, and which on their account therefore you must attend and oversee. In every arrangement and plan, have ever regard to the wishes of others, where they desire nothing contrary to the commandments of GOD."

Thus runs the counsel of the great Doctor to his daughter in the Church. We would venture to express a hope of seeing the work from which this extract is made—*La Vraie et Solide Piété*—taking its place in that invaluable series of Devotional Books translated under the Editorship of Dr. Pusey, for the use of those to whom the originals are less accessible, which has numbered already some of the most esteemed Catholic treatises and manuals.

It was now Lady Helen's turn to do the hostess. A banquet and ball were given at Spring Gardens, and 'all the world' was to be there. The house was crowded; equipages elbowed each other through the neighbouring streets; the stars of the élite glittered through the rooms, and the graceful brilliancy of the gifted gave tone to the assemblage. Beautiful women and men of renown were there; the most splendid uniforms of the British army, and the costliest fabrics of every earthly loom formed the lights of tableaux, whose shades were laid in the dark dress of literary distingués, and the cloudy loveliness of ladies, whose greater simplicity of attire was chosen for the display of jewellery of the more enormous magnificence. The highest of the *corps diplomatique*, and many foreign Great, *en route*, were present; and amongst all shone, undoubtedly the most shiningly, the

eminent person to whom the whole scene was to do honour,—no mere vulgar specimen of a dominant dynasty, but a true Prince, in all the poetic ideality of the word,—regally handsome, talented, and accomplished.

"Who," enquired an Italian ambassador of an English countess, "is that young lady, Madame, in *robe de blanc*, with the small bracelet of turquoise, to whom Monseigneur is so marked in his attentions?"

"Ah, I am not surprised that you do not know her; no one is more changed. It is positively our young hostess, with whom I remember you were yourself, Monsieur, last season a little charmed."

"Lady Helen Riddesdale! You jest with me, Madame; she cannot have become that grave girl, so simply attired, and so sad-looking."

"It is a fact, Sir. Had you been more punctual, you would not have missed your presentation. As it is, I can but assert to you that it is really Lady Helen."

"What can be the cause that she has become so triste? I heard they had been abroad. There is nothing under the skies of *nostro il bello continente* to age beauty in a year in that manner."

"There, Monsieur, I must suggest that you are a little wrong; for though Lady Helen has not been, I believe, just now on the continent, I fear it is the sombre influence of your continental religion which has metamorphosed her from the *toujoures gaie* to the *toujoures triste*."

"Impossible! Do you mean, Madame, that Lady Helen is a Catholic?"

"Not exactly; only Catholic enough to be called among us—I speak inoffensively, Monsieur—a little out of her mind!"

"I am by no means offended, Madame; but you

excite my curiosity. How can the Lady Helen have manifested an aberration of this sort?"

"Why, I will tell you. For instance, the other day I was driving through Portland-place, and met General Riddesdale's carriage. Supposing the General and Lady Helen to be in it, and desiring to speak to them, I drew up my barouche, and signed to the coachman to stop, when, lo, there were Lady Helen and her friend, who, I believe, is some clergyman's daughter or sister, with the carriage crowded with enormous bouquets of the most beautiful flowers. I exclaimed with admiration, and was just going to entreat a single one of her damask roses, when, to my infinite amazement, she declared she must leave me, for her time was short. It was, I think she said, the festival of S Barnabas, and she was carrying these flowers to ——— Church, for the decoration of the altar! You will say this was not very sombre, or triste; but then she is so extraordinarily religious—continually going to church, and keeping a crucifix in her dressing-room, as I hear, and, as I am told, actually has a confessor."

"Indeed! Ah, I think I understood you; it is that new Anglicanism, as it is called, which has lately arisen in England. But, Madame, flowers on the altar, and a crucifix, and confession, are not such novelties in Christendom that a lady must necessarily be out of her mind to like them."

"No, Monsieur; but it is a law of society that that is mad which is unusual among the people with whom we live."

"True," said the Ambassador, "it is the law of the world. But see, Lady Helen is moving in this direction; she is seeking some one. It must be you, Madame."

"Oh no, it is her protégé here;" and the attention of the ambassador was drawn to a young girl sitting immediately behind the ottoman which had been occupied by the countess, beside a table covered with prints. She held a splendid engraving of Ravenna listlessly in her ungloved hand. She was plainly a foreigner, and the conversation which had been passing, partly in Italian and partly in French, and which she could not avoid overhearing, was quite intelligible to her; her thoughts had wandered back to days when she, too, gathered flowers to deck the altar of the church. Mentally, she was wreathing a fairest chaplet for a high and solemn festival, when Lady Helen approached her, and glancing at the picture in her hand, and supposing that to be the subject of her thoughts, said kindly—

"You will sing for us, will you not, petite? We are all impatient to hear the inspirations of that bright land of yours."

"Certainly I am ready, lady, if you wish it," said the young artiste (for such she was), rising mechanically to follow her benefactress. The ambassador had penetrated by an instant's glance the position of his countrywoman, and the probable recollections just then enkindled in her mind. The countess was already occupied in another conversation, and he followed Lady Helen and the artiste to the adjoining room, where many of the guests were gathered in anticipation of the vocal luxury promised them. The young girl sat down to the harp, and for a moment her fingers wandered wildly over its strings. It was expected she would sing from an opera, or perhaps a national ballad; but her soul was absorbed within itself, she recollected no audience, was conscious of no

expectations, and clasping her small white fingers, and with a flush of ecstasy mounting to her cheek, and kindling her deep, dark eye, she shook back the long tresses of plain hair which hung down her face, and suddenly commenced singing in a voice of such intense melody as one does not live to hear twice, the well known Catholic hymn, "Ave, Maris Stella." Every one was breathless—a flower leaf might have been heard to fall, so deep was the excitement and attention. As suddenly as she had commenced, the melodist ceased in the midst of her song; she had forgotten the words. The ambassador suggested—

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut vidéntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

The poor girl started, and looked rŏund at one and another—from whom had those words come? All eyes were fixed upon her, but in the countenance of the dark man who stood by her side there was an earnest sympathy,—she felt that he it was who had known and who had prayed the same prayer. She was recalled to her situation, and her exilehood; and she bent her head in her hands, and burst into tears. But all this did not seem much to any but one or two there; they thought the little one was excited, and kindly soothed and flattered her, and offered her scent-bottles and fans; they understood no more of the real meaning of that momentary overwhelming than if they had been witnesses of a new phenomenon of nature; they never thought or conceived its interpretation. The young artiste presently recovered her self-possession, and sang in a manner not the less bewitching for its

slight tone of tremulous agitation. When she rose from the instrument, Lady Helen drew her hand within her own arm, and said, in an accent inaudible to the bystanders, "I thank you, ma petite, for your incomparable music; but I thank you more deeply for having taught me the family affection of the Church."

"The what, lady?" said the young girl, looking up in wonder; for she was unconscious of a great and lovely principle having been unfolded in what she only felt to have been her weakness. The prince was at Lady Helen's side.

"Your protégé," said he, "has a superb talent, but was it not rather eccentric of her to open the entertainment in the manner she did?"

"Certainly," replied Lady Helen. "I regret, for the poor child's sake, that it should have occurred, nor am I able to account at present for the circumstances; but I confess the recognition of religious relationship, as one may say, brought about by the song of so unusual a nature for a ball-room, had in it something peculiarly touching to my mind."

"*I* regret," said the prince, adopting her words flatteringly, "for my own sake, that it was not my fortune to give the countersign, since the little scene gratified you, Lady Helen."

"*Could* you have given it, prince?" said Lady Helen, looking seriously on his noble countenance, spoilt by an expression of satire at that which was holy, for she felt deeply in earnest, and had not stayed to interrogate herself if this were the exact place and season for a rebuke so grave as that covered by her words.

The royal gentleman looked somewhat annoyed, but he rejoined with a ready air of pleasant courtliness—

"True, our excellent father of Wittemberg has not made extensive provision for our learning of this kind; but undoubtedly before my next setting foot on English ground, or," he added, "before General Riddesdale redeems his promise to honour my father's poor castle with a visit, I shall have made myself acquainted with these mysteries."

"What mysteries?" asked Lady Helen.

"Those, Lady Helen, of being able to perform duets on the Hymns of the Breviary."

"In what way will that be an advantage to you?"

"I had anticipated—in being a passport to your new Order of Sympathy."

"The passport to that, prince, is the password, 'One Lord—One Faith—One Baptism.'"

"Nay, there my nationality must be aroused to ask whether you exalt the Church of King Henry the Eighth so greatly above the Church of Luther and Melancthon, otherwise I do not perceive how even you, Lady Helen, have any personal interest in the question."

"I exalt the Church of England," said Lady Helen, "as a Church which has never lent itself to heresy, or lost by violent schism its notes of unity with the Christianity which developes itself as a Home to its own under every sky."

She had waxed braver—for a moment she felt that the humblest mind wherein Truth has condescended to manifest itself has its testimony to bear before kings; and the heir-apparent was startled to find a timid and graceful woman suddenly so zealous. That singular aside in an English ball-room would not easily die away from his recollection. There is an old German tale told, how the Abbot Erro of Armentaria wandered away into the

forest to reflect upon what appeared to him an unintelligible verse in the Bible—that "Before the the Lord one day is as a hundred years, and a hundred years as yesterday." Coming into the wood, a bird arose and so charmed the Abbot with its song, that he followed deeper and deeper into the recesses of the forest. When the bird ceased, the Abbot, regretting the shortness of the melody, turned again homewards, but was surprised to find his convent in ruins and a new one erected by its side;—and the monks who dwelt there were all strangers, and he found that he was now in the year 1467, whereas it was in 1167 that he went to walk after vespers, so that he had been listening to a bird 300 years. Satisfied with the truth of Holy Scripture, then he prayed God to take him to Heaven. And this is no exaggerated illustration of men's frequent moral ways. Suddenly a singing bird or a suggested principle allures them unconsciously from their accustomed path,and they pass on deep into the recesses of the thought, and they at length return to themselves, and behold the magic of centuries has passed over them, and old prejudices and familiar things of gone-by days have vanished away, and there is, as it were, in their place new heaven and new earth—changed all so silently by the wonderful working of a mere chance interrogation whispered within the spirit.

An alcove of scented shrubs and flowers was built up at the upper end of the decorated dancing-room. The rare oleander, and bright clusters of the scarlet, and purple, and cerise-coloured verbena, the magnificent tassels of the cactus speciosissima, the brilliant orange flowers of the loaza lateracea, and the clear white sweet-smelling petunia, the handsome begonia, and the showy

rose-and-purple tipped blooms of the cinerarias, mingled together with the light bushes of the daphne, and the rich dark evergreen foliage of the rhododendron, and amongst them stood a tall porphyry basin, curiously wrought with secret machinery, playing a fountain of scented waters; and behind the flowers, and above the fountain was suspended a wide, concave, intransparent lamp of intense blue, spangled with silver stars, like the illusion of a glimpse of a deep night sky. Here stood the Italian ambassador and Lady Helen, watching the evolutions of a long line of graceful waltzers.

"You feel," said the ambassador, continuing to speak in a low-toned and impressive voice, "that the Church supplies a bond of secret communion, of fraternal recognition, running in a thread infinitely attenuated, but never broken, through the hands of the whole family in heaven and on earth —or endues, as it were, with a mutual magnetism and susceptibility by which one member of the wonderful kindred is made powerfully aware of the presence of another. Yet, see, here are some hundreds, the sons and daughters of the same church, they join hands, they part, they meet to-morrow, or not, as it may be; in the course of a few months they come in contact again in one or another of the capitals of Europe; if one needed help another might render it, or might not; after a-while they meet once more, perhaps most of them, in this salon, and the same scene is reacted. Do they love each other as sworn fellows of a great society—have they a spell-note among them?"

The question remained unanswered.

It was nearly the last Opera night of the season. The evening was dreary and unpleasant, and Lady Helen pleaded for a moment against her father's remembrancer of their inevitable engagement, but she had learnt to yield with a sweet and patient gentleness; and presently she appeared, ready to take her seat in the carriage, dressed as her perfect taste suggested, in accordance with the overcast and chilly evening, in a dark velvet robe with stars of diamonds sparkling down its front and boddice, and with a heavier veil than common, though she never went abroad without one, obscuring the proportions of her slight figure; it was obvious the most zealous student of the toilet could not have been more successful than had she in this choice of the moment, made on the simple principles of propriety and modesty.

The gorgeous theatre was crowded with its peerless company; an unmatched galaxy of artistic talent shone on the boards, and commanded in turn the breathless and enraptured audience with the witchery of those marvellous physical accomplishments which have thence many times thrown an unerring magic over minds the mightiest; and the distinguished balletists of that distinguished season won bouquets and plaudits from the admiring multitude, and acknowledged them with such sweet gladliness, that the secret question would arise,—can it be indeed as the philosophers say, that these gay-looking people are receiving each his wreath, her wreath, of praise to go and hang it up to die upon the withering boughs of some mental upas? If so, indeed, truly the joy of the world belongeth unto sorrow, and it were better to go with the primitive hermit into his wilderness, or with the Carmelite recluse into her

perpetual silence and weeping—for these under exterior tribulation are inwardly full of peace—such peace, they say, that even curses and scorn it transmutes into golden blessings. But "oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

General Riddesdale and his daughter were occupying their box alone, a fact importing some curious change of case, for Lady Helen had been used to be the centre of a staff of admirers of her wit, and wealth, and beauty. The truth was, that she had come to learn a deeper, and also a severer way of severing herself from these "things of the world," than that withdrawal from them which would have involved disobedience to her parent and rebellion against her position. Every one knows that social popularity in our day is the easy winning of a talent for sharpness, liveliness, that brilliant persiflage and kind of bantering exaggerative wit which passes too current instead of truer and earnester discourse—and every one gifted with this pleasant passport to favour is equally cognizant of the flattering effect its exercise exerts over the possessor's own mind—the difficult task it is at times to restrain, for prudence' sake, the rising jest or the gay repartee; and how inconceivable would be the sacrifice, if by efficacious precept, or might or force of outward things, the spirit of impotence were to fall upon this most praised faculty;—it will be appreciated, then, that Lady Helen made a more real devotion in offering up this talent, which was strong in her by nature, and acute and keen by habit, than she would have done in effecting her flight from the stage of the world in an hour of devout excitement. This gift had, perhaps, been a spring of temptation to her in past days; and in the review

of their many faults, it might be that she had found 'idle words' an ever-recurring confession, and felt that if for 'every one' of these an 'account' was to be rendered up, they must tend fearfully to enweight the condemnatory scale; and she had been meditating much on the saying of S Basil, that "the talk of a woman should resemble water, which is said to be best when it has no taste at all." This is not the world's opinion, nor does society like its practice, but as the Church's holy voice, Helen *knew* it to be right, and she had lately striven well to follow out its implied commandment.

It is told of S Chrysostom, that when he resolved to renounce the world, he began by the change of his garb to rid himself the more easily of the importunities of friends, regarding a penitential habit as not only a means for preserving a spirit of mortification and humility, but as also a public sign and declaration to the world, that a person has turned his back on its vanities, and is engaged in an irreconcilable war against them. And perhaps, amongst ourselves, putting off the manner of conversation current in society, is an act almost coincident to that of the Saint in marking his new course by the change of his outward attire. The latter would, in our day, be such a peculiarity as rather to attract than to repel attention. We will venture to say, would that it were done—would that some one had the courage to set the example, where many would be glad to follow; but all fear to begin:—still, the further record of S Chrysostom—how he observed a modest silence, ever regarding talkativeness as an enemy to the interior recollection of the heart, as a source of many sins and indiscretions, and as a mark of

vanity and self-conceit—is imitable by each of us in our own sphere, and will, it is conceivable, accomplish almost the same end as the putting on of a penitential habit in each case where it is practised, as it did in that of Lady Helen.

In regard to others, she dressed and looked and was as courteous as ever, for these were the duties of obedience to her providential state; but in regard to herself, she abstained from many words, spoke simply and seriously, without raillery, and without an over-refinement of affability; and it was wonderful how quickly the effect was shown in the withdrawal of the many satellites who had been used to distinguish the appearance of the beautiful heiress whenever she moved in public. Such people are content to pay the homage to Religion which is Her due, as long as She walks abroad, as in these days, in fair favour; but that homage is no vital principle. Religion remains with them as a venerable tradition, which they neither disturb nor dwell upon. But when one rises up and displays Religion assimilated into *religiousness*, they begin to think such a one *gauche* and *outré*,—and the like, perhaps, had been the sentence of judgment on Lady Helen; but the quietude of her soul was little troubled by its effects. Her sacrifice was made, and her object—of gaining a deeper inward life in the ways of the Church—was attained. Also, as she passed through the scenes in which she was obliged to mingle, she withdrew from them by not gazing on or after them. It is well, say the holy Doctors, to cast down the eyes, and so forsake vanity, by refusing to see it; and of this practice she had learnt the difficult use, until, as on the occasion we describe, she was able to develope in herself the

severer virtues of self-denial, in the very midst of the envied gaieties and lustre of the Opera House. We fully perceive that we are, as she was, treading on dangerous ground, but we feel our foot-path firm; and the rod and the staff of OBEDIENCE were her unfailing protection.

Towards the close of the evening, the door of the box was opened, and a gentleman entered, who moved slightly to Lady Helen, and exchanging a recognition of unusual cordiality with the General, was presently deep in the mazes of political information and discourse. Lady Helen gathered that he was urging her father to contest a forthcoming county election, and far from happy was she to hear at last a tardy consent given on the part of the General: after which the stranger again bowed, and disappeared as he had entered.

When they returned home, letters awaited General Riddesdale, and he retired to his private room; but scarcely had he done so, when Lady Helen was summoned to hear the contents of a packet, which, it appeared, was from the only brother of the General, who, having made his marriage with a Roman Catholic, had become to his last blood-relative as a heathen man, and with whom he had pursued no intercourse these many years, but who now proposed, with every kind profession of fraternal feeling, to obtain a visit from himself and Helen in Ireland—his home ever since his return from the Peninsula—that, as he said, they might die in the love of brethren, and leave their children to be sisters to each other when they should both be gone. The old General was affected, and Helen with real joy responded to his design of accepting the invitation of her unknown

uncle, to a country which curiosity and enthusiasm had made her long eager to behold. The letters further stated that Colonel Riddesdale's daughter, who had been rescued from the very midst of the troubles in Spain, resided with him, with the two orphan children of his only son, supplying the double place which had been left in melancholy vacancy by the premature death of her mother. Helen knew something of her cousin's previous history, and a feeling of impatience to make an acquaintance of a novel and deeply interesting character, perhaps was scarcely secondary to the instincts of affection, in bringing tears into her eyes, when she heard that this journey must be deferred until after the election, as the canvass would be entered on immediately.

Miss Norman was, as usual, sitting up for her friend, and having dismissed the maids for the night, the two lingered over the beguiling fire, which had been lighted in the dressing-room in consideration of the coolness of the evening. Lady Helen related the exhilarating contents of the Irish letters, and received the warm sympathy of tender interest; she told also the parliamentary news, and found that the city which would be the scene of the General's contest was the birthplace and had been, all her childhood and youth's years, the home of her friend. Quick, then, was the invitation, and not reluctant the consent, that, should it so happen that General Riddesdale, as he had intimated would be the case, desired his daughter to accompany him on his intended election journey, she would travel with her, and remain her companion until the time of their departure for Ireland.

With an affectionate leave they separated for

the night; but the stars set and the sun rose upon wakeful eyes, in the several chambers of the dwellers in that luxurious house. The General laid his head upon his pillow of down, but dreams of his youth disturbed him. The old man remembered his playmates—the man of the world recollected the days of his unworldliness. The birds, and the flowers, and the gushing streams of his native home haunted him with low moaning sounds and gentle odours—and ever and anon he started and found himself aged and exiled from all that shining past. Then his mother appeared before him—a mild and matronly woman, who tried to curb his waywardness with love and reasoning—and in vain; and his brother—his young brother—now speaking of age and the grave; and then all had passed away, and there remained the cool, stone-paved chapel, familiar to the eyes of his boyhood, where monuments to his ancestors were reared at their successive decease; and now he stood watching men, who looked not like mortal men, erecting a tomb and engraving a tablet—and as the letters grew beneath their fingers, and the figures of shining marble were moulded out quickly, like images in clay, he aroused with a cry of distress.

Lady Helen mused long and pleasantly of the friends she hoped to make—the sister she promised herself to gain; for dear as Miss Norman had become to her, she still felt that one so nearly allied must be more, much more—a sister,—it is a tender word, full of earnest meaning. A sister!—she is one who will be to us as an angel of light, and as a mortal friend. And this newly-found relative would become to her all that a sister could be, necessarily, by reason of their relative positions—beside all the magic of religious

interest, which had been the only investiture of her name hitherto, in the heart so well prepared to open to her the fountains of its love.

Miss Norman, too, passed a night of watching and thoughtfulness. Remembrances had been roused in her mind, which she would fain have sleep in their obscurity; but she knew wherein is strength and the refuge of the troubled spirit. A sudden word, heard in passing by in the world, might waken the echoes of bygone days of tribulation; but as in their reality, so in their remembrance, she could have—and she had—peace. Great peace have they who walk in the narrow way of reliance on an external authority—great peace, which no troubled recollections can mar, and no assailing doubts whether this thing or that had been better otherwise, can dissipate or destroy.

The events of the month had been chiefly communicated as they passed, to Mr. Norman. Some of his reflections on them we have already given; others unfolded themselves in his instructions to his flock. Thus these things fell into the list of those providential circumstances by which, unknown to his hearers, the mind of the clergyman is influenced in his preparations for the public duties, whence their spiritual help is to arise. How often does it happen that we hear some sermon, or receive some remark, exactly suited to our present case, and wonder at the prescience which must have dictated it. We may admire, but we need not wonder, for it is but that the Providence which is "over all" has made the doings of distant places subsidiary to our assistance.

On S James's Day the Curate addressed his

congregation on the subject of that ardent purpose of religious life, which the Mother of the Holy Apostle commemorated set forth, as in the Gospel for the festival. It was the week preceding a Confirmation, and this was to be his last sermon on the subject, which he had been for many weeks keeping closely before his people. He spoke forcibly of that Chalice and that Baptism, which are to be shared by the servants of the Cross, and of the Vow about to be bound upon the souls of the youthful candidates for the solemn sacrament. And then he took for his motto the words of the blessedly-distinguished younger brother of the two presented to our Lord in such eager solicitude by their parent—the words of S John—"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world."

"'Overcometh the world,'" he said; "Here is expressed in one word what is stated more in detail by the Promise in Holy Baptism,—

"'To renounce the devil and all his works—the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.'

"'The devil and all his works'—Of these are all those crimes which men everywhere so call and reprobate—murder, lying, thieving, and all such scandalous sins; but besides these there are others which 'society' winks at—the fashionable murder, duelling, impurity of life, intemperance, covetousness, and the like.

"'The pomps and vanities'—The pomps of the world we see about us in many a gaudy show, and many a glittering pageant,—in proud equipages and fine mansions, and ostentatious of wealth and power, and in amusements and pursuits, the hun-

dred gratifications of sight and sense which are now everywhere presented, and appropriated by each so eagerly: but at the same time we should remember that this is a comparative term—what to me would be pomps would be to another in a different station, but the mere common accompaniments of everyday life, and would attract from him no thought or attention, being therefore to him harmless—while they might distract and occupy my thoughts, and unfit me for higher purposes. These pomps, however, belong chiefly to those who have riches and station;—have the poor, then, nothing to do with this part of the covenant? Oh yes, the poor have their 'vanities'—the poor and middle classes their vanities of dress and precedence, and their amusements;—my brethren, every heart knoweth its own 'vanity;' and perhaps the best definition of these pomps and vanities is, that they are just those things, whatever they may be in our individual circumstances, which do not in any way directly or indirectly forward us in our passage heavenward, or strengthen our moral or spiritual natures for perseverance in that journey. 'The works of the devil' are things in themselves and always sinful—these 'pomps and vanities' are things only sinful as regards ourselves —sinful to us because we have vowed to renounce them, just as it would have been sinful in a Nazarite to suffer a razor upon his head, because of his vow, though the cutting off the hair would be no more sinful in itself than the suffering it to grow.

"Everything which tends to the indulgence of the body, the mere physical constitution, harms the soul, and must be dispensed with as 'vanity'—everything which makes the gratification of the mere intellectual powers, apart from the higher

principles of our nature, must be put aside as 'vanity.'

"Everything which is not in any way auxiliary to our increase in holiness and the knowledge of GOD our vow binds us to renounce, for it is 'vanity.' Many things we are called on to give up, many pursuits to refrain from, which other men (unbaptised men) are not debarred—but we who have taken the baptismal oath, and desire to keep it, are spiritual Nazarites. My brethren, again I repeat it, we must resign much that would be in accordance with our tastes, and the tastes of our friends—pursuits and pleasures—all things that would feed the man and starve the Christian—all that would gain the world and lose the soul—these are the vanities and the pomps of this wicked world. S John helps us in another place with a strong and deep meaning to the words we have chosen as our text, 'Overcometh the world,' and which our Church has thus enlarged and amplified. HE says, 'Love not the world, neither the things of the world; if any man love the world, the love of the FATHER is not in him; for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the FATHER, but is of the world'—and our Blessed LORD said, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.' Alas, it would often seem by our words and works as if the opposites of these injunctions had been given, and we were striving to fulfil *them!*

"'All the sinful lusts of the flesh'—Man looketh on the outward appearance, but GOD looketh on the heart; and the child of GOD must be holy in HIS sight. We can see the works of the devil where they are wrought; and the pomps and vanities of

our neighbours and brethren we can see, though we cannot know the extent of their influence on the heart and true life; but these 'lusts of the flesh' hide themselves in the inner nature—every unholy thought—every purpose which has self for its origin and object—every desire which is earthly or sensual, or unsanctified, *is* of these; and these must be strictly searched for, and renounced with the rest of the things of the world:

"And this is to 'overcome the world.'"

CHAPTER V.

The Voice of the Church, and the Voices of the World.

"The LORD is KING, be the people never so impatient: HE sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet."

"The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly: but yet the LORD, WHO dwelleth on high, is mightier."

"WHO stilleth the raging of the sea: and the noise of His waves, and the madness of the people."

"I thought to understand this: but it was too hard for me, until I went into the sanctuary of GOD: then understood I the end of these men: namely, how THOU dost set them in slippery places: and castest them down and destroyest them. Yea, even like as a dream when one awaketh: so shalt THOU make their image to vanish out of the city."

"But PEACE shall be upon Israel."

"THOU shalt hide *them* privily by THINE own presence from the provoking of all men: THOU shalt keep *them* secretly in THY tabernacle from the strife of tongues."

"The LORD sitteth above the water-flood: and the LORD remaineth a KING for ever."

"The LORD thy GOD, O Sion, shall be KING for evermore: and throughout all generations."

ONE may not say he has seen France, when he has not seen Paris! nor America, and not Niagara! neither England, and not a Contested Election! It is an eminently national spectacle, and an improving study, as well as an exciting time. The honesty and the ardour, the honour and the heart, of the primitive British character,

show out in bold relief beside the mere brute zeal and fretting chagrin of less pure and genuine elements. It is fine to see the man of mere means standing, for the first time in his life conscious that he is poor, before an unpurchasable constituency; and fine to see one, opulent of popularity, rallying enthusiastic thousands as with a magician's wand; and finer yet, many times, to see the real great man, stern, bold, and uncompromising, appealing to the secret sense of a rough, but appreciative, people. And the lower, though not less effective, accompaniments of the act—the colours and the band-music, and the crowd; processions, and banners, and the presence of the privileged and titled class, one for the time with the masses of "the "million"—all are the inseparable characteristics of that unique saturnalia which should at least have been witnessed once by every student of English men and manners.

Perhaps to the simply reflective mind, it is a sight at first awaking more surprise than any other feeling, and that in a greater degree than any other common fact. For it is the instinct of reflection to fall back upon motives, and the motives here appear marvellously insufficient. The eagerness of the soldier we comprehend, the ambition of the scholar we laud, even pure vanity may find apologists for its votaries—but that a man should quit his castle and his park, his elegancies and civilizations, and wear out his body, and become a defaulter to his estate, and place himself in collision with people and circumstances which gall and buffet him,—not for heroism, neither for the famousness of ages—not for charity, not for some high prophetic reason, not in the name of GOD—but for 'the honour of a Seat in Parliament'—it

is a thing we cannot understand; the love of legislation in such a one must be strong. Yet once, possibly, we might have understood it, when the world seemed more, and things unworldly less, to us. We can travel back over the pathway of the rapid past, and remember how, when we were very young, these things warmed and roused us; how we joined in making our nursery ring with rehearsals of the coming contest, how we extolled the candidate whose 'side' we chose, with all the laudatory words of our growing vocabulary, and assumed his white-and-crimson favour with as much enthusiasm as if our small partizanship were the very cynosure of his success—how melancholy a hallucination we thought it when men, though, we remember, vainly as blindly, followed their unwise and visionary purpose to oppose the advent to power of those whom we considered true and honourable-hearted senators. Now, we may be changed, but the world goes on the same. While we write, in the last week of July, 1847, the elective franchise of the empire is again exercising its responsibilities; and to-day, again, we wear the white-and-crimson favour —for old custom's sake perhaps—perhaps because the struggle of to-day is of the 'nouvel millionaire' against the born gentleman, possessing more title-deeds than ducats, and more hearts among the peasantry than votes of the electors; and we still care to find ourselves swelling with our unit the proud minority (an inevitable minority in the mass, however here and there personal popularity, or the sense of public services rendered, may balance the local scale) lifting up last witnesses against the fatal ascendancy of mammon in this devoted land. The vivas of a multitude are ringing at the present moment in our ears, the final panic of close-coming

defeat has seized upon the losing cause, the clamour and the agitation rises higher, and they fear, and curse, and hate, and—the clock strikes four! and all is over—the die is cast—and again the never-conquered-yet returns to the place that has known him almost from the day he put off his college tunic, to represent the borough which claims the honour of his birth. Here, if anywhere, in things of the sort one might say, satisfaction should exist. Yet if we read that lofty and most triumphant eye aright, we recur to the feeling of simple surprise that so much labour and heart has been given for so little reality. We retreat within, and the calm of the soul returns while it silently recals to itself the memorial of Ignatius Loyola, on the Feast of the Annunciation morning, hanging up his sword before the altar at Montserrat, and going forth a mendicant!—and the touching emblem whereby the tale of the Royal Stuarts is told—a broken diadem at the foot of the cross!—and many a martyr's, many a missionary's, story, and fame and fortune ten thousand times resigned for the cloister and the tonsure—in all these things we feel that a sufficient motive and an abundant recompense have authorised each boundless sacrifice, and the more we may have been at any time by temperament or circumstances able to comprehend and fraternise with all this show, the more vividly do we now perceive the infinite greatness of the least thing in the Kingdom of Heaven above it all. Faded boughs hang round the handsome carriage which this morning, when the boughs were fresh, bore a young and eager-hearted candidate through the thronged and noisy streets, and now bears him away from the scene of disappointment; bright flowers, bound by many fair devoted hands, deck

the chair of the Honourable Member—from each and both we recur again impatiently to the inward Ideal, of which we can exult and say

> "Pines may tower and laurels flourish,
> Deathless green is only THINE."

Yes, in such, as in every day of excitement and commotion, the mind of the child of the Church finds its stability in Her steadfastness—its peace in Her undisturbed protection. The billows of the stormiest sea beat upon the bosom of that Great Rock, and It bides them all, rooted in Its deep primeval centre:—the waves may dash about Its fortifications, but Its fabric they cannot damage:—in every time of worldly tumult, as in every hour of private woe, or of strife in the secret soul, here is unchangingness to fly to, and comfort wherewith to be consoled.

It were but a truism to say how daily experience teaches, sometimes with keen instruction, the frailty of the tenure by which every simply earthly holding is secured to its possessor, and how the voices of history come low and sad across the great waters of time, bearing the same tale of all of whom they are cognizant. Property, friends, and pleasant circumstances—to-day they are a man's own, and to-morrow have left to him not a vestige—a mere privation—an earthquake-chasm. In the midst of the sunshine of success, the thunderstorm lowers at mid-day; the seed is cast into the earth, and the corn is ripe, and the husbandman looks for the harvest, and in its stead comes a tempest or a mildew. One begins to rejoice himself in his felicitous fortune, and suddenly the roof-tree is blasted, and he lonely stands upon his hearth, amidst the shattered relics of his household

gods. Men change their loves as they exchange their stock-bonds; they imagine they get their equivalent, and that calculation being satisfactory it suffices them. Woe, woe, woe, is a doom daily heard as distinctly and as confoundingly by one or another of the protégés of public favour, as it was above the revelry of London, when 'Solomon Eagles,' the prophet of the fire and the plague, ran through the denunciated city with his brazier on his head, charging its citizens with the futility of their projects of gain and greatness: but an inheritance in God's Church, secured by the signature and seal of Holy Baptism, no fickleness of chances will affect, and no power of enmity can rend away.

This world is very sorrowful; its sorrowfulness oppresses the heart as it comes before us in ever new and varying forms. Now it is the grief of a parent for his child of many prayers, who has suffered shipwreck in ruinous sin; again, tears are falling upon the early tomb of a friend who has never betrayed his trust; and the stifled yearnings of the dying soldier for his home; and the wailing of a woman for her idol; and the cry of the poor for bread; and the bitter words of the rich about some misery which gold is powerless to avert,—in turn take up the never-silent note of evil tidings; and when the accents of jubilee sound for a moment in our ears, it would seem that it is but that they may be quenched in the direr discord—the sweeter the instant's joy the sadder the long year's lamentation—the cloud is the darker for the rainbow which so lately glittered on its breast. This is how the world fares; but in the Church we are carried staidly on without over-joyousness, and also without overmuch sorrow, except so far as our sins and short comings compel it of us. We

are carried on in the way of the Cross, indeed; but not more than we can bear of its holy burden is laid upon us—not a weight like that of the world's sorrow.

The great ones of the earth suffer strange fatalities; but there is peace in the Church like the quiet of the deep ocean far far down, while whirlpools are foaming above. The grandest of secular positions is subject to vicissitudes the most startling—the less and lower appear often to be the mere sport of vagrant circumstances. A few rapid years have seen the Bourbons flung from their ancient autocracy, and sent to do inglorious avocations, to earn bread like common men; and if rising again, yet with clipt wings and a feathered crest. And their haughty noblesse, the Guises, and the Vendômes, and the Montmorencies, their names denobled, and their chateaux bannerless, and their sons left among the multitude; while the cabinet and the chambers, and the very inner closets of the court, have been thronged with plebeian lordliness, exercising itself in airs to befit its new-acquired station. And also has been seen an Espartero, a mere woodsman, rising to rule, by beck or frown, the movements of the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella; and being again hurled from dignities the highest, to give place to new adventurers—the world meanwhile witnessing to her own caprice, by naming him the Child of Fortune.

Consult all the histories of heroes and of favourites, whether of the people or of sovereigns; and, from the shades, the wily Gaveston, and the loving Mortimer, and the petted Rizzio, and the noble Strafford, and the haughty Warwick, and the accomplished Essex, will make one common illustra-

tion with the moral antipodes of most of them, such as Mirabeau, and Danton, and Robespierre, breathing the same tale of the wreck of trust with the thousand voices of the gifted, denizens of a naturally dangerous atmosphere, and regarded as heirs of tribulation. They say 'Fortune favours the bold;' and so thought the Bruce when he lay on the herdsman's floor, and watched the spider eight times attempt to scale the beam, and at the ninth succeed. Eight times fair Scotland's crest had lowered before usurping Edward, and at the ninth victory was with it. But if we cut this motto on the turf of Bannockburn, we will also remember how appropriately it might have been engraven deep on the stone where the head of WALLACE glared ghastly and horrible from the bridge-arch of Old London! And a finer satire still it were above the Watergate of Edinburgh, through which MONTROSE, 'The Great Marquis,' passed in the hangman's cart, while Argyll and Warriston were exalted to place and power! Or at Culloden, it should be painted on a 'white hand-post' for a sign to travellers, to remind them of CHARLES EDWARD!—or, where could the 'Fortes fortuna juvat' seem a more fitting legend than for the gates of the Wonder-City, whence issued the ever-conquering legions? Blazon it there in laurels of emerald, and then add beneath, as a circumstance, a mere casualty, how that city was never besieged, but it was taken! and then go embroider the same device in fair colours on the thousand banners that the strong have wrested from the weak, stained ere they got them with the blood of many a noble heart, and tangled with the nerves of many a patriot right hand! So fares the world—the world in which these men, who make the hot strife of con-

tested elections, are so solicitous to secure their inch of earth, whereon to rest their lever. We, the while—let us walk about Zion, and tell the towers thereof, and mark well her palaces, and consider her bulwarks. Hopes are crushed, purposes are crossed, the best and fairest lookings forward turn to dimness—we see it so around us—we feel it so within us—but we pass back ever again to the Great Final Idea—The Catholic Chuch—and THERE, at least, there *can be* no defeat!

And so contrary are such scenes as that amidst which we write and to which we allude, to the very tenor of the Church, that it is but an anomaly when the two interests even consist in the same consecutive thoughts. In one and the other, the great system of Representation passes in inverse directions. In the Ecclesiastical Kingdom, it is not that the mind of the mass has to be described to the Monarch, but the Will of the Sovereign has to be indicated to the subjects—so, where in the one case the people choose whom they list to be heard as their voice by proxy in the law-founding senate, and these again virtually depute the Cabinet to make known their temper to the Crown,—in the other constitution, the Supreme Head confides His pleasure personally to a few, His spiritual staff, and these communicate their instructions to a wider circle, and these again to the still more remote, until each secular priest becomes the voice of the mind of the Head of the Church to the meanest child in His realm. And yet *Here*, we contend, is the one peerless constitution!—paradoxical as it may sound—the perfect democracy. For here is no 'class legislation'—here are no 'monopolies'—no tyrannous exaltations of men above their fellows. The Source of Law is Divine, and no power what-

ever resides in any but divinely authorised functionaries—to them "the people" may come for redress and healing, every when and where—all alike, the mean man and his master, the emperor and the serf—one has no privilege above another, nor any shadow of a hope to gain an iota of power over the rest, so far as their position in this Kingdom goes.

But we are straying into the regions of reflection farther and faster than our history warrants. It was in June, 1841, and the House was dissolved, and the nation set about to elect its new Parliament:—the Parliament which has lived to see some of the most remarkable—what some would call scandalous political apostacies—what others understand to be the workings of honest and earnest conviction in minds long bewildered by the hazes of conventional traditions.

General Riddesdale had left town immediately on the dissolution, to effect the more onerous part of his canvass with a few influential friends; leaving his daughter and Miss Norman to follow more at their leisure, with the carriage and necessary servants, to join him at one of the principal towns of the county.

As they journeyed, their talk was of many holy and peaceful things, broken sometimes for a brief moment by the still lingering lamentation of Helen over the inconsistencies to which she seemed consigned, but easily restored to its harmony by the recal of those high intentions which were alike the constraining power and the guerdon of the Cross. In the last stage of their journey they had to pass over a wild and magnificent tract of country, little frequented and less cultivated; one of those miniature wildernesses which still exist in their rare and refreshing grandeur here and there in this

over-citied England. The turbulent mountain-torrent made its gushing way along the glen of the luxuriant valley, the silver voice of the ring-ouzel sounded ever near, and the noise of the passage of the carriage through a piece of woodland, roused the hare from his refuge only to guide the eye to more secluded recesses and deeper solitudes;—the foxglove and the fern, the thistle and the cotton-rush, the graceful purple spurge, and the beds of scented heather, concealed the retreats of loving and innocent living things;—and the sound of the waters, and the song of the birds, and the humming lullaby of the bees, made unceasing romantic music in cadences sweet as a weary man's dream. Then followed a wide waste moor, yielding nothing but the reed, and the damp moss, and a few sad-looking marsh flowers, the Tunbridge filmy-leaf, and the moss-campion, and the variegated lichens covering the acclivities of enormous blocks of granite scattered over the wild region; and there was no sound but the distant scream of the hawk, sailing to the crag whose rocky brow bore the eyrie of his dwelling.

"I have been thinking," said Helen after a long silence, "of those who passed life-times in wilds like that through which we have been travelling—Oh if one could have sat at the feet of some such holy anchoret, and have heard him tell of the joys of devotion and the wonderful ways of GOD, how it seems that one must have caught an ardour to purify the very soul and make it for ever forgetful of all that is of the earth."

Miss Norman had been quietly sunk in her corner of the carriage; the days of her youth were recalled when that journey had been familiar; the voices of memory's land were sounding clearly and

loud in her inward ear, and those voices are known to have a most deafening power on the outward organ.

Helen again spoke—"How often," she said, "one seems to contemplate as the thing intensely to be desired, the very thing of all others which is certainly impossible to us, and perhaps unadvisable."

"It is so," said Miss Norman, arousing at this too apposite remark, "it is so, but then," pursuing the train of her own reflections, "our proper will must be humbled until we no longer desire anything—until we have no preference of places or persons or conditions of life—until all employments are indifferent to us, and we are cold to friendship, and callous to pain, and dead to joy, and are untroubled in reverses, and unentangled in prosperity—till our aversions have become our delights, and our pleasures our loathings—until submission and silence and penance have grown so ingrained into our nature, that we have even them to overcome—until self-love is like a word of a foreign language, and self-confidence a sentiment of which we cannot conceive the existence—until troublousness and mortification have annihilated our human heart, and we have finally forgotten all creatures, even our nearest and dearest and best."

These words were uttered in a tone of such startling pathos, that Helen turned an involuntary gaze of wonder on her friend, and then, for the first time perceiving her flushed cheek and excited eye, threw her arms round her in warm kindliness, and entreated to know if she were ill or distressed. The transit of the last few years, laden with their own learning, had communicated to Ursula Norman a much larger measure of self-possession than

falls to the lot of most women; therefore, instead of explaining or asseverating, or any other resource of a confused mind, she was herself again in an instant, and affectionately assured Helen that she was neither ill nor in trouble, "except indeed," she said, and it was with a smile scarce to be cheated from being a sigh, "so far as it may be called trouble to possess a heart and mind needing all this severe subduing, which I am afraid," she continued, "my Helen thinks is going too far for human weakness."

"No," rejoined Helen, satisfied with the veil, "I do not think it going too far—nothing that we can say can add to the deep meaning of our Blessed Lord's Own Words as to the Cross—no ideas of ours could of course convey half what it is to take up and share His Cross—but I was speaking of the ancient hermits and solitaries, and supposing that they must have been very blessed."

"It may be so," said Miss Norman quickly, readily entering into the thought which had been lost to her before, "it may be so, yet I imagine, could they come again to tell their tale, it would be one too fearful for us to endure the recital of—we have the World, dear Helen, in ways, also, the Flesh, to contend with; but they, Helen, they had the Flesh and the Devil—the Devil—who of us knows what that means?"

"Yet," said Helen, "as gold, they suffered the fire—that they might come out purified, perfect; surely the gain was worth the loss."

"The dealings of Almighty God have been mysterious with His Church," replied Miss Norman, "and it is perhaps not for us to commend or to condemn any course which has at one time or another been taken by His servants, lest we

fight against HIM, Who for aught we know may have inspired the particular acts which seem dark to us; but, if the thought might be hazarded, one would say that the dispensation of seclusion had passed away, and that active lives and wider charities are those which we should now contemplate for imitation, as the needful ordinance for the world in its present state. The Church appears, as it were, to have journeyed on to another stage of its appointed discipline—it has not before been tried exactly as it is now—persecution and privation it has gone through, and in turn it has had also the trial of the possession of great secular power, and all the temptations of riches and favour—but now the proof applied to its faith seems a new and even more distressing one—its mixture with the world and with schism and heresy, so that it can scarcely be distinguished who are its own, and power walking side by side with it and appearing to fulfil its commissions, but defrauding it of every voluntary act, secretly pinioning its arms while it loudly praises its wisdom—it seems a perplexing trial of truth and strength, which, because of its mysteriousness, we should each the more reverently submit to."

"But oh," said Helen, "the vocation was not *to all* in other days; and surely it may be to *some* now. The deeper thirst after a perfect life, how can it be satisfied in the way in which we live? When one remembers how those holy men devoted their seventeen hours a-day to prayer and contemplation, and took but one small meal, and fasted for many days together, and renounced the very sight of their fellow-creatures—how they lived in those days of the morning dawn of Christianity—one cannot shut one's soul to the thrill of those

words of S Paul, 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' and truly are not we sinners and ungodly in comparison with such as S John of the Desert, S Paul the first hermit, and S Anthony of Egypt?"

Miss Norman was perfectly awakened to the nature of Helen's feelings, and her thoughts were already entirely withdrawn from her own inner life to give the needed sympathy and help.

"If," she said, "we had no higher motive to holiness and good works than our own salvation, we might follow the anchorite to his cell, and wear away these sinful bodies in perpetual penitence and suffering; but we *have* a higher, infinitely higher, truer, nobler motive—in the Love of GOD! and that Love bids us abide with our brother, and sympathize and labour with him, and help him where we are the stronger, and pray for him when he falls, as we desire also that he will do for us; *we* are to add 'to godliness brotherly kindness.' The hermits, dear Helen, were holy and glorious men, and doubtless, for the Church believes, if we come at last to Heaven, we shall see them there among the white-robed army, with beauty for their ashes and cruel sores, the oil of joy for mourning and misery, and the garments of praise in place of their scanty sackcloth and their spirit of heaviness —but to me it seems clear that for us to depart, *even in mind, or in our most secret will,* from the state in which GOD has set us, to covet another, even their, place, in HIS wisest dispensations, is but an act of rebellion and infidelity. Such, I feel assured, would be the lesson taught us by those pure men themselves, might they now be our oral instructors. And, depend on it, dear Helen, we are far from fit to be entrusted with a position like

theirs. It may be, who knows, though one almost shrinks from saying it, a visitation on the Church for past unfaithfulness to wonderful gifts; but certain it is that weakness and disease are in Her body now, such as would grievously impair the ability of Her members to wrestle with the powers, not of flesh and blood, as She once did in the persons of Her solitaries and great confessors, and as seems to be the very calling of the dwellers in the deserts."

The conversation was brought to a close, for they had reached the town and the hotel where it was appointed that they should join General Riddesdale.

One moment more we linger in the wilderness. It is told thus of S Anthony of Egypt, named the Patriarch of Monks,—that he withdrew himself from all, and lived on a remote mountain for twenty years—that during that time both the heavenly and infernal spirits appeared to him frequently and on various missions—that Satan never overthrew him in the combat, and our LORD sent him testimonies of HIS high approval—that the austereness of his asceticism was unparalleled, his daily refection was six ounces of bread soaked in water with a little salt, to which he rarely added a few dates, taking it after sunset, and in his old age sometimes he took it with a little oil and at three o'clock; but frequently he ate only once in three or four days, and his under garment was sackcloth, over which he wore nothing more than a sheepskin with a girdle—he exhorted his brethren to allot the least time they possibly could to the care of the body—he always rose after a short sleep at midnight, and continued in prayer on his knees with his hands lifted up to heaven till sunrise, and

sometimes till three in the afternoon—but, with all this, it is added in the record of his austerities, he was very careful never to place perfection in mortification, but in charity!

And we are tempted to add an extract from a lower and yet a good source—nearer home, and though certainly we do not ourselves fully go with its whole meaning, perhaps more one with the sympathies of people now-a-days—in *The Battle of Life* these touching words occur—"There are countries, dearest, where those who would abjure a misplaced passion, or would strive against some cherished feeling of their hearts and conquer it, retire into a hopeless solitude and close the world against themselves and worldly hopes for ever. When women do so, they assume that name (dear to you though I have not known it) and call each other sisters. But there may be sisters, Grace, who in the broad world out of doors, and underneath its free sky, and in its crowded places, and among its busy life, and trying to assist and cheer it, and do some good, learn the same lesson with hearts still fresh and young, and open to all happiness and means of happiness,"—or even with a dead heart, carrying outward deceitful appearances, "can say the battle is long past, the victory long won!"

From their hotel that evening, Miss Norman wrote thus to her brother:—

"I have been truly astonished at the change which has taken place in Lady Helen since we have been in town. She has become so much more patient, and humble, and *sound*, than I could really have believed to be possible in so short a while, and in the midst of such overwhelming disadvantages It is not the first time that I have watched the up-springing of Catholic truth

in a hitherto wilderness mind, but in no case has the advance been like this. I can only account for it (and I should like to know if you agree with me here) by her having been taught at once, and so earnestly, the principle of simple reliance, without the discussion of doctrines and observances, which usually occupies much of the precious time of the learner amongst us, in the unhappy state of our Church."

Mr. Norman's immediate reply contained the following paragraph:—

"You are quite right, my dear Ursula, in believing the rapid progress you describe in Lady Helen to be the result of obedience, and it is my resolution henceforth to pursue with every one coming under my religious advice the course which has received in this case so plain a blessing. I am aware that it would by many, by most perhaps, of my brethren, even those with whom I agree in general, be regarded as an untenable position to take up in our Church—but I have a strong conviction that it will be the one only ground to assume ere long to check the torrent of abused knowledge and carping private opinion which wrecks alike wisdom and folly on the miserable shoals of its own errors. We know that it is in this way Almighty GOD vouchsafes HIS loftiest and OWN peculiar teaching—and whereas by the common process of instruction in, or acquirement of, Catholic verity, an individual might be years in attaining a, as one may say, competent education,—this one plain rule, if followed with a single mind, will be the instrument of such heavenly help as shall almost appear to be revelation. It acts in two ways—being first so pleasing in the sight of GOD as to win HIS especial benediction on the person following it, and next it dispenses with all that difficulty and delay which is apt to arise in the unprepared mind, as to courses new to it in which it is desired to walk, and doctrines which must be received as first elements."

We must now say a word of the past representa-

tion and representatives of the county whose election is our present theme. For centuries one seat for North —— had been the scarcely disputed heirloom of a noble family owning vast acres of its estates. There had not failed sons to occupy this honour, nor wealth to carry their cause against any feeble opposition which a chance-aroused independence might set up. But times were changed, and the fortunes of the great family had deteriorated. In spite of all the poetry of caste, it must be admitted that the waning generation had witnessed the transfer of some of its fairest domains into hands anything but the washed and delicate. A startling deficit of assets was more than once intimated by an obsequiously polite banker; still the representation of the county was regarded as so entirely a matter of course, that no anxiety on that score had mingled with the pressure of difficulties. The votes of the family were generally given with the Ministry, and at present went the popular lengths of Peel-reform. But now the Government looked round for new support, and among others fixed its eye upon the second seat for North ——, occupied by a leader in the Opposition. General Riddesdale was, by virtue of his deceased lady, a known and wealthy proprietor also in the county, and being attached to the dominant principles, was selected to be obtained to stand the contest. The stranger who had conferred with him at the opera was a Cabinet Minister, and the result was as we have seen. The last sitting representative of the noble house, Sir Frederic E., had, immediately on coming of age, taken the place of his elder brother as the family member, and this was the fourth time he had presented himself before his constituents; but he had been long absent on the continent, and

now was only recalled by the news that his canvass was not proceeding so successfully as he would desire. The General brought with him to the field the prestige of wealth and person; the popular mind is ever fickle enough in its favours, and the issue seemed likely to be his return in place of the absentee, where it had been intended that he should oust the opposition candidate.

A blight hung over the prosperity of Sir Frederic. Such has been observed to settle upon the course of more than one member of the British House of Commons. By-and-by they will believe that there is a GOD, and a Providence, and a Holy Catholic Church—an Ark, against which if they lift up unholy hands, those hands shall be smitten from their arms. They *will* their Acts of Tithe Commutation, and the re-arrangement of Bishoprics, and Mortmain, and the Appropriation of Ecclesiastical Revenues; and they think NOW it is all well and prosperous, and working for the economical good of the nation. They may have, or they may not, any deliberately infidel purpose,—it may be only laxity, and political self-love, and illusion, which brings about what is done,—they may slide unconsciously into whatever evil of the kind most plausibly solicits them, because their minds are fortified by no explicit warnings of reverence, or principles of religious dutifulness; but wherever the deficiency may be, whether in information or in rectitude of judgment, or in abiding sense of the unapproachable majesty of hallowed things, it would seem it will little affect the wickedness of each culprit; whether the folly has been perpetrated in open day with the audacity of the sinner or the maniac, by some suddenly heated sectarian antagonist, whose unseemly manner is its

own rebuke in the eyes of wiser men; or whether it has been smoothly executed by the silver pen of ministerial memorials, it will not matter much; for each and every Church-interfering legislator will surely and certainly hear the voice of doom within his own withering conscience when the Church (and it cannot be long first) rises up with Her solemn, infallible war-cry—

"They compassed me about, yea they compassed me about—but in the Name of the LORD will I destroy them!"

Amongst his popular votes on trade and taxation, Sir Frederic had made a strenuous vow with himself, on all Church questions, to take the side of sagacity and liberty, or, as we might write it, libertinism. He had no notion that a dead letter, and denuded regality, could plead its own cause with the powerful weapons of a world which acts over this outward and yet of it unseen; which effects prosperity when that is determined, or carries out curses where they are decreed. This is no rare obliviousness, nor has it been uncommon among men of higher calibre than the English House of Commons. Though we would by no means parallelize infinitely removed examples, the lower may sometimes take a lesson from the higher, much to their profit; and there are two great historic cases singularly apropos to Sir Frederic and all his class, of which they might well and wisely be reminded, when they imagine they are settling the prosperity of their doings on high, and so that they shall never be moved.

RIENZI, the last moral wonder of Imperial Rome, encompassed with triumphs, full of fame and fortune, invested with the highest majesty, yet

enshrined in the popular heart—the Tribune of the People;—his own legislature—his own executive—the centre of enthusiasm, so that a sudden alarm from the bell of the Capitol could summon to the circle of his voice more than twenty thousand volunteers, in addition to his standing force of military horse and foot;—rich, magnified, and gifted with every immunity which the gratitude of liberated slaves, or the pride of appreciating brethren, could bestow—splendid, talented, and renowned—this man was excommunicated! and from that day, from the blaze of prosperity, from immeasurable distinction, from the adoration of the populace, he fell—fast, fearfully, and completely—till he was besieged in his Capitol by a furious multitude, who destroyed its doors with axes and fire; and when he was basely deserted by his servants, civil and military, mocked his last desperation of defence, and received his once magical oratory with a shower of stones and imprecations. Wounded with an arrow, writhing, dying, they who had worshipped as scarcely less than a god, dragged him forth to the clamorous people; and though there, for a brief moment, rage was hushed into curiosity and wonder, the last gleam of reverence was quenched in the struggle of compassion, and wretched assassins covered the great senator with a thousand wounds ere they abandoned his body to the dogs of the streets. Rienzi had laid an unhallowed finger on consecrated things, and his visitation was as unerring as it was tremendous.

And the other lesson, so like, so mournfully one in meaning—need we name it?—is surely NAPOLEON.

Corporal, adjutant, general, chief consul, and emperor, installed with a rapidity that left the world breathless on his progress. Italy submitted

province by province to the young conqueror's arms—Parma, Milan, Pavia, Naples, and Modena; and the Lion of S Mark was sent in chains to Paris. Then Egypt allured his ambition, and Alexandria and Grand Cairo yielded their keys to his keeping; and Aboukir, and the Pyramids knew the echoes of his haughty mandates, the prouder and severer for the unwonted rebuke of momentary defeat. He went forward in his astounding destiny, and dated his despatches from the successive capitals of Europe—Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna; and then he sat down before Moscow the Holy, and the star of his fortune waned. There, as he watched on the Kremlin tower, the beacon sign went up to heaven that the great one was falling:—awhile, and the star set heavily in the blood-sea of Waterloo. Who does not know that previously to the issue of the Russian campaign Napoleon had been excommunicated! And then the head that had fabricated the most amazing visions, and created the system able to execute their realities;—the hands wherewith he had so proudly chosen to place the imperial crown on his own brow, rather than stoop even to receive a diadem from a priest;—the frame that had passed through fatigues incredible except of him, and sustained an accumulation of honours never tendered to any mortal else,—after enduring exile, and contumely, and contempt, were all low under the sods and the willows of St. Helena. There was an ingenious fancy years ago, seen no doubt by most observers of portfolios and print-books,—it was a sketch of the flat grave-stone, marked with its simple N, and the trees overhanging it seeming to grow shaping between them the shade of the great emperor, as it was his custom to stand, with his

arms folded on his breast, keeping watch. Well do we remember, in our early days, being strangely struck with that little picture. So entirely did it seem to reduce the terrible soldier of guaranteed victory to a mere myth, whose shadowy outline the stir of the wind would annihilate. And such a mythic nothing certainly will every man become, who, in the midst of his greatness, or his wisdom, or his cloudless prosperity, touches the Church of God. Let them think of it well. Ay, they may ponder the lesson even while they pass through the scene of the honours and the incense of the Invalides;—there is the splendid tomb, and there are the flaming tapers, and there are trophies of a hundred victories, and there may be some ancient brother in arms, bowing reverently before the shrine of the transcendent dust: but no tapers can illuminate, no tomb can hide, no trophies can unrealise, no homage can reverse, the earthly doom of the excommunicate, the fate of the rebel to the Church, strikingly and vividly rising up in every memory when Napoleon is named—

"Let his days be few: and let another take his office.
"Let his children be fatherless: and his wife a widow.
"*Let his children be vagabonds, and beg their bread:* let them seek it also out of desolate places.
"*Let the extortioner consume all that he hath: and let the stranger spoil his labour.*
"Let there be no man to pity him: nor to have compassion on his fatherless children.
"Let his posterity be destroyed: AND IN THE NEXT GENERATION LET HIS NAME BE CLEAN PUT OUT."

How all the like of this has come to pass, after his exaltation to such exorbitant eminence, every student of Napoleon's memorials and monuments will well

testify; and lesser men, mimicking his mighty wickedness, may take a caution from his signal curse.

Do they call this folly? Theirs rather is the folly, who hear no warnings from the past, see no omens in the future, but go on so boldly and so blindly to their own inevitable (even temporal) ruin, while the Church, notwithstanding them, pursues Her calm eternal way to Her throne prepared from ages.

It was night in the city. The full moon looked down upon the tumult of men purely and peacefully. And the dead, "gone into quietness," lay undisturbed by the commotions occupying their brethren and their sons. And simple childhood and silent age, conscious, yet quiescent spectators of the working of malignant passions, and the transit of an illusory pageant, gazed, and listened, and then slept. And they who were tranquil with a hidden peace, performed their part of human conditions, and then retired *safe* to the hushed palace of their rest, whence they contemplated the world's wild ways, its threatening images, its excitements, and its pomps, moving on —powerless and innoxious.

General Riddesdale had obtained lodgings for his daughter and her companion in the house of one of the canons; and so, from the window of her chamber, Ursula Norman looked out upon the walls of the old cathedral, whose towering fabric had awed her eye, and whose spiritual splendours her imagination, in the days of infancy and gay childhood. Happy the child whose first dream is so pure and so hallowed—whose 'Morning Star of Memory' is lit from such a source. Seldom can it happen that such a one utterly loses the influence

of the holy spell. In an intense sense may be used of an infancy passed under the shadow of a cathedral, the words of a writer, whose name we have lost, but whose idea is very fresh in our mental tablet,—

"God, be assured, takes care for the religion of children wheresoever His Christianity exists. Wheresoever there is a national Church established to which a child sees his friends resorting; wheresoever he beholds all whom he honours periodically prostrate before those illimitable heavens which fill to overflowing his young adoring heart; wheresoever he sees the sleep of death falling at intervals upon men and women whom he knows, depth as confounding to the plummet of his mind as those heavens ascend beyond his powers to pursue—there take you no thought for the religion of a child, any more than for the lilies how they are arrayed, or for the ravens how they shall feed their young."

The interval was long—the years of subsequent life had been a troubled course, and all that then was, arose now, clear indeed as a new fresh scene, but chastened as a time-worn picture. And all the events of later days seemed compressed into a little span. Shall we say all but one—one event had mournfully overshot the rest, and spread its sere arms above all, like the autumn creeper, whose red fading foliage gains the eye from its more quietly decaying neighbours. Perhaps it had been too cherished, too fostered, too blindly forced;—it was not so now; yet neither was it suffered to fall away from its holding places. How is it that when a memorable joy or love has been followed by a memorable bereavement, even supposing that the sufferer could be replaced in a point of time anterior to the entire experience, and *so* the woe could be cancelled—but only so that the face, or

the event which caused the woe, should also be obliterated—how is it that we would all so vehemently shrink from the exchange?

It was morning in the city. Men awoke to go about, full of excitement, pursuing their callings, or fulfilling the occasional avocations which the election caused. A thunder-shower had fallen heavily in the latter hours of the night, and the earth sent up that peculiar fragrance which belongs alone to a summer morning after rain. The toll for prayers in the cathedral sounded at the accustomed hour. The disturbance of the world's courses caused no derangement there. As it had tolled five hundred years ago, as it may, as far as our foresight can predict, toll on the morning when the LORD shall come, so tolled the bell to warn to prayers on the day we speak of, when the city around was astir with far foreign interests.

Ursula Norman had been long dressed and listening for its first sound (for the hour was familiar to her) long before it commenced. Its heavy solemn stroke echoed through the cloisters, and she sought a door of entrance, (also noted in memory's map of the localities there), and gaining a small chapel in the south aisle, entered it unobserved by the vergers, and closed the panel of the oak screen which had opened for her admission. Why did she go there? Was there a tomb or a relic she wished to visit? No; the chapel was used as a baptistry; her parents had resided within the cathedral precincts—there she had been washed in the waters of regeneration, and signed with the Holy Cross—now it was a time of need with her —need for strengthening, need for reminding of every high and holy purpose of the Christian's

being; and she had gone to that spot to recal the solemn vow, to fortify her soul with the thought of the availing prayers then prayed in her behalf—perhaps to invoke the help of the Holy Angels appointed guardians there.

At the hour of service Lady Helen joined her friend, and they entered the choir together, and their hearts were refreshed by the imposing worship and the glorious music and the sweet words of the anthem "LORD of all power and might," and at the close they walked together through the dim and lofty aisles and transepts, and gazed down the majestic nave, and visited the tombs, and felt, and sympathized in the reception of, all the spirituality and beauty of the place. The costly windows of stained glass, the magnificent carved-oak screens and canopies, the pierced and cut and fretted and foliated and illuminated stone, all worked out and worked up into the sacred pile with that consciousness, which we, alas, in our days, even in our best labours of the kind, are so apt to lose sight of, but the idea of which has been so powerfully restored to the mind of readers who *may* become practical men by the noble author of the "Sketches of the History of Christian Art"—that the value of ornament in the Christian temple consists not in the mere multiplication of agreeable forms, but in the evidence of human care and thought and love about the separate stones.

Miss Norman spoke little, even on these subjects which were commonly an absorbing pleasure to her.

Long years had gone by, but in the days of her girlhood that city where she now was had been the scene to her of far other thoughts. Thoughts oftentimes appear to make themselves localities, where they abide and only assail their victim when

he crosses that particular domain which they may have appropriated. And so was it with her. Perished recollections awaked out of the dust of that fair city. But Ursula was one of those who think that sorrows, where advice has not to be solicited, are better borne in silence, and what we may communicate to our reader was never whispered in the ear of her companion, though Lady Helen often and earnestly urged her to confide to her the cause of the feelings which she perceived to be associated with the place of their present sojourn;—feelings which were not accountable by the mere fact that her infancy had been passed there under her parents' roof, who, while she was yet very young, changed their residence for a far distant part of the kingdom, where her more recent and customary recollections of childhood would consequently lie.

Another string of the human heart had bound Ursula to this ancient city—one which it had cost a wound to cut away from its tenacious holdings, but which wound would be counted a scar of honour in the spiritual kingdom of her present aspirations.

After her parents' removal, they frequently allowed her to pass her school vacations in the place of their former residence, visiting an aged lady who had been their kind friend and, in a measure, patroness. Many other visitors also were usually gathered under the same hospitable roof, and as the young girl grew up she became a centre of interest and affection to the group, who commonly met with her there in the merry Christmas month. At eighteen she was of noble beauty, and skilled in her father's art, and possessing many other personal accomplishments; and a grandson of her hostess who, being a few years her senior, had long

in half-earnest established himself as the companion and protector of the charming school-girl, during their mutual visits to his aged relative, forgetting the barriers of rank which encompassed himself, breathed in her ear his vows and his purposes that it should be ever thus:—That he would hold her stirrup, and turn her music book, and bind her bouquet, and solve the problem of the world to her—ever, as now:—That she must sit silently by plying her embroidery while he studied, and listen to his thoughts and tell him they were good and generous ones, and be like moonlight when he was sad, and like sunshine when his heart was beating high—ever, as now. There was no faithful friend near, to see and warn her of the danger—the certain wreck and wretchedness which must be the future result from the blind present,—so it went on, till the lover came formally to claim from her parents the ratification of those promises which he had long and almost unconsciously to themselves exchanged with her. Then, for an instant the bright dream was brighter, like the ardent spark of a lamp expiring—like it, it was—for the next instant no vestige of its light remained. The parents heard with more than astonishment the proposals and the tale of their unlooked-for guest—Ursula was at home—the intended visit had been communicated to her—her pulse quickened and her eyes were bent on the ground when her lover was announced, but she never doubted, how should she, the success of his mission when she felt that mission to be her own happiness, and knew that her happiness was the care of those tender parents to whom it was directed. With the invincible reserve of the sensitive mind where some indistinct intensity lies

deep in the heart, she had never, since almost her childhood, mentioned the name which was more to her than all the other names when she related at home the guests whom she met in her visits.—Her parents had no association with the circle, and the old lady, her indulgent hostess, thought of her still but as a sweet and petted child; they were therefore completely taken by surprise. But acting upon long-fixed principles, they hesitated not a moment as to the answer to be made to the noble suitor—respectfully but resolutely the father negatived his proposals and forbad his holding any further intercourse with Ursula. The young man received the decision with colder pride than he might have done but for his consciousness of the possession of the heart, while the hand was refused by those who were the legitimate guardians of both. He counted his cause equally sure, and left the scene of his unsuccessful expedition only to return to his aged relative's house to obtain her interest and influence in his behalf. These he might have had, we cannot tell how affection and the old heart yearning towards the young might have carried his desires, even against the unsullied dignity of generations. But the question was decided in a more nearly important quarter.—Ursula herself, when she heard the arguments of her parents, understood in a moment, what she had never seen before, that not herself but her husband would be the sufferer in such an alliance. When a dim thought of the difference of their positions had hitherto presented itself, she only believed that *she* should be called upon to endure perhaps some of the assumptions of rank on the part of his lofty relatives; and these she imagined would be easily borne and soon easily

disarmed by an amiable and patient temper—they might so; but when she came to perceive that *he* must be the victim of contempt in his circle, her mind was instantly made up to learn to forget the vision that had so glitteringly irradiated her path.

And all this she might have borne unmurmuringly even in her most secret heart, but the cruelest wound of all remained to be endured. Her lover, whose high natural refinement and personal graces had made his own, completely and irreversibly, a heart not too easily won nor lightly lost, after ineffectual attempts to induce her to risk a determination opposed to her father's, had in a last, a sudden and secret interview, bitterly charged her resistance on her fear to brave for his sake a position of temporary discomfort. He vowed indeed, that no breath of unkindness should ever visit her, shielded in his earnest protection, but he accused her in his insane anger of a fear to make a sacrifice of personal feelings for his sake! Woman cannot bear to have her affection undervalued; she gives herself utterly and wholly to the object of her devotion, no matter whether that be a lover, or a sister, or a child, or a friend whom she enshrines in a feeling purer, and more transcendent, and more sacred than the loves of this world: she has no thought for herself, calculates no consequences, cares nothing how her doings may look or read, but goes straight on, as the depth of her heart at each moment dictates, and when, by an even overwrought sensitiveness to the position, not her own, but of that one whom alone she sees in the wide world's mirror, she suddenly draws aside and exhibits some strange inconsistency, or apparent neglect, or visible coldness; she can bear anything rather than that self-consideration should be imputed as

her motive, and that, too, by *the one* in whose presence she has no self; external to whom life present or to come bears to her no reality.

Then, indeed, was Ursula afflicted. Her parents watched by her bedside through a long fever of delirium, which left her only to be succeeded by months of prostrate weakness, to which it seemed impossible but that her life must fall a prey. In a very early stage of her illness her tender father would gladly have recalled his interdict, but any such allusion only appeared to cause her new distress—the lute of the heart she thought was spoilt, and no power on earth could reunite the broken strings. True, but there was a Great Harmonist who could restring the ruined instrument! The lover heard of her illness, and hastened back to implore for her and for himself what he did not know had been already offered to her vain. After they so parted in anger and reproach, every gift and souvenir which had been exchanged, was, according to form, restored on either side; and his packet enclosed a miniature, executed with great beauty on an ivory tablet, which had been obtained when they were yet parting to pursue their several studies; she had laid aside the parcel in a drawer, and when told that he to whom it had belonged was in the house, and had obtained consent to see her if she could bear it, she desired that drawer to be brought to her sofa, and she took the sponge with which they had been bathing her burning temples and wiped out the portrait, and sent to him, by her mother, the clouded ivory as her only and last answer. Then with the characteristic inconsistency of the victim of "the cherished madness of the heart," she employed her first strength in cultivating flowers which had been his favorites,

and playing music which he had admired; and seemed to have become an entirely separate and indifferent spectator of the world in which she dwelt.

But a truer mind grew up in Ursula with advancing womanhood. Her parents died, and their last blessings fell fondly on her head, richly repaying every sacrifice yielded to their will. Her brother, the young priest, they committed to her to render him service in temporal things, and with reverent affection she performed the duty; and finding in devotedness to the Church a sufficient object for all the ardour of an enthusiastic soul, and all the energies of an active nature,—

> (" *There* peace the woman's heart hath found,
> And joy the poet's eye,")—

she had gone on now for years, quietly doing her work, and waiting for the end of her way. She could speak of the sweet yoke of obedience with an understanding heart.

There is peace in Christ's Church: however hard beset the human life of any may be, however worn and heavy may be the spirit, however by nature unschooled and unenduring, if but the one temper of submission and filial love to Her be once elicited, as a spark from the latent fire of Her Baptismal Grace, peace will come at last, entering into the soul still-ly and silently like precious perfume, we cannot tell how nor whence, but only that it is the fulfilment of His word, WHO, while HE promised to cast the mantle of His perpetual presence over His Church, said,—

" Peace I leave with you, MY peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The election proceeded: the nomination was past, and the anxious morning of the last day of

the poll broke brightly upon the crowded and excited city. A band played "Go where glory waits thee!" before the hotel of the candidate most in popular favour. From the committee-room of another an orator harangued the crowd. Here food, and there ribbons, were distributed to all who would ask for them, that so 'golden opinions' might be bought up of 'all sorts of men;' and again the processions, with the colours and the martial music, paraded the streets to gather together the idlers to shout the party watchwords.

Lady Helen Riddesdale and her friend rose early and sat together reading and conversing until the cathedral toll gave them leave once more to prepare themselves for the riot of the day, by the purchase of repose which could be laid up within the heart to be ready for the hour of need. The transition from the tumult without, the strife and clamour of the struggle, was perhaps more impressive, when each day they attended the evening service, but the holy peace of a pure religion fell more profoundly on the spirit with the light and serenity and sanctity of the unbroken morning. From the church they were obliged to proceed with the General in his carriage to the scene of the fast-deciding contest. And what a contrast was presented by the roar of hoarse voices, in their shout, or hiss, or howl, and the perturbation of masses of fierce people, and the general evidence of disorder and violent feeling, what a contrast to the sacred scene, and the quiet cloister, and the choral hymn, and the solemn prayer, and the white-robed priests. They were deeply affected by the comparison so practically pressed upon them.

General Riddesdale stood triumphant on the

poll; Sir Frederic also saved his seat by a single vote! The last tableau of the election scenes was enacted with due pomp. The hopeful notes of "Go where glory waits thee!" were exchanged for the thrilling swelling exultation of "Lo, the conquering hero comes!" The proclamation was made. The final ceremonial (so dear to the eye and heart of the multitude) was fittingly performed, and the lately new excitement faded away among the things of the past.

The friends of many days then parted to follow their respective destinations. Miss Norman journeyed to Berkshire to join her brother; and with the thoughts of other years fresh upon her memory, shall we blame her because, in quitting again the scene of all which those thoughts encompassed, her heart was heavy, though her mind was strong under its trial. For the spots consecrated by the heart's young affections are for ever holy. Have they occurred in the humble cabin or in the courtly mansion—has 'the step that lingered, hearing one behind' passed along the public way, or the lonely field-path, or the tended garden——have the voices of the melodies of the romance mingled with the summer-song of birds, or with the seashore winds, or with the measured music of the feast and the hall—back, through the mists of years, through the desert dusts of business or of labour, over the chilling mountains of estrangement, and, it may be, across many graves, thither, to those meeting places, the heart performs its pilgrimage:—and it may so do, and find comfort; for the loves of this world may be very hallowed things; they may have softened the proud temper, and subdued to gentleness the wilful heart—like rich strains of music, they may have wakened up

the earnestness and the aspirations of human nature towards the essentially refined and perfect. They may have been the ways of Providence guiding unto a loftier and a better love—more exalted in its aim, and, besides this, steadfast in its conditions. Happy, thrice happy, they who have never known a bond of the affections in this world—but happy, also, they who early have renounced all earthlier ties, and bowed the stricken spirit at purer shrines:—though the memory of the past conflict may return, it will grow fainter as the realities of the blessedness of the lot it has won them deepens in their consciousness;—though the heart may be found yet making its truant pilgrimage, and moaning sometimes over the ruin or the sod, it will learn, as years go by, to bend its strength towards higher journeys of devotion, where peace in its plenitude will crown the issue. To such, words like these are given—eloquent, and hallowed, and thrilling words—

"O virgin soul, let this be thy stay in the dark day. When thou art sick of the world, to whom shouldst thou go? to none short of HIM Who is the heavenly spouse of every faithful soul. Yield thyself to HIM freely and without guile. 'HE will bring thee to the banqueting-house, and HIS banner over thee shall be love. HE will make thee to sit down under HIS shadow with great delight, and HIS fruit shall be sweet to thy taste.' Thou needest covet nothing of earth; thou art full and aboundest; houses, and lands, and brethren, and parents, and wife, and children, are more than made up by 'the special gift of faith more acceptable to thy mind.' Though thou art in a body of flesh, a member of this world, thou hast but to kneel down reverently in prayer, and thou art at once in the society of Saints and Angels. Wherever thou art, thou canst, through God's incomprehensible mercy, in a moment

bring thyself into the midst of GOD's holy Church invisible, and receive secretly that aid, the very thought of which is a present sensible blessing. Art thou afflicted? thou canst pray; art thou merry? thou canst sing psalms. Art thou lonely? does the day run heavily? fall on thy knees, and thy thoughts are at once relieved by the idea and by the reality of thy unseen companions. Art thou tempted to sin? to break thy heavenly vow? think steadily of those who perchance witness thy doings from GOD's secret dwelling-place; hast thou lost friends? realise them by faith; art thou slandered? thou hast the praise of Angels; art thou under trial? thou hast their sympathy. Thou art 'come to Mount Zion, to the City of the LIVING GOD, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of Angels, to the General Assembly and Church of the Firstborn, whose names are written in Heaven, and to GOD the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to JESUS, the Mediator of the New Covenant; and to the blood of sprinkling'—these are the dwellers in our holy home—these with whom we are raised up and made to sit together with in heavenly places. Is not the virgin soul delivered from its loneliness?"

Newman.

Lady Helen and her father went on their journey; and after visiting the estate whither they proceeded immediately from the city of election, they made a short tour through the manufacturing districts, so that parliamentary exigencies might not find the new member, though now an old man, quite unprepared with practical intelligence of the condition of the classes of this great empire, when called upon to legislate for its weal.

Vastly new scenes again opened on the eyes of Helen in the course of these journeys. But we will refrain from following the successive stages of the transit and impressions of the mind; nor would

they be interesting to any but those situated in her own rare case of so little acquaintance with the facts of the country of her residence, owing to most of her childhood and youth having been passed in others far distant or different. Reflection was excited, and wisdom born of much that was witnessed—to be applied to needful purposes in after days. So are we educated.

It is a fair and glorious world, this that we live in; with its lovely prairies and fertile fields, its famous mountains and its rolling silver rivers, and its mighty seas with their waves laden with riches waving on for ever: its pleasant valleys, covered with grazing beasts; and delicious vine and olive yards, at whose sight and smell the heart grows glad: its many a gay metropolis, where man's inventions create astonishment and delight for every step; and all its peaceful villages and beautiful cottage homes—Oh, surely, it is a wonderful place, this world of ours!

And wonderful as its glory is, is its misery.

From the mountain tops there rolls the avalanche to overwhelm hearths and homes and harvest fields in sure destruction. That sea, with its bright towering waves, has broken the gallantest ship that ever rode its waters; in its cavern-holds there is more opulence than the upper earth can boast; many a goodly work is hidden there, and many a lovely human body contorted with the chill of its own sinking, and many a brave good heart collapsed with the last agony;—under that surface of glittering water is a right royal place of graves. Once the Creator looked from the Heavenly Pavilion of His own Presence and pronounced the earth and sea, and all that was therein, 'good,' 'very good'—Holy Angels abided peacefully in the

serene atmosphere—their worship went up from the mountains, they folded their white wings and sang together the songs of heaven beside the flowing rivers—they protected the cattle, and the fishes of the sea were like creatures of gladness in their broad world of waters.—All, all was 'good;' joy, harmony, and blessing was the law of the world. But "by one man's DISOBEDIENCE," it has come to be what we find it, what we must endure it—cursed, cruel, and a vast cemetery. And just so in the city or the great town stretching in its grandeur of palace and pantheon, or its wealth-pride of factory and warehouse, over miles of the burdened earth. Fearful enough are the physical inconsistencies of our planet, but ten thousand times more terrible its moral ones. The cotton-lord dwells in his luxurious homestead—taste and elegance and repose reign around him—his mansion is equal to the entertainment of a court, and worthier, according to its splendour, than many a royal castle; he has handsome gardens and beautiful flowers, and his sons are scholars and gentlemen, and his daughters delicate and, timid, and lovely as the houris of paradise; he sleeps well on his bed of down, and he reclines in his morocco chair, when his ledger or a visitor may have fatigued him—he takes his wine and his peaches and his pine-apples; and is very courtly to his guests, and prays to GOD for his "daily bread!" ——The cotton-operative exists in the smallest possible space of a human hive in a close dark street—at the sound of a bell he starts from his heavy dream and rushes to his work: the bursting hissing sounds of steam-engines have bewildered the soul within him since it entered into the world; he knows nothing which could

explain to him that great heaven-word, quietness, calm! His one idea is Motion! The picture in his mind for ever, Wheels! His children are so many more hands to work with! His World to Come is when iron machinery or age shall have disabled him from labour, and he must starve or exist on in a Union Workhouse!

Helen saw, felt, pondered, all these things. In Manchester she said 'Where is God?' A voice beside answered, 'He abides where He ever was—not in the thunder and the whirlwind and the fire, neither among the pomps of the proud, but within the stillness and the severe shadows of the Church. *There* are His benediction and His justice. This nation has turned its back upon His Church, therefore it is become the prey of confusion and wrong.'

They had not concluded their intended visits when fresh letters reached them from Ireland. But the broad black bordered envelope and the superscription in a strange hand-writing, raised the shadow of death before their eyes ere the seal was hastily broken. The brothers, so long parted, were to meet no more in this world. Colonel Riddesdale had suffered a sudden paralytic seizure, and a letter had been instantly dispatched to hasten the journey of his relatives; this, in travelling, had been missed, and now the news was that he was dead. The communication was made by the solicitor of the deceased, who stated that General Riddesdale was left joint executor with his niece, and that that lady was come to Dublin to proceed with the necessary legal forms as soon as her uncle should arrive. The next morning the General and Lady Helen took their passage from Liverpool to Dublin.

CHAPTER VI.

The Roman Catholic.

"Toda le redonez de la tierra es un sepulcro: no hay cosa que sustente que con título de piedad no la esconda y entierre. Corren los rios, los arroyos, las fuentes, y las aguas, y ningunas retroceden para sus alegres nacimientos: acleranse con ansia para los vastos dominios de Tlulóca, ye cuanto mas se arriman á sus dilatadas márgenes, tanto mas van labrando las melancólicas urnas para sepultarse. Lo que fué ayer no es hoy, ni lo de hoy se afianza que será mañana.

"Aspiremos ál cielo, que allí todo es eterno y nada se corrompe."

"El horror del sepulcro es lisongera cuna para él, y las funestas sombras, brillantes luces para los astros."

XIMENE, the daughter of the deceased brother of General Riddesdale, sat silently gazing from an open window of her temporary home in one of the great thoroughfares of the city of Dublin. Her meditations were of her religion, and her country's nationhood. She was thinking of the passionate imprecations vented by the fevered heart of Ireland against those 'Saxon' footsteps, which there by thousands before her eyes, trod down the hallowed dust of the Land of Faith; and she was recalling how cruelly those hatreds were provoked. She thought of the people in their oppression, and their destitution, and their forced crime; vexed

with petty struggles, goaded to madness by the perpetual dawn and death of hope; infatuated in their passive long-suffering, and withered like a blasted corn-field, by their own blind, reckless wilfulness; full of the elements of fertility and splendour, all as the face of a dark water, for want of the creative command to be breathed upon the chaos —BE Light—BE Harmony. And she thought of her own bright Spain, the elder sister in sorrow; and because of both their piety the heart of the Roman Catholic marvelled much at their exceeding afflictions.

Ireland was *then* looking up to him who was to her ardent soul what Napoleon entitled Ney—the Brave des Braves—name of equal pride and comfort. She believed in his fortune, and trusted his genius, and her reverence for his endowments was boundless; and he, even he, *now* is gone down to the grave like a man—the lamp is shivered, and the flame is lost! Higher, yet higher must Ireland lift her eyes before they reach the hills from whence her help will come. But *then*, as we have said, he lived and shone, 'the star of a nation's idolatry,' and to-night he was to appear among them, and dense crowds began to gather together, and the heart of the young Irishwoman was busied with weighing his claims and his apparent power, while she reflected on the unparalleled disasters of the land. And then reverting from the weakness and the wantingness of political resources for the enormous need, her never-doubting belief looked back into the past, and forward to the future, at the trusted and one abiding ability for Ireland's restoration—the ruler and restorer, the keystone and cement, the shadow and the dew, to a hundred mighty nations. Instantaneously were passed in

involuntarily proud review the broad fields of the records of history, with their exhaustless fruit for triumph and satisfaction to the Roman Catholic;—was it any wonder that the confidence of a zealous faith, not over-read in blue books or statistics, should turn to the hope of the resurrection of the national Church as an infallible leaf of the Tree of Life for unhappy Ireland?

Poor Ireland! surely she hates as Christian may not hate an enemy, the spoilers of her altar, and the violators of her soil; and perhaps till Ireland learns to *hate* less, she will be constrained to suffer still. Who knows but we have here the key to the mystery of her long afflictions?—Who knows but we have here a glimpse of the meaning from behind that awful veil, which seems to envelop the depression of a great and Christian country? There is a frequent legend in traditionary tales, nowhere more familiar than in Ireland, of beings exiled from the regions of Paradise, beneath

> "The decree of awful ban,
> Stamped upon the love of man,"

whose expiation and reinstalment in the joys of their primeval home was to be permitted when, and not till when, they had learned to do good to them that should hate them, and work charity to them that should despitefully use them; their task being sealed under an enigma, which time must teach them to interpret, written in some mystic scroll, or enchanted fillet bound upon their brows. And long, long was it, often, before the high-beating heart of the sky-born one could grow calm enough to read its destiny, and to fulfil its task, and submit itself to be washed in the waters of repentance. There lies a deep moral beneath many such an idle

fable. Ireland, poor Ireland! perhaps might read in these, her own oft-told tales, lessons of wisdom. Hatred and restiveness are not the temper wherewith to win Heaven's blessings. The Church to which Ireland is devoted has found it so. When by the infirmities of administration she has been betrayed into giving her enormous power to acts of vengeance, she has failed and fallen; when she has scattered her breath in curses, it has returned home to her own bosom miasma and mortality. Was not the last and greatest session of Her authoritative senate—Sacrosancta Æcumenica et Generalis Synodus Tridentina Præsidentibus Legatis Apostolicis—almost opened and closed with cursing, apart from ecclesiastical comminations? and has she not since been visited with agony in every nerve? It is recorded that when Ambrose Pelargo, during the first interval of the Council of Trent, preached before a congregation of the fathers and divines assembled in that city, he took for his text the parable of the tares; and having traced through the successive verses the portraiture of the Protestant heretics, concluded with a vehement anathema and demand that they should immediately be rooted up from among the wheat. And it is also matter of history, that at the close of the last Conference, the Cardinal of Lorraine exclaimed, "Cursed be all heretics!" And the prelates joined in the cry, "Cursed—Cursed!" so that as they rose to depart, the building of assembly resounded with their imprecations. Alas! for that sublimer temper which won the first conquests of the cross! *Such* was not the advent nor the exit in His mission of the Church's Holy Lord. The tidings of His birth were a proclamation of good-will and peace to a troubled world, and His

intercession from Calvary was—'Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do!' No curse passed His lips, even in His solemnest denunciations of woe following upon sin. Hatred is no heavenly note, whether Ireland or Ireland's Church exemplify it. What if they both, the struggling mother and the suffering child, have yet to find within themselves the healing lesson which shall turn back their captivity, and fill them again with songs?

But sometimes in the midst of scenes far from encouraging, some very poor or scarcely noticed one is permitted to illustrate the virtues of Christianity, as if to show that the spirit is remaining, however feebly, in the prostrate frame. As Ximene watched the passengers from her open window, an incident attracted her which recalled her troubled mind from thoughts of curses. A gentleman passing through the street, whom she judged to be a Protestant clergyman, by his garb and the askance glances with which he was received by the numbers thronging in an opposite direction to himself, towards the night's Repeal. assembly, was accosted by a wretched beggar for alms; the gentleman walked on without even noticing his hollow-eyed and starving human brother, or appearing to have heard his appeal; perhaps mentally committing him to the functions of the police, possibly fearing that if he should "give to every one who asked" of him, he also should by-and-by have to ask pence and bread in his turn. The mendicant exhibited no gesture of impatience or surprise; he had grown accustomed to such repulses, and he rapidly made the sign of the Cross in the air as the clergyman proceeded on his way, saying so audibly that Ximene at her window heard his words, "God help

us all, and may the Holy Cross foresave ye from the need of charity in the day of judgment!" There was no revenge, no bitterness in the tone of his words, nor in the look accompanying them, directed heavenwards — they were the fruit of the deep ground of the Catholic Church — the forgiving prayer of patience, such as, notwithstanding all more superficial and adulterated influences, the oppressed one is often, very often, taught weekly at the tribunal of penance by a holy-minded priest; and the miserable, as to the things of this world, resumed his former attitude of supplication on the curb-stone of the street, till some more friendly among the passers-by might commiserate his want.

Ximene reached her hand to him with a liberal alms, in the name of the saint of the day, and then retiring, closed the window, and turned to await the arrival of her anticipated guest. A harp stood in a recess of the room, and to while away an hour that must yet elapse, she drew it towards her, and her fingers strayed over its strings in melodies of the country of her cherished infancy, the only climate where is known the art to mingle in music or in human character the magic measures of stern haughtiness and tender penetrating pathos, and she sang a song which she had learned in Ireland —a song of pride, but likewise of penitence— personating the modern Catholic as the kindred and representative of Judea's captives.

"Oh when wilt Thou descend in might,
God of the Hebrews' trust!
And sweep our foes from Zion's height,
As whirlwinds sweep the dust?
Despair each feverish bosom fills,
Where Hope was wont to dwell;
But one fresh breeze from Judah's hills,
And all will yet be well!

Sighs for neglect and tears for guilt,
With each petition blend;
Thou'st promised, and we know Thou wilt,
But *when* wilt Thou descend?
We marked the sere leaves fade, and thought
Our hopes were like them then;
But now that spring the woods hath sought,
They bud and bloom again:

It is Thy glowing breath that thus
Hath made the landscape new;
Let but Thy favour shine on us,
We shall be joyous too!
We know a land where cedars be,
And stately palm-trees bend;
Our hearts grow faint *that* spring to see—
Oh, when wilt Thou descend?"

The roll of carriage-wheels sounded in the court-yard of the hotel, and the zealous Roman Catholic had scarcely time to turn to the benetura at the foot of a crucifix, which she had hung in her apartment, and bless herself on breast and brow, ere General Riddesdale and Lady Helen entered, hardly announced by the unceremonious waiter.

The evening was yet early, but it glided rapidly by. Ximene was courteous, and her relatives communicative, and the new acquaintance was established on a fair basis. Even General Riddesdale, though reluctantly, confessed to himself that his 'papist' niece had won a good-will, which he had by no means intended to accord to her.

Afterwards he listened to the detail of his brother's last commissions, and promised to fulfil the duties which devolved on him, and it was arranged that when these were sufficiently completed they should all proceed together to St. Kilian's, the beautiful seat of the late Colonel Riddesdale. But in a few days, when they were preparing to leave Dublin, an interview with the legal

adviser of his deceased brother was observed to have made the General unusually grave and thoughtful, and the following morning he proposed to his daughter that she should accompany her cousin alone, while he returned to England to look to affairs which seemed to require his immediate oversight.

The cousins, without an objection beyond regret for the untoward circumstance which must deprive them of his company, agreed to the plan; the next day the journey was accomplished, and Helen found herself where she had so eagerly longed to be—in a Catholic country, and in a Catholic household—for such that at St. Kilian's had already become since the decease of her uncle, Ximene having both pensioned off all the Protestants from her establishment, and converted the largest and loftiest apartment of the mansion into a chapel fitted with all the proper religious furniture. Ximene was no unloving bigot, but she *was* a devoted enthusiast for her Faith.

We must say something of the history of an individual who is already taking a strong hold upon the mind of another without her own will or desire—simply by the force of circumstances and the involuntary exercise of a character which had grown out of them as their inevitable result.

The reader will remember that a child, a little girl, had been consigned by her mother to the guardianship of a priest and the Superior of a convent in Spain, in the year 1834. Ximene was that child; she was, as will be imagined, Helen's junior by some years, but in appearance she might have passed for much her elder. She was beautiful, indeed, but her beauty was of so high a cast that it was difficult to associate the idea of it with

an age such as was really hers. The child of two ancient and honourable families, she bore the stamp of gentle birth on form and features, but hers was the beauty of a heathen notion of a goddess, not of a mortal girl. She could not indeed be seen and called a *girl*. There was age in her eyes, and thought on her brow, and self-control upon her lips, which made such a word as applied to her an unfit misnomer.

Must we apologize for laying so frequent a stress upon that magic gift of beauty? We have at least some high examples on our side. It is said that Madame de Stael was once heard to express her desire that she could give up all her splendid endowments for one evening's possession of the loveliness of a young gentlewoman to whom she pointed. And of Lord Byron, is it not well known that he valued himself far more on the aristocratic points of his person than for all his brilliant genius? Human beauty is a wonderful and precious favour—more so, perhaps, than we know of.

This singular and striking *woman*, then, was the child of one of those unhappy unions, in which the parties being of different creeds, a contract is made for the education of the daughters in their mother's, the sons in their father's faith. A strange anomaly in society and in human character are these religious mixtures. When did the Caucasian seek to make marriages for his sons with the daughters of the African? or was the haughty Norman known to share his name and castle with the child of the Saxon swine-herd? Yet but a waif is the value set by the Caucasian on his lineage, or by the Norman on his quartered arms, to the pride of race burning in the heart of the pure-born Roman Catholic! It is an unimaginable

paradox that such a one will mix his pedigree with people who, in his devoutest creed, are counted Moral Negroes! And equally extraordinary it appears that any Protestants should be found anxious to place themselves in this position of contempt. But the inconsistencies of the best of men are unaccountable by their fellow-men.

In the case we speak of, the anomaly was of the extremest, for the lady was a noble Castilian, and the lover a Scottish Presbyterian. He was Baliol Riddesdale, and his meeting with his future bride was not in her own country, where he had spent years of active service, but in Italy, whither he had gone as the bearer of important despatches from the Government of Spain. The Doña Ximene was on a visit in Rome, and Colonel Riddesdale was charged also with letters for her from her family, and, as it happened, instead of pursuing his journey to the Court of London, which was his next destination, alone, he carried with him Doña Ximene as his wedded wife. Affairs detained him many months in England and in Ireland, where, because of its faith, his lady preferred to reside, and where he purchased for her a magnificent estate in one of its most charming districts; and there were born his daughter Ximene, and a son who lived to grow up only as a care and sorrow to those who loved him best, and then died, leaving two little infant boys, the legacy of their deceased mother, to the charge of his own father and of his sister, who, at the period of our history, remained their sole guardian. The Colonel, when first established in domestic life, would willingly have resigned his commission and national politics, and remained under peaceful British law, had not the natural desire of Doña Ximene to see again her

own country and people overruled this inclination, and induced him to accept a command which would take him back to the scene of his early campaigns and honours. Once more he turned his face southward with his noble wife and bright young children, and for several years possessed a lovely home among the orange-bowers of Spain. But we have not said how many times he had knelt before the proud beauty whose hand he had asked, ere the as frequently repeated vow—so often lightly made, so ever little kept—

> "Thou for my sake at Allah's shrine,
> And I at any God's for thine,"

could overcome the prejudices or the fears of the Catholic. We have not said with what misgivings at last—"forgetting faith, home, father, all"—she trusted herself to the barque that awaited her on what seemed the shining waters of the river of life, and we need not speak of her mistake, and of the death-struggle within her heart; the like occurrence is not uncommon enough among ourselves, to give the interest of novelty to such a detail. Suffice it that it was so;—and we have seen, in an earlier page of this history, that before the little girl, who bore her mother's name, had passed out of early childhood, they were to return to England. The usual agreements had been entered into—the son of the Spanish lady and the Scotsman was receiving his education under a Protestant tutor, and the mother resolved and availed herself of her rightful privilege, and left her little girl in a Spanish convent, under the special charge of the aged Superior, and solemnly recommended to the kindness and protection of one of the spiritual directors of the house, who had been also her own

Confessor. Then, with a peaceful though sad mind, she accompanied her husband back to Ireland, and there, like a gorgeous bird decoyed from its sun-groves, the beautiful Spanish lady faded away and died.

The convent child grew up in her silent and pure asylum amidst love, and watchfulness, and joy, such as made for her a life but feebly to be imaged by any emblem external to heaven or the actual circumstances of her lot. The bright angel who had been at her baptism appointed to her protection, forsook not nor forgot her. Soft white wings shielded her from sights which she should not see, and melody sounding sweetly close to her ear preserved her from aught that should not enter there.

The beauties and the glories of nature were spread richly around her in the wide domain in the centre of which the house where she dwelt was placed. Valley and hill, wood and garden, river and field, were all within the circle of territory with which pious benefactors had endowed the ancient foundation, and she was permitted to roam at will through all the paradisaic place, with a kind lay-sister as her attendant—the bright quiet Being, the Holy Angel ever close beside—and often in company with the Father Steffano, who then imparted to his young charge holy lessons and earnest wisdom, such as no doubt was put into his mind by an overruling Power, to fit the child for coming days and events, of which he could have at most but a faint presentiment. He also superintended her more literary studies; he was her instructor in the pages of history, and in the wonders of science, and her tutor in the acquirement of successive languages—the lessons in which he never forgot to preface and conclude with someway reminding his

ardent pupil of the high truth expressed well in these perfectly selected words, "Multæ terricolis linguæ, Celestibus una." And the Sisters taught her many elegant arts and curious works; they could rival the rich earth in the manufacture of beautiful flowers, and their dextrous fingers could compete with the looms of any land as to the richness and curiousness of their productions in lace and silk embroidery—some also were skilled in painting and music, and their gifts were freely and fondly imparted to the lovely child who was given them to be brought up for God. Nothing that they knew was she untaught; nothing that they had was unshared by her. And she never heard the voice of sin, nor felt the touch of the finger of evil. It was very holy to grow up in that peaceful place; very happy to have no dream beyond those good sisters, and the pious and gentle priest, who led them as the shepherd in some still retirement feeds his little flock beside the waters—the pure waters of faith—and through the pastures—the green paths of perfection—from morning even till night,—till the hour when they are gathered into the safe fold, the world beyond the grave. So days and years wore on, and Ximene had grown up from the young joyous child to the tall grave girl—grave, as all are who keep ever in mind God and Heaven and Holy Angels; she was not sad or melancholy, for her life had not been one of accumulating sin;—when she felt that she had done amiss in thought or word, she went at once to her Father—good Father Steffano—and told him exactly her thought or her words, and he explained to her in what way it had been sinful, and showed her how she must unite her sacrifice of penitence with the Holy Atoning Blood of Christ, and then

in His Name the priest pardoned and blessed her. Sin had not been suffered to *remain* upon her soul, therefore she had no need to wear a sorrowful or dejected countenance—but she was ever calm, and somewhat pensive beyond her years, with growing up among the quiet, thoughtful nuns, and by the side of the gentle and wise priest, and with the white-winged angel always bending serious eyes upon her. And she had grown tall, and slender, and handsome; she was not like a gay, luxurious rose, but she resembled one of those high, white lilies, which stand in ancient gardens, which one would not gather for a bouquet, nor pluck from their place to set in a vase; they are best where they are—pure and beautiful—belonging to the garden, not to those who walk in it. And very happy was Ximene, with a chastened, earnest joy, when she was old enough, and her mother, the good Superior, told her that she trusted indeed she had a true vocation to the holy life, and that she might begin to prepare for her royal espousals.

But, alas, there were troubles without, of which the sisters and their aged parent had little notion. Occasionally Father Steffano would bring them news of some terrible scene between the Carlists and Christinos, and they knew the names of some of the most distinguished agitationists, that they might say them in their nightly 'Libera nos,' and intercede for their conversion in their perpetual 'Aves'—beyond this they realized no idea of danger. But the priest was observed to look often very thoughtful, and to walk the terrace alone by the hour together with his hands folded in his cassock and his head cast down; and instead of this being a passing mood of mind (as, well a priest, with his awful weights of responsibility,

might often have such moods) it was seen to grow into a habit, and became every day more remarked among the sisters. Sometimes, when at the Altar saying the Morning Mass, he would start and stop and appear to listen, and then cross himself and lift his eyes to the Crucifix over the Tabernacle, and continue his Mass in a manner which seemed as if he were absorbed in it as an intense prayer.

At last, the time came when Ximene was to assume the vows of her noviciate. The summer day was bright and the birds caroled sweetly, and the good sisters moved noiselessly but busily about preparing their festivity—for the bishop and several high churchmen, and many priests and fathers of the Dominicans, were to be there at the ceremony, and to partake the hospitality of the convent. Ximene awoke early, and walked in her favourite walks, and visited a sweet chapel of the Blessed Virgin which stood in a lovely grove in the convent grounds—there she had received many gentle and pious lessons, sitting at Father Steffano's feet and hearing him tell of Her graces and Her glories who was chosen to be the Mother of Our Lord. Green branches and pictures ornamented the walls of this little sanctuary, and the sisters had been there before Ximene, and decked the altar with fresh flowers, but she brought one large fragrant spray of budding orange blooms, and laid it at the feet of the image of the Holy Mother, and then she told her rosary and longed for the hour of her solemn and mystic consecration. She sat down on the altar steps, and rested her fairly-moulded head upon her knees, and the sun through the oriel windows shed gorgeous-coloured light on her silken ringlets falling over her white dress and whiter hands, as they supported her head upon her knees;

and she thought of heaven and wonderful things about the holy saints, who, she knew, would think of her and pray for her that day—once, too, she thought of something of this world—it was of her mother and her native country, which she never remembered to have seen, but for which she was taught to pray night and morning, that Almighty God would give to it peace and protection, and its blessed patron saint would intercede for it continually—her mother she remembered well, that queenly woman, with such large light-filled eyes and such a soft loving voice—she remembered her well, and her innocent heart marvelled much when she heard the sisters who had known her mother say that she was like her—her very image—she knew her eyes were not like her mother's, for they were dark as the nun's veils, and shining like the jewels of the mitre, and her own eyes she knew were blue, for she had seen them once reflected in the river as she bent to pluck a flower from the bank—she thought probably the sisters were altogether mistaken about her resemblance to her mother. Her thoughts, however, were not frequently directed to such questions; and now, as they returned for one moment in the midst of an indistinct and dreamy recollection of things associated with her very early childhood, she felt that she had erred in mind and must seek her confessor again ere she came before the Altar in the awful rite of the day.

As she rose to return to the house, Father Steffano entered the chapel. He stood a moment in the doorway, as if surprised at meeting her there, and then bade her good morning in a grave voice. She knelt to him, and said she would confess again before the ceremony.

"It is well, my child," replied the priest; "I will hear you here."

She made her simple confession. (Ah! would that one's misdeeds for an hour were but so many as the convent child's in a month or in a year.) She received her absolution, but still she knelt—for the hand that had blessed her still lay upon her head.

"My child," said the priest, "you are entering to-day upon a course of trial, a path of thorns,—I trust you are prepared for whatever of these conditions you may encounter—from now till your life's end."

"You have taught me, my father," replied Ximene, "to pray that Almighty God would give me daily strength according to my daily wants."

"True," rejoined the priest, "and if that prayer is never neglected and never weak, you will do well."

Still Ximene knelt, her hands folded on her breast, and her eyes bent on the tesselated pavement, for it seemed that the confessor had something yet to say, something which he grudged to communicate. At length he spoke again:—

"We live in troubled times," said he; "these holy homes no longer afford a security against rapine and murder; many convents have already been plundered by the rebels, and this may be the next. I have information that a company of the most desperate of them, under one of their cruel leaders, has been lurking in the vicinity of our house for now many weeks; and an application to the legal government for force to protect the convent in peace has, as yet, failed of any result. I have this morning thought it necessary to confer with the Mother Superior and the older sisters, as to the best course to be adopted, should such an event as I fear arrive; and as you, my child, are as yet only pledged by your love and hope of spi-

ritual blessings to abide here, we have decided that the offer should at least be set before you to choose another convent in some safer locality, or to return to your own friends, for which purpose, should you so desire, I would put you under a trusty escort, and see everything possible done for your comfort on the journey."

During the latter part of this speech, which had been delivered in a low and rapid voice, Ximene trembled violently, and her brow flushed with unusual emotion. As the last words were uttered, the Superior appeared in the walk before the chapel, leaning on the arm of a sister, and engaged in anxious conversation. Father Steffano rose, and brought the aged nun to the side of the still prostrate Ximene. Those two to whom her mother, now long dead, had so solemnly committed her, stood by her side. The Confessor repeated to the Superior what he had been saying, and she also began to speak, but was silenced by a calm, gentle, upward look of the kneeling girl, directed first to the figure above the chapel altar, of the Holy Mother and Protectress whom she trusted in heaven, and thence to those her friends on earth—and then she buried her face in the kind Superior's offered hand, and covered it with warm tears. Mutely she was saying, but more eloquently than even in those eloquent words,—

> 'Entreat me not to leave thee,
> Nor to return from following after thee;
> Where thou goest I will go,
> Where thou lodgest I will lodge,
> Thy people shall be my people,
> And thy God my God;
> Where thou diest I will die,
> And there will I be buried.'

The venerable Mother gently drew the young girl

again to her knees, for she had risen, and placed herself beside her, to receive the benediction of the Confessor. It was given firmly and earnestly; and they arose together—youth and age—the fresh heart and the chastened one—she who was tottering to the grave, and she who was going to the bridal. The young woman leaned upon the hand of the aged one; and the priest moved to the door. He stood there, and looked out into the clear blue heavens above. The prophecy of his heart rung a knell; but what is a knell, but the signal of another and holier world? He turned towards those whom he had recommended to GOD'S keeping, and repeated in Spanish the verses,—

"Rather choosing to be afflicted with the people of God than to have the pleasure of sin for a time.

"The time would fail me to tell of Gideon, Barac, Samson, Jepthæ, David, Samuel, and the prophets,

"And others, who had trials of cruel mockings and stripes, moreover also of bands and prisons.

"They were stoned, they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the sword, they wandered about in sheep-skins, in goat-skins, being in want, distressed, afflicted:

"NOT ACCEPTING DELIVERANCE, THAT THEY MIGHT FIND A BETTER RESURRECTION."

Years had gone by,—and now at the time when our readers and when her relatives from England became acquainted with Ximene in Ireland, she had long held the office of mistress of her father's house, and was as a parent to the two infant boys of her only and deceased brother. So little can the wisest counsel or the truest plans fathom to follow the ways of Almighty Providence—so vain is it for Christian men and women to lay out courses years beforehand, which they or another shall pursue,

with the notion that such a path or such a one will hold in protection from evil, or lead to more felicitous consequences. Well had the Spanish Lady prepared for her child's future; and yet now here was that child in the very circumstances of all others which she would have deprecated on her account. Ximene, the fair convent child, was here in the midst of difficulties and duties, which it might well have needed a hard heart of the world to grapple with, and her countenance had lost its bloom and her step its elasticity.

> "She had been torn from her home away,
> With her long locks crowned for her bridal day,
> And brought to die of the burning dreams
> Which haunt the exile by foreign streams."

The anxiety of Father Steffano on the morning intended for her reception to the sisterhood, had been much greater than he had chosen to express; and as an addition to it he was himself ordered immediately on another and distant service, to which that very morning he was obliged to depart. When he left the garden chapel, it was to bid farewell to the spot where he had passed a number of years in retirement and peace, devoting himself to the service of his Church in literature and an important correspondence, in addition to his ostensible office of Confessor to the house. But not a word of surprise, or complaint, or affliction escaped him. In him there seemed to be a perfect silence of all human passions, a total extinction of every movement of earthly pleasures and desires. His last duty had been performed as serenely and as firmly as his first, and he departed, leaving his place to another. But scarcely had he commenced his journey towards the capital, when he heard and saw indications of an immediate attack

on the convent, on the part of the rebels, which induced him to return to render what aid might be possible to the distressed inmates. Though severely wounded in the mêlée, the priest played the soldier with bravery and success, and with his assistance, and that of some of the other ecclesiastics who had arrived to take part in the ceremony of the reception of the novice, the Superior and most of the sisterhood were conveyed to asylums of safety. But Ximene—where was she? The question was asked and repeated a hundred times, and all the reply which could be elicited from the strictest enquiry was, that in the beginning of the confusion, when they were all assembled in the choir, and the invaders burst upon them, extinguishing their lights, and profaning their holiest things, and scattering the terrified nuns like the leaves of the cork-tree in a tempest, some one had seen the pretendante carried away, crying and imploring, and then, as it appeared, fainting, by soldiers in the English uniform. The illness following on his wounds, and long and painful weakness, prevented Father Steffano from being able to institute those enquiries which might have led to the discovery of the circumstances of the abduction, until too long a time had elapsed for such to carry with them any hope of availing to her recovery. The good Superior, and the sisters who had brought her up so lovingly among them, prayed for her that, wherever she might be, the Angel of Protection might keep her yet as the pure bride of CHRIST. The Churchmen who had assembled to her espousals blessed themselves, and thought it an evil sign; but at the same time if she were really in safety among her own people, they did not know whether it might not be better than that

one so young and fragile should be called upon to share dangers and privations of so formidable a kind as those to which the sisterhood had become exposed. As soon as Father Steffano had sufficiently recovered, it became necessary for him to proceed on the mission to which he had been summoned previously to the attack on the convent, which mission was, that of chaplaincy to an ambassador destined to the court of England. He had not told Ximene so, but had she chosen to return to her 'own kindred and to her father's house,' he would himself have taken the charge of her journey, under the protection of the embassy, and himself have delivered her into the hands of her natural earthly friends. But these had been beforehand in their knowledge, and active in their course, whether justifiably so or not. The rumours which penetrated the seclusion of the convent were very faint echoes of the thundering, threatening voices of the world without; and seeing plainly the position of affliction in which such as his long resigned child must be placed by the disturbances of the country, Colonel Riddesdale had crossed to Spain to seek her and save her yet from, as he conceived, a dreadful fate. By the concurrence of events, which sometimes wear the look of the well-fitted fragments of a magic glass, so wonderfully does each serve its time and its position, he arrived with his friends and rescued his daughter from the hands of the plunderers of the convent, at the very hour when her reception was going on, and the assembled company were astounded by the news that they were attacked and helpless. Without a thought or a care for others, and those others they who had nursed her and loved her so tenderly, with the true nonchalance

of a Protestant as to the fate of Catholics whom he abhors, the father bore away his daughter, and in a few hours after they were on board a British vessel under sail for Belfast.

In a few weeks Father Steffano also was in England, but neither knew of the vicinity of the other, nor did they become aware of it until after years had passed away.

Ximene with a saddened heart fulfilled the conditions of her lot. She knew there was a GOD in Heaven, and a prevailing Providence, and that the Holy Angel of her Baptism was with her patiently and protectingly—but the things that had happened often appeared to her as a frightful dream. And she did dream of her olden home, and her gentle friends, and her wise and tender mother, and her reverenced Confessor—to him the last hope of her soul turned. She shuddered to think how, according to her father's report, that happy household had probably been ransacked and desecrated, and perhaps made the scene of cruel murder. But though she was ignorant of the priest's destination, it had been the last thing she had heard from one of the sisters, that he was called away from them, and was going, as it was supposed, on some important foreign service of the Church. The world was wide, she might see his face again. On the sea, and in the night, she prayed, prayed in the midst of gay people, prayed by the hearth of her father's house, prayed silently within herself, prayed when she waked, prayed when she dreamed, prayed when her spirit was overwhelmed within her by the rough activities of a world in which she emphatically felt herself a stranger, prayed ever and fervently that at least she might see and hear again Father Steffano.

And her prayer was laid up before the Holy One, and by-and-by the commission went forth for its fulfilment.

It was rarely that her parent spent a season in London, but in the spring preceding his death he had business to transact, and Ximene was to accompany him thither. Palm Sunday occurred during their sojourn there, and she visited the Spanish Chapel in Manchester-square, that she might celebrate the solemnity of the day in connection with her most hallowed recollections. Among the multitude, she approached the altar rail to receive the customary donation of the blessed palm-sprigs. She did not look up, the Mass had gone on, but under her thick veil she had quietly and sorrowfully followed the ceremonial with her book and her memory of the past; probably had her attention rested on the altar there present and its ministers, the case would not have been otherwise than it was, for a priest in his vestments, and on his distant elevation, with his back turned towards the congregation, is not so readily distinguished or recognised. He is, as it should be, a Priest, not a person, not an individual, not one whom we know all about, and think of his voice, his manner, and his look; he is some one, no matter who, standing, by GOD appointed, between us and the invisible world; he is the Hand lifting every now and then a corner of the awful covering of the Sanctuary, that we may catch a glimpse of what lies behind; he is the Voice speaking for us words within the veil, he is the Heart presenting us to GOD. The priest officiating at the altar is, or should be, these things to the people who bow behind him; and so in this Roman Catholic chapel the priests had been to

Ximene on that bright Palm Sunday morning. But she approached the rail, and as she bent to touch with her lips the hand which presented her with the consecrated sprig, her eyes fell upon a ring upon that hand—could it be? yes: there could be no deception—that gem and the hand that wore it were known to her—and she looked up. The priest had passed on, making his distribution, but undoubtedly he must be—assuredly he was—the Father Steffano.

She sought and obtained an interview, which we need not dwell on, for such to be comprehended must be experienced, and that too by one beleaguered and bewildered by untoward times as Ximene had been.

In the autumn of the same year her father died, bequeathing to her many responsibilities and cares, and then her first and most urgent appeal was to him to whose keeping she had been given such long years ago, that he would come to her instantly in Ireland. Circumstances enabled the good priest to respond to this prayer; and now, when with Helen she returned to St. Kilian's, Father Steffano was there, having by a few hours anticipated their arrival.

Helen was shewn to her room, and duly attended; then dinner was served, but her hostess did not appear, and a message was brought by the steward begging her to command the house, but that his mistress would be engaged in the chapel during the remainder of the day. She made her solitary meal in some wonder, but submitting to the unlooked-for regulation. She asked for the little boys, her young relatives, who she knew were in the house, but was told that they had gone to the chapel with their nurse. At last she asked if she also might be shown the way there, as she wished to join her

cousin. The old man who waited upon her looked grave at this request, so grave that it recalled to Helen's mind the days when Catholic worship was held under ban and penalty, in subterranean vaults, guarded, and at midnight; the good domestic had, in fact, become so imbued with the spirit of secrecy, consequent on the terror of persecution, (in one age by proscription and in another by ridicule) that he could only at last be induced to take her to an ante-room or sacristy, whence in the distance, through a half-open door, she could see resplendent gold and gorgeous hangings, and pictures, and lighted tapers, and just faintly distinguish very sweet voices singing the Litanies of the Dead. It was the Vigil of All Saints, and Ximene prayed for her parents.

Helen was deeply affected. The old man would have hurried her away when the offices were near concluding, but she could not be persuaded to go till she had spoken with her cousin. The rest of those assembled left the chapel by other entrances, while Ximene passed alone through the sacristy to her apartments. Helen affectionately joined her, and expressed her deep feeling and sympathy; she spoke as we are too apt to speak of those who are gone, and of ourselves under the loss of them; but the mild eye of the pale young Carmelite was turned quickly and reproachfully upon her.

"Ah, dear Helen," said she, "there is no desolation in death when we feel that the departed friend remains to us one to be prayed *for*, or to be prayed *to*." And then she bade her good night, for she said it was late, and they both needed rest.

But neither of them sought it. Ximene watched and prayed in her own chamber, and Helen sat down in hers to recal the observances and thoughts

recommended also by her Church at its solemn festival times.

The Church, ever looking forward, commences Her day in the evening, before midnight. It was the custom of our Blessed LORD to consecrate the night to prayer, or to rise up "very early in the morning, a great while before it was day;" so also desiring, as She ever does, to follow closely in the mysteries of HIS adorable footsteps, the Holy Spouse lays a law upon Herself to "prevent the night watches," with Her earnest psalms, as well as because of Her impatient expectation of HIS return, Who made HIS Advent "while shepherds watched their flocks by night," and HIS resurrection "before it began to dawn towards the first day of the week," and will come the second time "like a thief in the night." So a holyday always commences with its vigil—a series of prayers ever begins with the vespers.

The following morning Ximene had passed some hours in the chapel before the domestics attending Lady Helen informed her that it was the breakfast hour, and that their mistress awaited her arrival.

They were a small and unique party who were to partake of the morning meal together, in the quiet and choicely-furnished library at St. Kilian's —Helen, Ximene, and Father Steffano—each the centre of an eminently original memoir.

Helen entered, unobserved by her cousin, who was evidently pre-occupied, and sat leaning over a low secretaire, folding a letter, which she appeared to have been reading. By her side stood a gentleman, tall, pale, and still young—though study, toil, and, it may be, care, had marked his brow with premature furrows. He courteously directed Ximene's attention to her guest, but not before the

latter had heard uttered in a hurried and almost bitter voice,—"How could it but excite my indignation to hear God's Eternal Church treated as if it were one of the doubts of yesterday—the Light and the Truth of the Holy Apostles compared with the sect of some crazed mechanic. You must have made me an angel to save me from being indignant under it. As it is, I can never tell you what I have endured in the restraint of myself, and forced charity under all their insults—simply because self-restraint and charity were the laws you used to teach me as the commands of the Church they malign."

It was the first, last, only glimpse which Helen ever had of the inward grief and difficulty whereon was reared the tender goodness breathing from every look and act of her who had spoken these passionate words.

"It is well, and you did right," said the priest; and Ximene, having become aware of her cousin's presence, introduced to her the Reverend Señor Steffano San Juan.

Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, went by; and Helen learned many holy lessons from the new associations into which she was cast.

At first she was afraid of the priest. Though very Catholic in feeling and in theory, she could not cleanse her mind from the extravagant terror which is inspired in the Protestant nursery at the idea of a black gown and a breviary. Residence abroad might have weakened, but it had by no means dispelled the supernatural dread. One climax of fearfulness was, however, spared—she involuntarily breathed more freely when she found that Father Steffano was *not* that most wronged of living characters, a Jesuit!

We confess that when we see and hear the strange fables of dismay with which many of our countrymen and countrywomen are possessed in regard to the often to them undefined being, a Roman Catholic clergyman, and then see the object of their wild dreams of dread, a patient, lowly, winning, earnest man—with neither a brow of thunderbolts nor an "evil eye!"—passing about among his poor and sorrowful, greeted by them as a Heaven's angel of consolation; and when we hear him talk, not treason nor sedition nor blasphemy, but rich and holy words of Christian wisdom, how to forgive and to do good, and to walk purely through this evil world, suffering joyfully, and seeking not our own,—we confess that an irresistible comparison occurs to us (an irreverent comparison, we admit,) of this spiritual discrepancy of feeling and fact, to the case of that embodied vastness of the animal creation, who on his occasional appearances in the haunts of men is followed and stared at with such bewildered surprise by crowds of simple children—holding themselves at a most cautious interval, lest his huge foot and his astonishing trunk should be but the portents of propensities which they would prefer dreaming of at the greatest possible distance. They have a notion, as Englishmen have of priests, that the object of their fear is some remnant of terrific races gone by—they do not know, poor children!—poor men! neither do they—that the kindred of those ancient times were of mild natures—that the mammoth and the mastodon did not devour all the lesser species, but fed gently on the tall fern and the reed-palm, and lived kindly amongst their neighbourhood, where the ammonite and the dragon-worm, and the megalonyx, and this

elephant, their last living relic, were a better and a friendlier company than now occupy the forests and the waters. The lay of the elephant may be said for the priest,—

"Elephant, so old and vast,
Thou a kindly nature hast—
Grave thou art and strangely wise,
With observant serious eyes:
Somewhat in thy brain must be
Of an old sagacity.
Thou art solemn, wise, and good,
Thou livest not on streaming blood;
Thou and all thine ancient frere
Were of natures unsevere:
Elephant, if thou had'st been
Like the tiger fierce and keen,
Like the lion of the brake,
Or the deadly rattle-snake,
Ravenous as thou art strong,
Terror would to thee belong—
And before thy mates and thee,
All the earth would desert be!"

But we apologise for adopting a tone of lightness in speaking of a wide-spread unchristianlike delusion. Popular misconceptions are often the near kin of absurdity, but being what they are, the pertinacious falsehood of the human mind, are truly no subject for ridicule or smiles.

Helen's disturbed imaginations were rapidly put to rest as she witnessed, day by day, the affectionate deference of the demeanour of her cousin and her household towards their much-welcomed guest; in whose manners among them beautifully mingled a certain simplicity, profound peace, gentle love, and immutable calmness.

Distinguished, like the loftier of his class, gifted, like probably no other men on earth, with a power of awcing with the eye and consoling with

the voice, of winning with the accent and curbing with the words, of preserving such a character of pride and distance, that the vulgar no more *could* intrude upon its sternness than they could, disallowed, break through the magic encompassments of royalty, and yet fraternising with the feeblest and the lowest as the very soul of human kindness —Father Steffano was one to track his path with religious conquests, and to find himself everywhere the centre of a halo of those spontaneous conversions which his peculiar qualities effect with a magnetic speed and certainty, where tested convictions have no place whatever. But such was by no means the characteristic purpose of his life. Nothing lacking in the most fervent and fixed devotion to his Church, he yet had higher and nobler aims to achieve among men than the mere turning from creed to creed. His soul was set (as one may say) in a heavenlier key. Capable of the keenest controversy, and loftily persuaded of the unappealable claims of Rome, which he was prepared unflinchingly to assert wherever requisite, he yet seldom alluded to religion but as a practical, personal power, to be the guide of daily life, and to give support under its afflictions. Very many were the precious "seeds of thought" in these regards, which Helen gathered from the conversation of the Catholic priest.

The long evenings of that winter, spent in a retirement which she had never before experienced, were richer far in their results of joy than those whom she had left behind her in "the world" could describe their corresponding season to have been. The children quietly amused themselves with games and pictures, and the cousins were occupied with their work and drawing, and the priest sat in the

place which belonged to him, and spoke to them of the things of the earth, and the things above the earth, and often the needle and the pencil, and even the toy, were laid down that their occupiers might listen the more attentively to the streams of beautiful words which would pour forth, when the subject was one into which his soul entered, spoken all in the same low unmarked tone—the magnificence of profound logic, with gleams of the highest metaphysics.

Her cousin, also, was Helen's frequent silent teacher, by the force of sweet example in hallowed ways, both exterior and interior.

One evening she became the involuntary auditor of a few words, which opened to her a far deeper feature of Christian submissiveness than she had before conceived the idea of. She sat in Ximene's boudoir. One of the little boys, wearied with his play, had fallen asleep on her lap, and she was unwilling to disturb him to close the door communicating with the adjoining drawing-room, or to give notice of her presence, when she perceived that Father Steffano and Ximene had entered from the chapel, and were conversing earnestly together.

It had been Ximene's desire, as her cousin was aware, now at once to return to the state and scenes from which she had suffered so long and strange an exile; and she had not anticipated an obstacle to that wish, at least on the part of her Director. But he was showing her that she had prior duties—that the care of the orphan children of her brother, which had devolved upon her, was a responsibility which she must now abide until they no longer needed guardianship.

"But," argued Ximene, imploringly, "they would have abundant care; my uncle and Helen would

be much more to them than I, so lone and weak, and without friends, could be."

"Still, said the priest, "if you can clearly prove a duty which belongs to yourself would be better fulfilled by another, you cannot so put off your own accountableness."

"Ah, do not," urged Ximene, "do not say that I must stay here—at least let me return to Spain. I might find some of our scattered household, and my means would enable me to support them, while they would assist and teach me how to bear the weight of my new duties."

The priest was silent, and reflected for a moment.

"Possibly," said he, "I may be able to discover the retreat of some one of your former friends, who could come here to reside with you—but you could not return to Spain, in the present state of the country, to occupy such a position as would be your only alternative, having the charge of your nephews."

Ximene again pleaded—

"I repeat, they would be better protected by my cousin and uncle—and I, surely I have other work to do. I have much to pray for, for myself, for these children, for you, for those who are gone, for the Church, for the unhappy,—let me go to a convent."

"You can pray here," said the priest; "GOD is everywhere."

"Oh!" murmured Ximene, "you command a dreadful sacrifice. I entreat you, Father——"

"Believe," interrupted the priest, "that what I do is for your good."

And though a tear trembled in her eye, Ximene said no more.

Severer trials awaited her: but obedience is the source of strength, and the inward education progressing step by step, there is ever help sufficient to the day. Large and earnest steps ensure that help becoming abundant.

It was Ash Wednesday morning. The seriousness of the penitential time pervaded the Catholic household. Even the children spoke lowly to each other of their toys. Mass had been said, and every one was occupied as the season permitted, when a stranger arrived, apparently in haste, desiring to speak with Father Steffano. The interview was short—the messenger's errand was soon told. The embassy to which the priest had been attached was about to be re-organized; there were other appointments for the accomplished Confessor than his present office in an unknown household. Again the summons was for him to travel instantly. Ximene heard—and her words were few. "Father," she said, "it is too hard to lose you—but life is not so long, nor heaven so far off—bless me before you go."

Several months had now elapsed since General Riddesdale parted from his daughter and niece, to proceed to London on business connected with the will of his late brother. His letters had been both infrequent and unsatisfactory. He seemed to avoid the communication of some painful intelligence. At last he wrote, saying that he should arrive at St. Kilian's on the following day. He came; and Helen and Ximene were more than startled by the change which had fallen upon his hale frame and countenance. He was ill—he was not long for this world. But their expressions of distress and many interrogations were silenced,

and the old man desired to be left alone with his daughter. He related to her, and left it to her to open to her cousin, that the whole property settled by Colonel Riddesdale on Ximene was lost through an insecure investment. Part of that to be inherited by his son's children was saved—sufficient for their education and establishment—but Ximene was penniless! Helen was far from expressing the dismay which her father had appeared to anticipate. She thought only of Ximene sharing all she herself had with her; but somehow days went on, and she could not find the words in which she would convey the tidings. General Riddesdale became impatient, and it was necessary that the task should be accomplished. She went to Ximene's room. She was there alone. The bright spring morning brought perfume from the violet beds and music from the song-birds, through the narrow open casement. Ximene sat at work,—a delicate fabric of lace, intended for a priest's dress, occupied her fingers, and fell down over her black garments. Gradually Helen opened her commission—very tenderly and delicately. At first her cousin did not understand her meaning, so entirely unexpected had it been; but when it flashed upon her mind, a momentary spasm of surprise passed over her quiet features. She dropped her work, and looked out to the woods, and the gardens, and the hills, where were the flowers and the fowls of the heaven which God careth for; and a few instants' silence only intervened before she pressed the kind hand which Helen had laid in hers, and said—

"Loss of worldly property, dear Helen, can be of no consequence to me. You tell me the children are provided for. I have no other anxiety. To me

fortune would be of no further use than to give it to the Church; and surely, if GOD sees fit to supply the Church from other sources, it can be no matter to me. I know that HE *will* supply IT by HIS sure providence, from the silver, and the gold, and the cattle of the thousand hills which are HIS. This is all I need to know."

They became absorbed in concern for the General. He was sinking with a fearful rapidity. Neglected cold, anxiety, and fatigue, were all the history he gave of the origin of the disease which was bearing him to the grave. They were more than enough. He was now an old man—and his constitution had evidently decayed beyond the reach of medicine. Sometimes they attempted to penetrate the bravery with which he was meeting death; but not a word ever escaped him to betray other feelings than composure and determination. Once, when Helen alluded in his presence to her friend Miss Norman, he enquired where she was residing, and appeared about to say more, but a paroxysm of pain interrupted any such disposition. The subject of religion he never suffered to be entered on—still, he perceived that his daughter was more dutiful than she used to be; and he felt that his niece had as affectionate a heart and as tender a hand as if she had not been of the faith he had ever mentally proscribed. We cannot tell how very secretly the aged heart may sometimes be sustaining its preparation for another order of things. The silence and reserve, and seeming strange and painful manner, is often but a token to us to deal the more cautiously and kindly in our words and ways, which may bear a relative interest to the coming world. How carefully, how wisely, should we walk in Christian courses before those who are

old and unwon to the way of salvation. We cannot tell the moment when the gentle voice or the soft attention may recommend the religion of love to the heart that may have scorned, or may have refused to hear, rebuke or instruction, or the persuasion of words.

Worldly arrangements engrossed the conversation of the General. By the importunate request of Helen, he agreed to make a sale of his English estates, and so invest his property as that it should be equally divided between herself and Ximene; but it was her own wish, in the now inevitable contemplation of the loss of her father, to take up her abode with her cousin at St. Kilian's, where the latter would remain to prosecute the preparatory education of the children. The restlessness which the physicians said was incident to his disease, would not now permit the General to remain there in quietude; and in accordance with his desire, it was arranged that they should all together make a visit to his favourite seat at Westray, to spend the ensuing winter, or as much of it as he might survive.

CHAPTER VII.

Labour and Rebuke.

I once read these words of that many-sided thinker Steffen: "He who has no employment to which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself and all men, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity even here brings forth fruit. Such an occupation becomes a quiet and consecrated temple in all hours of affliction, into which the Saviour pours out His blessing; it unites us with all other men, so that we can sympathise in their feelings, and make our actions and our wills administer to their words; it teaches us rightly to weigh our own circumscribed condition, and the worth of others. It is the true, firm, and fruit-bearing ground of real Christianity."

NOVEMBER was come again; 'the black month,' as the French call it. The wind whistled with a dull sound through the bare trees of the park at Westray. The leaves crushed and rustled with the footstep or the sweep of the dress in the walks of the untended gardens. For more than a year the mansion had been untenanted; the steward and his wife had been no efficient overseers of its preservation, and the rooms were damp, and the mirrors dim, and the pictures and chandeliers covered with dust and spiders' webs.

The spiritual estate of the manor had fallen into as unkindly a case as the temporal domain of its lord had done outwardly. It also had been deserted

for an equal period; and if the weeds will grow rampant over the exotics, and the leaves will drop, and the smooth lawn run to rank grass, and the creeping and noxious things multiply in the garden, through four, nay five, neglected seasons—autumn, winter, spring, summer, and autumn again past—how much more shall we look for such results to the same condition in the moral soil of the souls of men! Ah, that great Patrons and non-resident Incumbents would picture to themselves for a moment their consternation and anger at the neglect or ill-appointment of their pinery or their hot-beds under the hand of some incompetent servant, and contrast with such excitement their own, at another time, cool nomination or removal of the superintendents of their spiritual property, without a question as to any qualification beyond that of their personal favour or dislike. After Mr. Norman's summary expulsion, no new curate had been provided; the gentlemanlike vicar made an arrangement with a friend in a neighbouring parish, to get a fortnightly duty done in the church, and besides this no attempt was made to compensate the bereaved people for the loss of their well-loved pastor. Immorality was the first consequence: the quiet, simple village became notorious for its scenes of wickedness, and then, as in so many a like case, followed the invasion of dissent on the unfenced fold of the church—the benevolent, though mistaken, attempt to supply a lamentable deficiency with something utterly inadequate, indeed, but the best its offerers had to give—the instigation to Independent Well-doing, in place of the aroused memory of the vows and the power of Baptism, and instead of the healing strength of Holy Communion—a poor equivalent, but all they had to give—all they

themselves possessed, and offered more in charity than in turbulence.

Still, notwithstanding the erection of a dissenting chapel and the location of a minister intended to serve what was called a home-missionary district, from the village of Westray as the centre, the parish fell into such a state of spiritual destitution, the supply of duty in the church was so irregular, and in extreme cases such long and uncertain journeys had to be made to procure the services of a clergyman, that the vicar at last grew ashamed of the reports which reached him in his elegant retreat on the Rhine, where he was superintending the accomplishments of his nieces, and he wrote to beg his brother to find and send to his neglected flock some well-principled and laborious young man, who would keep all things decently and in order for him; adding, that as he understood General Riddesdale had given up, or was about to give up his interest in the place, there could be no obstacle in the way, as far as he was concerned, and he, (Mr. Thynne), would only be too glad if Mr. Norman would consent to return to his old sphere. This letter was communicated to Mr. Norman—the same post brought information that the late curate of his present place had sufficiently recovered in health to be capable of resuming his appointment if it were still open—and no hesitation deferred the immediate acceptance on Mr. Norman's part of the opportunity to return to a station of so deep interest in his memories of labour.

As we have said, General Riddesdale and Lady Helen, with Ximene and the little orphan boys, were about to make a visit to Westray previous to its final sale.

Coincidences when told on paper are called

romance, are uncredited; and if a tale or a memoir have many such, it is considered even vulgar in its bare-faced fictitiousness: yet let each of us reflect for five minutes on our life which is past, and shall we not find chronicled on the rocks of memory coincidences and chances—nay, HOLY PROVIDENCES—more startling far than any which are ventured from the dreams of the most daring novelist.

A dark and stormy afternoon had succeeded a cold and lowering morning, and few were abroad but the houseless, and those sons of toil who must know no distinction between sunshine and tempest while they work on continually for the scant bread of to-day. One, however, their friend—the curate—also labours in his vocation without laying his account much for comfort; the sick must be sought out, and the dead must be buried; if it rain or if it shine, for so is fulfilled the Law of CHRIST. And it seemed that with no grudging, but with a patient and a cheerful heart, Mr. Norman drew on his light macintosh, and prepared to face the bleak weather in the accomplishment of these works of mercy in the wide-lying parish of Westray. Two or three visits he made in poor and dreary places, where his accustomed coming was the only event breaking the monotony of misery,—where both in spiritual and temporal things, often, he was as a Visible Providence; and then at the hour appointed for several funerals, he hastened to the church.

The churchyard is the clergyman's jewel-case—there he lays up his choice and shining ones against the day when the LORD shall call him to assume his crown:—the churchyard is the clergyman's garden—thither he transplants beloved flowers, there

he deposits precious seeds, to be one day gathered to bloom upon the altar in Heaven:—the churchyard is the clergyman's dial—he marks the passage of time ever by some new shadow on that solemn ground.

Mr. Norman had been some time in the parish before his temporary departure, and he had now been some months returned, and many were the graves of whose inhabitants he knew the history; whose sorrows had been poured into his ear, and whose short-comings he knew well enough to make him sigh for the dead as he passed among them. But there were none there for whom he would be "sorry, as without hope," for who can tell—the efficacy of the Last Communion—the inalienable power of Holy Baptism, abiding on the soul through all the wear and wickedness of life?—Who can tell the hitherto of the sacramental mercy which GOD has invested in His Church for the exigence of men? He passed on through the sacred edifice to attire himself in his vestments. While so doing, he observed from the vestry window that the sextons were in one part still busy with their task, and, in reply to his regret that these preparations had not been completed earlier, he was informed by the clerk that the unfinished grave was for an infant who had died only the previous day. The arrival of a funeral procession at the gate prevented further conversation, and the clergyman and his official proceeded to perform the last impressive rites.

For the last time, the body which had been purely washed and sanctified in Baptism,—devoted in its strength for the service of the LORD in Confirmation,—vivified and cleansed again by the Blessed Eucharist,—given in the perfect vow of

Holy Matrimony,—is brought within the Church to receive its benediction-seal for the resurrection to come. And then, for the last time, that body crosses the hallowed threshold—the very last, for that building will be ruins, and that sod and soil decayed, when IT shall rise and walk again! Now, IT seems the mortal, *they* the enduring—but those pale lips will live and utter sounds when the Last Day's thunder has stricken the loftiest pinnacle, and its hail-stones have shivered the most unwasting marble.

Once and again the solemn service was recited, and the 'brother,' and the 'sister,' and the 'child' were committed to the earth, and sped to the place of waiting. As the curate returned to the church, from what he supposed his concluding duty, he was met by another mourning group, bearing among them a little coffin. The persons were known to him by sight, and in a moment the whole of an unhappy fact flashed upon his mind. They were of those who since the meeting-house had been opened were seldom or never seen in their former place at church; while, though two children had been added to their family, they had not brought them for baptism; and the remark made by the clerk as to the recent death of the infant, for whom the grave had been hurriedly preparing, occurred to him, and accounted for his not having received the due notice with the rest.

The emergency was sudden, but it was no embarrassment: Mr. Norman had not now to resolve to resist the first attempt of mixing the dust of the baptized and the infidel together in that consecrated ground which lay around him. Accordingly, he quietly asked the leader of the funeral group if the child had been baptized, and being

informed, as he anticipated, that it had not, said that the corpse must then be interred in a part of the churchyard which he indicated, and without the customary rites. The man, the father of the deceased child, was of a rough and altercating spirit, and the lessons of voluntaryism he had imbibed left him, as may be conceived, none the more disposed to obedient submission to Church power than the natural heart ever is. At first he asserted his *rights*, and declared that his mother and two of his children lay beside the spot where the grave had been opened, and that this should be placed with them. He was reminded that they had been made members of Christ through the Holy Sacraments, and therefore were fit subjects for Christian burial, and the objects of all Christian hope, while this infant, though not through its own fault, had been deprived of these privileges, and left in the infidel state, and must therefore, while resigned to GOD'S mercy, ever abundant, but in such cases *unpromised*, be separated from the holy in its death, the cleansed from the unclean, the defiling from the purified; and at these calm but decided reasons he did not restrain the expression of a dogged anger, while his wife broken-heartedly implored the compassionate feelings of the clergyman. It was a grievous scene, and Mr. Norman felt that he needed indeed HIS strength Who said, "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword," to nerve his arm to firmly pass that sword between the Truth and Error then.

Several persons having collected about the party, he desired the parents and mourners to follow him to the vestry, and there, when they were gathered round him, some weeping, some filled with evil feelings, he, with no bitterness, but

earnestly and faithfully, *opened to them the Scriptures.* He explained to them in the simplest words and by the simplest figures, the foundation and the laws of the Kingdom of GOD, and how the Unbaptized could no more, as far as is revealed to us, take a place among the Once Regenerated, however subsequently erring, than an unknown stranger could intrude himself into their private families and assume the rights of a child's position there, with the plea that some of their children were less worthy than himself. Baptism, he showed them, was birth into the family of GOD; and though GOD might cast off and disown His wicked children for many provocations and rebellions, they still, as it were, sustained a relation's right, were known in HIS household, had their names recorded in HIS registry (even if, alas! it might be only for judgment and condemnation), whereas the Unbaptized were aliens, were unrecognised, unknown; were, in truth, of the kingdom and people of the Evil One; and though they *might be* rescued and saved by the immediate rich mercy of God, none could dare to force them into HIS presence—within the precincts of HIS House; they must be sorrowfully and with humbleness of mind, and with deep penitence for neglect concerning them, left to HIS uncovenanted grace.

The persons addressed, though poor, and of very slender education, understood all this plainly enough; they had heard it all before, long indeed though it was since, from the pulpit of the Church, and in the catechisings, and by their cottage fireside, from the lips of the same faithful teacher, but they had never heard it under the like circumstances, never when it came so impressively home to them; and now it smote upon their hearts with

a double force. It was evident that they were humbled and softened; and then Mr. Norman spoke to them more tenderly, and with that soul-winning sympathy which the firmest, we had almost said the *severest*, mind best knows how to give. Not a word more of resistance was offered to his directions for the interment of the corpse; and he left them, generously promising to discharge for them the whole expenses of the funeral, which would be considerably enhanced by the preparation of another grave, and to send his own servant to the ground to prevent any uncomfortable circumstances arising from the case, as many idlers had by that time assembled in curiosity of the result.

And what was the end of this witness? The next day, the poor woman, the mother of the infant, called at the curate's house, and begged that she might bring her other unbaptized child for baptism on the following Sunday. She did so, and she and her husband returned from that day to be regular and humble worshippers in their long-forsaken church, and reverent partakers with their children, elder and younger, of the Blessed Life-giving Sacraments there dispensed. But often indeed the days of their unwise wandering are sadly recalled to them as they leave the church by the northern door, and pass in sight of the unmarked green spot where their little one lies so lonely; and the poor man will turn to his well-worn Bible and read again and yet again the words Mr. Norman marked for them there as a remembrance of that bitter time, in the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah,—

"My people have committed two evils; they have

forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and *hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.*

"ALSO IN THY SKIRTS IS FOUND THE BLOOD OF THE POOR INNOCENTS: I have not found it by secret search, but upon all these.

"Yet thou sayest, Because I am innocent, surely his anger shall turn from me. Behold, I will plead with thee because thou sayest, I have not sinned.

"Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way? Thou also shalt be ashamed of Egypt as thou wast ashamed of Assyria.

"*Yea, thou shalt go forth from him, and thine hands upon thine head:* for the Lord hath rejected thy confidences, and thou shalt not prosper in them."

Mr. Norman sat in his room, as before, by the window beside which he had been wont to sit. He looked out upon the same landscape and the same houses, and he kneeled to pray in the same place as before, and thought of the same people. But he was deeply sad. His eye was sunk and melancholy, and his heart was very heavy. Ruin had entered into his fair field of labour. His task had to be again begun, and for an hour consolation failed him.

Recompense is sometimes preparing, and very near, when the toil of a life seems hopelessly lost.

The night before he went to Oxford an undergraduate, Mr. Norman had ransomed a beggar's child from the tyranny of a hardened mother and an opening life of inevitable sin. The boy had grown up a faithful and attached servant, a sort of 'Quasimodo' to his master, whom he revered as the one great good and desirable thing in GOD'S world. Emil had found it impossible, as he thought, to raise and turn the current of this devotion to himself into more immortal channels; he had

taught him, he had dropped seed by the heart's way-side, and tried to guide the ploughshare of truth over its early-indurated surface—but though all docility in his hands, the same keen intelligence which had made *the child* attractive, appeared to have strengthened in *the man* only to become a quicker energy of evil feelings. Had poor Max been an Eastern, he would have been a corsair; had he been an Irishman, he would have been a ribbonman; his master looked upon him as a mystery and a disappointment, and as such he had long ceased to spend hours of reflection on the wild moods of the lad, or to reprove his expressions of immeasurable fidelity to his own person; but—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Emil sat in his room; a volume of the *Vie Saint Dominique* was under his paper-knife, when Max entered and performed a few noiseless arrangements, then went out and again returned, and at last seriously knelt down before his master. Mr. Norman looked from his book in some surprise, and almost impatiently inquired the meaning of this new gesture.

"There is an old woman dying in Farmer ——'s barn," said Max, "and she sent me to see if I could get a clergyman to come to her."

"Sent *you*, Max!" exclaimed Mr. Norman, rising and laying down his book, "but surely you have not seen me so unready a labourer in my office that you need make such a request on your knees."

"But the woman——" rejoined Max.

"Well, what?" said Mr. Norman.

"Does not know whether she has been baptized."

Mr. Norman's wonder was augmented at this

allusion from Max, made evidently in perfect seriousness and concern.

"Well," he replied, "It is never too late while there is life to obtain God's boundless blessings. You must take me to the place."

"The old woman——" again began Max.

"Well," said his master again, with increased surprise at his embarrassment.

"Is my mother!" almost screamed the man.

Mr. Norman took his hat, and they walked rapidly across several fields to the solitary barn, and when they reached it the sun was sinking below the horizon.

In a sheltered corner, upon a heap of straw, lay the worn-out beggar-woman; the clergyman bent over her; some hours' strength yet remained in the withered form, and he had a wonderful tale to hear.

From the time that the boy Max had been parted from her, she continued her vagrant life, sometimes in company with gipsies, sometimes in honest mendicity, sometimes in unscrupulous crime. Her other child had fallen an early victim to the fearful training, and been transported and heard of no more: so the lone woman tramped on, and thought she led a merry life, if it were an uncertain one. Many summers and many winters had gone by, and she was no longer capable of the exertion of long journeys on foot in all weathers. She began to think that she must come to die at last under the restrictions of law, but whether in a jail or a workhouse appeared immaterial to her. It was, however, otherwise ordained. In the midst of a solitary circuit she was seized with fever and ague; she was unsuccessful in her appeals for alms; at last she could walk no farther, and near

Westray she had withdrawn into the woods to resign herself to her end. Death is the custom of the earth, and the old horror, witnessed again and again, and each time horrible as ever, comes home at last—the unimagined physical pang must be sustained, whatsoever *it is*, must be gone through.

But there, in the silent wood where he was making one of the wandering excursions which were his custom whenever not otherwise occupied, and which his indulgent master never restrained, Max found the wretched woman. The one tendency of his nature, after his devotion to Mr. Norman, was to pity and assist, as it might be, any of that forlorn caste to which he had once himself belonged. He carried her on his shoulders to the old barn, and tended her in the capacity of leech and nurse. His nights, unknown to his master, were spent in keeping watch by her side; and his daily unusually lengthened absence from the house had (but only just) begun to be the subject of remark. He had been a kind, though strange, minister of help to the necessities of many distressed, but never had any taken a hold upon him like this old woman. He could not bear that she should die such a dog's death; he felt an unaccountable tenderness towards her. This was all, for awhile, but afterwards he could not tell why or how, the flashing consciousness of a GOD and another world came over him, as he sat on the floor of the barn, beside the bed of straw, and watched the troubled slumber of the weak old woman. He *had known*, but he had not *believed*. Then instantly all he had been taught, all he had heard from day to day of the conditions of the World beyond the Grave, and the given preparations here to be be fulfilled, arranged themselves as if they had been

customary convictions in his mind. The old woman awoke, and his first word to her was—had she been baptized? The dim eyes were opened upon him with stupid unconcern, as she replied, after a few moments' thought, and the question being eagerly repeated, that "she did not know—she dared say not, for her father and mother were emigrants in America; and when she came to England she was several years old—after which, certainly she had not been baptized." Max started at the mention of this incident of her history; he well remembered that such had been the case with his own mother, though of her he had long ceased to think, or even care. But the human instinct led him to observe the countenance of the beggar more narrowly; he thought he could recognise those once dreaded features;—he interrogated her, and found that it was actually so—that he was the son, the now sole child of the object before him! Then he strove to enlighten and win from a second death that darkened, dying heart, the cloud having passed away so recently, so almost miraculously, from his own. All that he knew he repeated to her, much in confusion, much in discrepancy; but still the great facts in regard to the future were clear, and he pressed them urgently. Then it was that he passed through the struggle of pride, and summoned his master to her last help.

She was failing fast. Max had procured a light, and then went aside, by the desire of Mr. Norman, who knelt down, and elicited from the expiring woman the new-born feelings of her inmost heart. Her son had been a favoured missionary—penitence had been awakened in the passing soul—so late, so at the last, it was not to be exulted in nor

trusted as a certainty; but she had not, as far as could be ascertained, been baptized. That hope therefore remained—"Believe and be baptized, and wash away thy sins." The absolution of baptism might yet save her.

A singular scene was enacted in the remote corner of that deserted place. Holy Angels were present there, surely longing to break through the barrier which sensibly—but only sensibly—divided them from the companionship of that little group.

Max filled the vessel, from which he had fed his mother, with water from a running spring.—She was dying.—The holy element was poured upon her dark brow, and it glittered in the glimmering light upon the wild locks of her grey hair, and the priest raised his hands to heaven and pronounced the solemn benediction; and her spirit passed into the Life to Come.

From that time Max grew more silent and more lonely in his ways, but he was gentler and better. He became, however, restless; and at length he told his master the purpose which had taken possession of his mind, to embark for America, and there, in some forest-clearing, he thought he could maintain his life by the labour of his single hands, and live alone, and practice severe habits in remembrance of his past years of inward, and much outward, sin. It was a strange thought for such a one as he, and in these times; but he would not be dissuaded nor turned from it. He had received in their depth and simplicity the Christian laws, so long neglected. Shall we say, would that they were often suffered to assert an equal power, unfettered by the reason of the wise, or the feelings of the fearful or the delicate? Not that by any means we are urging the American forests as the common

retreat of penitent men or women (though they and the "bush," and the wilderness of Australia might prove to some a blessed solitude)—but as Mr. Gresley writes,—

"When the baptismal purity is blotted and sin ingrained in the heart, long is the struggle and fierce the warfare, and anxious the watching, and lengthened the prayer, and frequent the fasting before it can be irradicated. A whole life of self-denial and penitence is all too little to wear away the power of indwelling sin, and restore the soul to purity of thought and feeling. And though it might please God at once to put away the sin for the sake of the all-atoning blood of Christ, shed for the guilt of the whole world, yet does it behove those who, like the repentant Psalmist, truly feel the enormity of their sin, and desire 'a clean heart and a new spirit,' to humble themselves before God with prayer and fasting, to 'water their couch with tears,' to mortify and subdue the carnal desires and passions; yea, in the Apostle's words to the repentant Corinthians, to 'revenge' themselves on their own guiltiness, and by a long course of penitence to bring the whole soul and body into subjection to the will of God."

Patiently and indefatigably Emil Norman set himself to restore his spoiled labours. Each day brought him in them some new grief, but each evening carried from him a good account of amend and reparation. His vicar now left him perfectly uncontrolled by vexatious restrictions on his observance of the canons and rubrics which his ordination vows bound him to carry out; and he resolved to fulfil their utmost letter, convinced, by the witness of a hundred examples, that in so doing he should more certainly commend the cause he toiled for to the blessing of Almighty God (to which alone he looked to regulate the hearts and

practice of his people,) than in giving them, or in taking on his own part the liberty of choice and selection. The doctrines of the Liturgy, and as many as practicable of the stringent rules of the ecclesiastical code, were at once and completely restored to living use. Daily in the morning and in the evening, at hours so arranged that the labourer and the artisan could be there, 'Matins' and the 'Evensong' were said in the Church; every Festival and Vigil was observed, and each Service gone through, with its Orders, Rites, and Ceremonies, according to the present decrees and directions propounded in the Book of Common Prayer and its illustrative canons, and surely obligatory until the Church shall have used Her power for their abrogation. Due and lowly reverence at the Name of JESUS—the Offertory on Sundays and every festival,—the dispensing with collects or prayers before and after the sermon, so guarding against the idea of that particular part of the Divine Service being a separated or more exalted part, whereas it is but an adjunctive portion of the ritual of the Holy Communion,—the priest's position for prayer being with his face turned towards the east, the same with the congregation,—notice to be given to the curate before any should come to communion,—Regeneration in Holy Baptism—the 'Very' Presence of CHRIST received by the Faithful in the Blessed Eucharist,—the Apostolic Power of the Keys,—and all else that the Church hath commanded to be observed and taught—and it is much and a vast completeness, which men have so cruelly mutilated with their private judgment—all was strictly and forthwith exhibited in the ordering of the services by Mr. Norman in his curacy.

Sermons, we have said, on the authority of the

ecclesiastical ritual, which is the only evident guide to any one desiring to form an independent feeling as to the intention of the Church, are a very minor part of the offices in which they take a place. Yet now, as in other ages of imperfect discipline, the Pulpit becomes an organ not to be overlooked as a means of power over the masses of men. The Confessional, with its solemnity, its personality, and unequalled facilities of instruction and influence, once so universal, is now an exception, the resort of the comparatively few—the more devout or relying only frequent it—it therefore is denuded of the potency of its operation—men fear sin less than they do superstition, and singularity more than both. The Press, recognized and efficient as it has become as an instrument for Catholicising the crowd of ignorants or misbelievers, is still imperatively limited in action within the circle of their *will* to lend attention to its silent voices—as they can withhold their feet from the confessor, so they can withdraw their eyes from the uninviting page of Christian admonition. A perfect ceremonial illustration of the Faith of the Church would be simply unintelligible to the greater number of worshippers brought up under so different a regime:—and then the pulpit assumes its importance as an engine of enlightenment and salvation.—The writer may speak experimentally; having by this means first and chiefly attained the blessed consciousness of Catholic truth, after an education in one of the proudest and most distinct forms of Protestantism —knowing the verities of Christendom only under their controversial guise, and having come to look upon CHRIST'S religion as a hopeless, homeless bewilderment. Never will be forgotten that dreary autumn afternoon, when the first flashing sun-

gleam of faith crossed the gloom of the mind. Dreary as to landscape and weather, dreary as to its commencement, the chill rain dashed heavily in the streets, the yellow leaves fell faster from the trees, and one whose inward life had sunk under a sadder overcast entered the parish church. Not to *seek for* instruction, far from it. The ritual carried with it no arrestive meaning—the series of prayers were a customary weariness. A clergyman who had a great reputation for talent, was to deliver his inaugural discourse: and anticipation ran riot in a very festival of eloquence. But a holier initial was to be prefixed to his labours. At length he spoke—he was handsome, but his head was bowed on his breast and his eyes were never once raised from his notes —his voice was musical but perfectly monotonous, and so low that it required painful attention to follow it. The fashion was not that of the orators of this world. He spoke of the Catholic Church, Its claims, Its conditions, binding upon all the Baptised; Its responsibilities for *them*, Its unspeakable joys for *them*, Its immortal Life for *them*. They were another people from their neighbours, a nation within a nation, the kernel within the world's husk, the gem for which the setting was created. Never will be forgotten the strange and new sensations of that short half-hour. Indescribable as ineffaceable. Jean Paul Richter somewhere speaks of a fresh being awaking up within him in the bursting, almost bewildering, reception of the sense (Ich bin ein Ego) '*I am a me*'—it was more like such an experience than any other to which a comparison presents itself. It is therefore gratefully that we acknowledge the important agency of the pulpit in the present day, while speaking of the position

of inferiority to the devotional portions of the Christian service, in which the Church has placed it, and from which human pride and pretensions are ever willing to exalt it.

Mr. Norman was too wise and too well disciplined a man to neglect the use in its completest measure of so powerful an aid to his labour of instruction. He never abused it to purposes of personal display, never studied effective oratory and the miserable *accomplishments* of a preacher's eloquence. Simple and one was his aim, and to effect it he trusted more to the (as one may say) sacramentality of the system of the Church, than to any exercise of his own gifts in the matter. He committed himself to the pathway of the Church's Year, never swerving from its direction—thereby avoiding the danger of obliviating or insufficiently stating one portion of Christian doctrine, or of dwelling overmuch upon another—finding in it the facilities for setting forth the perfect circle of truth, and deriving from it both the comfort of obedience and the encouraging hope of success. The few closing Sundays after Trinity, with S Michael, S Luke, S Simon and S Jude, and All Saints' Day, followed his return to his parish, and they supplied him with the chastened and solemn teachings which circumstances sadly called for—then came Advent, with its awe, its humiliations, and its prophecies, until it might be dared to hope that some at least might again participate in the Christmas joy.

But who shall tell the wear upon his true heart of the scoff and the rebellious words, and the anger which now on all sides met his restorations. For *their* sakes he mourned—not for his own. To him the watch spent in prayer on their account was better than a refreshing slumber, and the sense of

doing the will of Heaven was a richer banquet when he fasted for them, than the table of a monarch could have spread before him. Still sadder times were coming—times when he should not be able to discern the face of his guardian Duty amidst the mists rising from the rank soil of the neglected vineyard. The vineyard, we mean, not of the individual parish—but of the national Church.

In those of his own order around him, he found but scanty sympathy. The prediction of S Anthony concerning monks, has applied as sadly to the secular clergy, and though, happily, those of the Church of England are, as a general rule, so very different from what the last generation knew them, there yet remain a sufficient number of the miscalled "old school" to verify in their own persons the melancholy foresight of the great Saint who, when hearing his disciples express their surprise at the many who, in that primitive age, embraced religion and austerity, and their incredible ardour in the practices of virtue, told them, with tears, that the time would come when those professing to be devoted to GOD would be fond of living in cities and stately buildings, and of eating at dainty tables, and be only distinguished from the world by their habit;—and such have little inclination to fraternise with, or to tolerate those of different manners. Perhaps ecclesiastical antagonism at present exhibits itself rather more on doctrinal than on social grounds, but then is it none the less vindictive, none the less virulent. When the incumbents of a district "set their faces" against one, young perhaps, and lately removed to this bitter, worse than solitude, from the midst of the warm friendship of collegiate life, and from the fostering care of a deeply religious tutor,—one

who ventures to come among them, and live a stricter life, and practise severer principles than have been their own custom,—woe for the worldly comfort of such a one! And too many, for the credit of the English Church, have been the victims of this kind of late days.

But let us not be misunderstood as presuming to judge of the practice of the clergy, or any portion of them. Their position is too awful a one to suffer comment, external to their conscience and their GOD. Who can remember, without profound feeling, that saying of one of the ancient Doctors, (S Chrysostom, if our memory is correct), "that he believed very few priests would be saved!" Fearful are the responsibilities engulphing the office they bear—they have need, even the most doubtful, far more of supplications on their behalf to HIM Who is strength, than ever of daring censure. As good George Herbert so touchingly and truthfully inculcates,—

> "How know'st thou but *thy* sins made him miscarry;
> Then turn thy faults and his into confession."

And again, leading farther on into Catholic truth,—

> "God sent him, whatsoe'er he be. Oh, tarry,
> And love him for his Master! His condition,
> Though it be ill makes him no ill physician."

GOD forbid! that our faith in the *ministrations* of any who may seem to shine with a less bright ray, should be cancelled or damaged—that, however one may sometimes shrink from contemplating the *man*, one should regard the *priest* otherwise than with reverence! A book of Roman Catholic legends has a wholesome tale to this point, which we have frequently recalled with profit, when cir-

cumstances have rendered desirable the reflection it embodies—possibly some reader may also find it a word in season in these days when the very gloriousness of the characters of *some* may seem to show in deeper contrast the defectiveness of others:—

"A certain priest was accustomed to come from time to time to the cell of a hermit who lived in the wilderness, to celebrate mass and to administer to him the blessed sacrament, till at length it happened that the man of God heard an ill report concerning the priest, and accordingly the next time he came he shut the door against him and sent him away; but he had no sooner dismissed him than he heard a voice saying: '*Men have taken away the judgment that belongs to me, and have arrogated it to themselves.*' After which he was rapt in a kind of ecstacy or trance, in which he saw a golden well full of most clear and excellent water, with a chain and bucket of the same precious metal, and a leper drawing up some of this water and pouring it out of the golden bucket into a clean vessel. Now he seemed extremely desirous to drink of it, and was only prevented by the repugnance he felt at seeing it drawn up by the leper. Whereupon he thought he heard a voice which said to him: 'Why dost thou not drink? what harm has he done who has drawn the water, since he has done no more than filled the bucket, and then poured it out into the vessel?' The hermit upon this returned to himself, and having reflected on the vision, called back the priest, and desired him to celebrate and consecrate for him as usual."

But we pass from this by-way reflection, for such are not the characters we love to contemplate. When we see them, let us know *how* to see them; but we delight rather to meditate on, as it has been sometimes our blessedness to live in the effulgence of, such as those to whom S Anthony directed

his own sorrowful eye, and the hope of the Church, "who in the midst of evil should win so much the more distinguished a crown, as their virtue should be more difficult, by reason of the contagion of bad example."

As we have said, Emil Norman was entering the deep waters of trial; but ere they closed upon him he was to receive another seal to his work, from a direction least of all anticipated.

There was bustle and haste in the mansion at Westray—servants had arrived—fires were blazing in the ample chimneys—windows were polished, and provisions conveyed—all, within and without, bespoke a hurried preparation. The lord of the manor-house was to arrive that night; General Riddesdale was to die, and he chose to die at Westray.

He had been restless for the journey for many weeks, but Helen, startled by the intelligence that Mr. Norman had resumed his curacy, with something, perhaps, of the faithlessness which is too much our wont, had suffered herself to be ruled by her fears, and had done all in her power to turn her father's inclination for this visit, but eventually without success, though she had obtained repeated delays,—delays which she afterwards bitterly regretted, as we are ever sure to do our interferences with the course of a leading Providence. After, therefore, terrifying herself with daily rehearsals of all her father's former dislike to Mr. Norman, and the probable irritation which the discovery of his presence again at his post would produce in those last weeks which should be preserved in outward quietness, she resigned herself to the alternative without a choice, and the whole party made their journey, by such stages as the weakness of the

invalid could sustain, to the noble house of Westray.

Evidences of a kind and elegant hand marked many of the preparations hastily made for the reception of the ladies—Ursula Norman had been there, and her voice and sympathy, ever the same, were the first pleasures which met Helen on returning to these well-loved scenes.

Whether General Riddesdale had really remained for several days at Westray without "knowing of the things that were done" there, or whether he had been informed of Mr. Norman's re-occupation, and a ray of the Other World had pierced his heart, those who knew him best could not discern; but on the Sunday succeeding his arrival he appeared much better than he had been for many weeks, and intimated to Helen that he should accompany her to church.

They went. The curate was already in his place—the service went on—the sermon, the offertory—and the General exhibited no sign of discomposure, but joined in all that passed, as far as his strength permitted. The priest went on to read that touching exhortation which the Church hath appointed to be used when the people shall be found negligent to come to the Holy Communion. His clear, deep voice uttered each sentence with the weight of an announcement from heaven. The old man had not for many years received that mysterious Sacrament—its obligation had never been thus brought before him; or, if it had, the present things of the world had speedily put it by—now, *they* were fading and going by, and this "banquet of heavenly food" grew to have a keener meaning.—But no, It was for the pure, the prepared—not for such a one as he. Never, perhaps,

before had a self-deprecatory thought crossed the mind of that aged aristocrat. It was the involuntary acknowledgment by the 'body of sin,' of the sublime conditions of that wonderful Duty. But though his mind was filled with new reflections, his ear was still open, and the priest read,—

"And because it is requisite that no man should come to the Holy Communion but with a full trust in God's mercy and with a quiet conscience; therefore if there be any of you, who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, *let him come to me or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution*, together with ghostly council and advice, to the quieting of his conscience and avoiding of all scruples and doubtfulness."

The countenance that had never changed in the face of battle—the eye that had gazed calmly on the murder and the massacre of Indian fields—that had never quailed where cannon-balls fell like rain, and sabres and bayonets reeked in blood—was stricken by the calm look of the pale young priest, as he seemed to direct it fully on the face of the veteran where he sat, and shut his book, and turned from the Altar rail.

He was to die. His moments were numbering as rapidly and as noiselessly as the leaves fell from the oak-trees in his park. He had courageously fortified himself, as he thought, to pass through the struggle in his bed as he would have met it on the battle-field. Why?—because he had no hope—therefore he *would have* no fear. Why should he tremble when his doom was already rehearsed? It was an awful alternative—an awful preparation for the Last Tribunal; yet we believe it is not an

uncommon one. It is but here and there that the face of the dying sinner exhibits the inward terror he may experience, that there even rests

> "Despair upon his dying face—
> The last repentance of that hour,
> When Penitence has lost her power"—

and very, very often, that he feels no emotion of dismay, is brave (awful word) as he would be to meet a doom of this world, and expires without permitting himself a misgiving, *because* such indulged could never, as he believes he is certain, result otherwise than in abandonment and horror. It is very fearful that such should have been the consequence of that religious progress (!) which has constituted each individual his own adjudicator as to the things of the Life to Come.

The old man returned home, and thought upon his ways. Is it inferred that he had been a sinner above all his class, because the Reality of Sin has been suddenly brought home to his consciousness? Nay—he had been proud and petulant, and sometimes a tyrant, as sometimes chargeable with the luxury and excess which were the habit of his station—he had sinned like the rest of men. Even so—and as far as the world in which he had executed his deeds was concerned, probably it would have declared to him a free pardon; in many instances amends had been made, in many the personal penalty suffered had apparently far outweighed the magnitude of the crime—the victims most likely had forgotten any wrong he had wrought them—nothing remained—no accuser—nothing but Memory and Conscience.

Each day which brought the grave nearer deepened on the awakened heart the desire of Confession; and at last, as if graciously permitted to

begin his penitence with a reparation, the haughty lord of the manor summoned the once wronged and despised curate to receive the agonies and the hopes which it had been given to him to inspire.

On that scene and its incidents we stay our pen; such is not to be read nor to be written, but intensely realized. If any, ignorant of its immeasurable benediction, look to our page, craving for a fuller detail of that performance, and a clearer definition of its meaning, they will suffer that we point out to them a better medium of such acquaintance, one practical, and for a benefit deeper than the exercise of the imagination and the feelings—we would pray them not to rest the coming night without having, if possible, possessed themselves, or provided for their possession of, a very small and very beautiful little book, which will tell them more than a tale like ours may venture to embody of the wonderfulness and the blessedness of the Sacrament of Penance; the little book is thus entitled: "An Earnest Exhortation to Confession:—Addressed to all sinners who having grievously offended the Divine Majesty, desire by penitence to destroy the hated past." Yet, lest some should linger a day, and that day should be their dying one, or lest the title should not sufficiently arrest the thoughts of some very light heart, we will commend to them here and now one page of that small book, which, God grant! may fasten itself on their inmost souls, and there accomplish the work of charity which its author trusted, and surely not in vain, that it might fulfil.

"I would now only speak to you of the act itself. I know (for I have experienced it,) that it is painful, awfully painful,—more painful than the pang that

shoots through a mother's heart at hearing of the danger of her loved one. I know what it is to lay bare one by one the accumulated errors of years, to drag from their recesses deeds and words, and thoughts, long long gone by, of which the motive and inducement have departed, and nothing but the guilt remains. I know what it is to expose weaknesses and follies only rendered more weak and foolish by their wickedness. I know what it is to stir up the mighty deeps of those old offences in which our passions, and still more our affections, have been concerned; and yet I urge, I earnestly urge you to confession. *None but those who have experienced it can tell the peace that passeth understanding of the night after confession*, when the excitement of the previous preparation is forgotten, when the chequered recollections of a whole life no longer agitate us, when the actual pain of the confession itself, worse than cautery of the body, is past, *when the hand of God's priest has conveyed to us the mystical absolution*, and when in the solitude of our closet, kneeling in spirit at the foot of the Cross, we look up to those precious wounds, whence flow pardon and peace: what words of man can describe the torrent of consolations that pour in upon the emancipated soul? *To feel and to know that we are restored to the state of grace of the day of our Baptism*, to be assured that we are indeed the forgiven children of our Heavenly Father, to be convinced that we are in Christ, and He in us, that the Blessed Spirit has returned, surrounded by the pomp of all His gifts and graces into His long-deserted Temple; these are thoughts which, in their unspeakable blessedness, are themselves a foretaste of Heaven. But that is not all; bright and joyous as this is, there is a more lasting and glorious consolation. To find as year by year goes on, by the grace of God, sins becoming fewer and fewer, to watch in trembling love, (for let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,) as each confession comes on, the slow and yet most sure progress in virtue and the love of God,—to

discover in the counsels of your spiritual director the shortest and easiest methods of overcoming the uprisings of the lower nature,—gradually to find carnal affections dying within you, and all things belonging to the spirit growing within you,—this is true happiness. And in no way can that inward peace be so secured, as by this holy practice. Again then, and again, I urge this upon you; as you wish to be forgiven, as you wish to obtain entire absolution of your past sins, as you seek after the peace of God, as you are in earnest in improving yourself, as you wish by God's help to go on unto perfection,—GO THY WAY, SHEW THYSELF TO THE PRIEST."

A few weeks after that saving act General Riddesdale died; died with the thrilling words yet making melody in his ear and his heart—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences: AND BY HIS AUTHORITY COMMITTED TO ME I ABSOLVE THEE FROM ALL THY SINS, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. AMEN."

Helen sought her chamber, distant from the scene of the sad business with the dead; and securing the door, she threw herself on her knees and wept long and bitterly. Well might she, for she was fatherless and motherless. A startling thought it is when we find that the generation above us has passed away, and we are in that which must go next; oh, a sorrowful and a solitary thought it must be when the last of the *looked up to* lies cold, and will never guide us more—never watch over us more—never more hear us if we call loudly and weep—never—never—never. But Helen knelt before a crucifix which she had placed in an eastward-looking niche of her chamber

—the symbol of wonderful power—not to be adored, but to shed upon the humble mind thoughts as far more intense than any representation of a departed mortal friend, as the benignity and beauty it expresses is greater than theirs could have been, even by a boundless measure—and Helen kissed with a quivering but fervent kiss the cold pierced feet of the image of the Crucified, and she was no longer sorrowful except with the seriousness which outward things would naturally deepen, for she remembered how He on the eve of assuming the Celestial Headship of His earthly Church had announced to it the everlasting benediction, "I will not leave you orphans—I will come to you!"

And comfort was added into her heart—consolation and great Rest; Rest, the high remuneration of the Obedience she had rendered to the external dictates of the Church. She had ardently desired to give a voluntary service, she was bidden go her way and pursue the silent line of filial duty, and now her trembling assent was rewarded a hundredfold, in a manner which the most sanguine hour of hope would never have predicted.

The remains of General Riddesdale were conveyed to the distant burial-place of the generations of his house; attended thither by Mr. Norman and Lady Helen accompanied by Ursula, and the old servants of the deceased, with a few friends desirous of paying their last token of esteem to the memory of a gallant comrade. And when after the funeral solemnities Helen gained access to the dark vault and wept the irresistible tears of bereavement over the fresh costly coffin deposited there, she could not but reflect how, in all human probability, but for the course she had been led to

pursue, the bright ray which illuminated her parent's last hours would never have existed; and she saw the wisdom of the way which had begun in mist and doubt, setting her to execute those quiet offices which she trusted now had been the blessed means of winning attention to the principles of their performance, and whose result had been in so unspeakably hopeful an issue.

The little boys had accompanied the funeral party, it being desired that they should see the sepulchre of their ancestors. Ximene, partly on account of indisposition, but chiefly because she would have been unable to join in the religious ceremony of the obsequies, remained at Westray. How was she employed?

It was Christmas Eve. The pale beams of the early-setting sun were reflected from the snow-clad earth, and added a few moments' lengthened light. In one of the large reception-rooms of the mansion, where the furniture was all encased in its covers, and neither fire nor lamp cheered the falling gloom, and to reach which from the at present inhabited part of the house, a long and dismal gallery must be traversed, it seemed that a person had retired to be in the greater solitude and security. The light fall of beads at their intervals was all the sound within the stillness, and one only of the wide windows had its ample curtain partially withdrawn. At last the rosary was completed, and a slight figure, in a high dress of black velvet, deeply bordered with crape, with a large shawl enveloping the head, and falling among the massive folds of the gown, rose from one of the holland-covered couches, and moved noiselessly to the window whence the curtain had been drawn aside.

The lingering light concentrated on the face—it was younger than the garb might have bespoken, yet very, very pale, and one line crossed the pure faultless forehead, which told the tale of the inward discipline of trial. But the blue eyes and raven hair were not to be mistaken, and Ximene was no catechumen learning a new and difficult rule—that line and that paleness of countenance were the index only to patience, and faith, and devotion. She threw back her shawl, and by an effort moved the spring of the window and raised the sash—she seemed to require air, though it was so chilly cold. For a moment she inhaled the frosty wind blowing from the bare woods, and gardens, and ice-bound river, and then leaning for support against the side of the window-recess, opened and read over from the first word to the last, but evidently not for the first time, a foreign letter :—

Rome, All Souls, 184–.

"I need not ask you, my daughter, to believe that it is with pain I communicate intelligence which may cause you affliction, but I will remind you, for that can be done never too often, of the refuge in Almighty God which is open to us in all sorrow and disappointment of this world. Turn your heart to Him, and, as it were, from His side hear what I am obliged to tell you.

"I made, immediately on leaving you, every enquiry as to the late Society of St ——'s to which it was your happiness in a certain sense to belong, but for a long time my efforts were fruitless in obtaining any clue to the retreat of any of their number. At length I discovered that the whole of the scattered sisterhood who had escaped the rigours of the first months of their persecution (when, indeed, they were like hunted sheep,

and several fell victims to their distressing privations,) had reunited under a Superior whom they chose from their own number on the decease of our late excellent Mother, and had obtained an asylum in the Pyrenees. I instituted enquiries as to those of the former household who might be still remaining, and I find there are but five of these; but this is beside the question, for, as you will see, it would be impossible for any one of them having returned to their rule to leave their house for the purpose you had desired; neither, I am sure, would you wish that it should be so, as it would have afforded you pleasure to assist and console them, it will be far more grateful to you to rejoice that they are restored to the fulfilment of their religious duties, with the prospect of now completing the term of their holy vows, by the grace of Almighty God, without further molestation.

"And now with regard to yourself, my dear daughter, I fear that the time is come when I shall be able to do little more for you than (as I continually do) in the words of the holy Apostle to 'commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, who is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all the sanctified.' I am almost instantly on my departure . . . . Any correspondence I might find it possible to hold with you must necessarily be at long and irregular intervals, while I could neither be aware of your immediate wants, nor of your relative position and prospects. I am happy in the confidence that you have an excellent spiritual guide in —— and I feel that it is unnecessary for me to speak to you of that attention to religious duties and conscientious discharge of all your obligations to your Father in Heaven and your fellow creatures of the earth, which should distinguish with a clear lustre the life of a Catholic christian. That you may be maintained in these holy and high conditions I shall offer one Mass for you on the first festival in every month, beside the frequent commemmoration I shall make of you at other times. My opinion remains

entirely the same as to the necessity for your continuing in your present state until it may seem good to an all-wise Providence to conduct you into another path—or rather, I would say, not another, but to lead you onward into those refreshing pastures which always and certainly lie at the end of the narrow way of severity and obedience. You remember that one of the great masters of the spiritual life teaches you that a 'principal foundation of holiness is never to leave the works of justice for those of grace, for "obedience is better than sacrifice" said the prophet—and he calls obedience whatever is of obligation, and sacrifice whatever is of devotion and free-will. Men,' adds the doctor, 'through a perverse inclination have almost a natural opposition to this order, and take more pleasure in doing their own will than another's.' This will not be the case with you, my daughter, I feel myself assured—many prayers have been made to heaven on your account—I have no doubt of the intercession of the Blessed Mother of our Lord with Him our Almighty Redeemer for you, and your consequent preservation through the grace of God the Spirit in that purity of soul and spirit and body which will alone make life peaceful, and at the same time leave death desirable. I do not know that it is needful for me to add more—I again repeat the assurances of my unwearied prayers on your behalf—may God ever bless and keep you."

We need not append to this the signature of Father Steffano. Ximene rested upon each sentence and each word. He had not heard of her new loss of her inherited fortune, had he so, his decision might possibly have been modified; but, as it stood, she received it.

The crescent moon had risen brightly in the heavens, and the large fair light of the Vesper planet beamed from the midst of the glittering

background of constellations, unclouded, above the frost-clear atmosphere. It was a glorious night! Ximene tried to chant the hymn of the Hour, the faithful invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mother—the mother of all the heavy-hearted—(and who shall chide it, for it is beautiful and pious, and does no dishonour to HIM who, though Mary's son, is Mary's Lord, and will be as assuredly Her Judge as ours?) but her voice failed into a low whisper, many times into a sigh, as she recited in broken verses—

Hail, Queen of Heaven, the ocean star,
Guide of the wanderer here below,
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O pious, chaste, and spotless maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee,
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry,
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to Him Who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of Life, of Grace, of Love,
Homage we pay on bended knee,
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

Nearly the first thing with which Mr. Norman became acquainted on his return from the funeral of General Riddesdale, was the fact that his parish

was under the surveillance of those who were little favourable to his views of the right administration of the mind of the Church. A few days after, he received a direction from the episcopal secretary to alter certain practices which it was declared were "highly undesirable." He put in his suggestion, respectfully but firmly, that the practices in question were those not only of primitive times, but of the framers of the Anglican Liturgy themselves. His argument was neither met nor condemned; but that a young presbyter, of obscure origin and lowly condition, should revive customs so offensive to the world, beside, and in friendship with which, the Church is permitted to walk so long as she preserves a fitting guise and gait, was not a thing to be suffered; and it was therefore shortly signified that the curate of Westray would suspend his ministrations until the further pleasure of the bishop should be made known. As formerly, under trial from a secular patron, so now under the rebuke of spiritual authority, he turned for comfort to the inward heart and principles of the Church he served; but the effort was more difficult, and the hold was weaker than before.

Mr. Norman was aware that it had been one of the last desires of General Riddesdale, and warmly responded to by his daughter, that on the occurrence of any future change he should become the incumbent, and also patron, of Westray. This being the case, he considered that Lady Helen should be made acquainted with his present position; and in the midst of the preparations for the final departure of the family, he went to the manor-house to communicate to her the bishop's letter, and its probable results.

Helen received him in the same small cabinet,

where we have already witnessed, an interview under different circumstances. But the room, like its mistress, wore a more subdued look than on that previous occasion. Less luxury and disorder characterized the one, and more chastened calmness distinguished the other. She rose on the entrance of the curate, and said she had been just sending to his house, begging his acceptance of a trifling memento of her poor work, which she would now venture to have the pleasure of presenting in person. Leaving the room for a moment, she returned, bringing with her a book, which proved to be the copy of Bishop Cosin's "Hours of Prayer," which she had been long and laboriously employed in illuminating and ornamenting with miniatures and designs in a manner no less creditable to her industry than indicative of high artistic talent. The cover also was her own embroidery, of which we have before described the design, surmounted by corners and letterings and clasps in burnished silver. The gift, though a worthy one, was offered diffidently, as a gift to GOD, or to those who stand to receive offerings of piety in HIS name, should ever be tendered; and it was accepted in the manner becoming those conditions.

The examination of this specimen of work drew Mr. Norman to remark on several Roman Catholic pictures and illuminative designs lying on the table, which Lady Helen had brought from Ireland; and amongst these were an Italian set of small tablets, printed in gold and colours, forming the common Devotion of the Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven—'Divozione delle sette allegrezze che gode Maria Virgine in cielo.' He looked through them attentively for a few moments, and then said enquiringly,—

"You are not making any religious use of these?"

"I have done so," replied Helen.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Norman.

"May I ask why so?" rejoined Helen.

The Anglican clergyman glanced with surprise from the picture in his hand to the countenance of his parishioner, but perceiving that to be perfectly serious and interrogative, he replied with some severity of tone,—

"Because I think it worse than unwise to enter upon ground where the most prudent and the most informed hardly find their rubicon between *religion* and IDOLATRY."

Helen heard the news, which was the object of Mr. Norman's visit, with a struggle of surprise, indignation, and distress, each such as had long ceased to disturb the courses of her mind. It was something inexplicable, but dreadful. To her, a Bishop had hitherto been chiefly an abstraction, or if anything further, a Peer! The priest was the practical director of her religion, and she had not sufficiently investigated her own feelings to become aware that she was losing the idea of the great constitution of the Church while she was intending to yield herself implicitly to its system. But *now* the Diocesan had come before her as a tangible and influential personage, and her impression, though it was undoubtedly one of awe, was anything but that of love and confidence. She was, unfortunately, in the episcopate of a state-made and state-obsequious prelate, whose love of the Church, all judgment, save that of charity, would intimate was limited within his palace, and whose one concern for his charge was that nowhere under his jurisdiction should "Puseyism" be suffered to prevail.

"And what will you do?" enquired Lady Helen, anxiously, after having at length gained a clear knowledge of the curate's position.

"What should I do," replied Mr. Norman, "but as I hope, submit as a Christian man, to the authority under which Almighty God has placed me?"

"Do you mean that you will retract the practices which are condemned?"

"Certainly not, while I am led to believe them the true exposition of the will of the Church to which my ordination vows bind my obedience: but I shall refrain from all ministrations for the present."

"But that cannot last always; what will you do eventually? You will join the Church of Rome?"

Mr. Norman looked perhaps less surprised than pained at this abrupt suggestion; he said,—

"I am sorry you should have so misunderstood me as to suppose such a step possible."

"But," said Lady Helen, "some whom we have honoured have thought it right to take that step, even under more voluntary circumstances; and there are rumours that we have not witnessed the last of the 'conversions.'"

"It is grievous indeed that such is the case," rejoined Mr. Norman, "and we are not to judge others, but—"

Helen said quickly,—

"Would no circumstances, then, lead you to feel such a course a duty?"

"When," resumed Mr. Norman, "I am no longer bound by every solemn engagement and every holy affection to the Church of my Baptism. When I cease to pray to be kept from schism. When," and he took up again one of the devotional tablets he

had been inspecting—it was the Fourth Joy, and contained the well-known assertion of S Bernard, as to the Blessed Virgin's intercession —he read it aloud, saying,—"When Rome ceases to hold up as instructions to Her 'faithful' and from the lips of Her canonized saints, whose doctrines have received the imprimatur of Her highest authorities, such lessons as this,—

"'Rallegratevi, o Ancella della santissima Trinità, per quell'allegrezza, che sentite in Paradiso, siccome tutte le grazie, che domandate al vostro Figliuolo vi sono subito concesse; *anzi, come dice San Bernardo, non si concede grazia quaggiù in terra, che non passi prima per le vostre santissime mani.*' When these shall be the conditions, I may become a Romanist."

"If," said Helen, "that should ever be, I should like to know at least the fact, for you have been my teacher, and as far as I have been able, I have in my poor way followed your footsteps, as to doctrine and as to practice"—she seemed about to add more, but Mr. Norman took the paper containing the prayer he had just read, and cutting it deliberately diagonally through with a mother-of-pearl book-knife which lay on the table; he placed one fragment before Lady Helen, and said,—

"When you receive from me the other half of this paper to complete, with my concurrence, the adoption into your creed of a most dangerous, if not spiritually fatal, doctrine—then you will know that I am a Roman Catholic!"

Instead of retaining the divided portion of the prayer, so impossible, so absurd seemed the idea which had been suggested, that he threw the paper to the ground, and rose to take his leave. Helen picked it up, and placed it between the leaves of

the Hours' Book, which she had put into his hand, saying "Allow me to appropriate your satire as a promise—I shall receive this as a token that you are—"

"We may not jest, Lady Helen," interrupted Mr. Norman, "on questions of such a kind."

"I do not jest," replied Helen, "I feel too keenly that which has led to this supposition. Forgive me, I entreat you, if I have distressed you, I only saw that you must suffer misery, and that such an infliction was cruel injustice."

"Misery," said Mr. Norman, "it is not in the power of human decrees to inflict, and HE Who is able to send it, sends it only for our sins—Obedience and rebuke are the law of the Kingdom of GOD among men—The Catholic Church—but they are the root and ground of Its Perfect Peace."

CHAPTER VIII.

Conclusion.

O'er the far blue mountain,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come thou long parted one
Back to thy home.

While the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place,—
While the true heart pineth,
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou art gone,
Sisters are mourning thee,
Come to thine own.

Hark, the home voices call
Back to thy rest,
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast.

O'er the far blue mountain,
O'er the white sea's foam,
Come thou long parted one,
Back to thy home.

IT had remained the task of the writer to develope through some years and many scenes the subsequent courses of the characters of this history. There remained to be related some passages of the life of Father Steffano, in a distinguished foreign Mission of his Church. There remained to conclude Ximene's earthly tale—how that sweet lily

of the Lord's right-hand planting was tenderly borne away on a high festival morning by the Blessed ones, whose task it was to deck the altar in the skies. She had been ill and wasting for some months, ever since the Christmas which she spent at Westray, when, as she knelt in her chamber in the early morning, reciting her offices before the Image of the Nativity, the upraised finger of the Wonderful Child seemed stretched towards her as if he would have her come to his Blessed Mother, and she had trusted it might be *then*—before another sundown. But not so. Medical men advised a milder climate, and she yielded to the solicitations of Helen to use the means of life as a duty to others, though in herself she neither desired nor anticipated their success. Under the protection of an English family the cousins went out to Madeira, and there remained until it became clear that Ximene must die, and then she prayed to be taken to make her last prayer in the Holy City—not ROME, but JERUSALEM!—for in the long necessity which had been laid upon her to support a more wholly spiritual and inward faith through times of exceeding trial, she had felt herself compelled to turn from the Shrines to the Tabernacle, from the Servants to the Master, from the Apostle to his LORD—and with a deep devotion she coveted to die and be buried under the shadow of those mountains of Judea, whence HIS benediction yet sheds down from the places of HIS prayer upon the "little flock," who were to be gathered from all countries to HIS fold. They reached Jerusalem—and the dying one was carried from site to site, from tomb to tomb, from Mount Olivet to the Holy Sepulchre; and many were the hours she lingered in the Via Dolorosa; but by her request a

lodging had been obtained near to the Church of the Nativity—there, when she became unable to bear those fatigues, she passed away most of her days; thither the two little boys were at her desire frequently brought to her, and her weakening accents taught them how they must grow up "like Him" the Holy Lamb of God, and learn "the meekness and gentleness of Christ"—towards that spot she turned her face when she slept at night, and when she prayed in the morning—and *there* she died. On Christmas Day, very early, she had persuaded her nurse to convey her to the Church—she would not have Lady Helen or the rest of the household roused—she only wished to visit alone the spot which that Mighty Advent had hallowed—and she knelt on the pavement, and the brilliant lamps, and the incense, and the passing ceremonial occupied the thoughts of her attendant—and when she looked towards her mistress her head rested against the wall, and her eyes were closed, and her face was wan and motionless, and her fair fingers clasped upon her crucifix—the maid was alarmed and instantly summoned help, and Helen came, and the little boys and the servants who had almost idolized her—and they found her body there, pale and cold as the white marble, and the first rays of the dawn of the Feast of the Nativity fell on her pure chill cheek. And she was gone to consummate, in a safe and peaceful temple, her interrupted vows.

It had remained to tell of Helen Riddesdale a story of worthy womanly piety, in her adoption of the two orphan boys and her retirement into the strictest seclusion to fulfil towards them the duties which she had assumed—it had also to be told, that she now but stays to see them with the sails

of life fairly set, to resign to them the worldly charge of the name and responsibilities of the family they mutually with herself represent, while she retires to a convent in the Holy Land to remember the sweet Ximene, and in *her* place to give her years to prayer and charity towards the living and the dead. How this has finally come about, had also to be told. There remained to be related much more of the memoir of Emil Norman.

He was no light-minded and vacillating man, whose unsafe imagination or excited temper would drift before any breeze, but the act of the Bishop had overset his calculation, and dismayed his heart. He was left comparatively without occupation, and the natural tendency of his thoughts was to the subjects of his suffering, and the inevitable course towards a suggestion of release. It *might be* that the intention of the Anglican Church was 'truly represented by the episcopal censure passed upon himself, and intimated to others?—it *might be* that She was verily the worldly thing and unsatisfying system which Her authoritative persons would constitute Her? Was the doubt a strange one for a man so placed, to shrink from, then to contemplate, then to reason on, then to adopt, and at last to yield to? Rome arose before him with Her incomparable constitution, and laws which the lapse of ages cannot contravene,—with Her perfect ideal, and Her shining history, and Her mighty saints, and Her whole mould the very same from which those saints were formed,—and lastly, Her imperial claims, Her all-absorbing doctrine of the NECESSITY of Communion with Herself. Fears of schism, scruples of error, love to the 'Church of his Baptism,' were forgotten, lost, betrayed—one

strong and irrefragable conviction mounted over all—whose centre, circle, and consummated ground was—Rome! Right or wrong, for blessing or for bane—the Anglican Bishop had achieved a convert for the Church of Rome! Obedience, if the law of religious peace and rest, must be so as binding the mitre equally with the weakest woman or the lowliest man—if a defaulter occurs in the highest class, confusion is inflicted on every inferior grade.

Assisting the perhaps now inevitable event, an incident occurred which at another time might have created no impression, but which left at the present a powerful one. He escorted his sister to take leave of Lady Helen and Ximene at a post-town through which they would pass on their way to the port whence they sailed for Madeira. Ximene had deeply interested him, and she, full of zeal for the conversion of one who was painted to her as so bright a character, summoned new energy to the endeavour, during the few hours passed in this transient way. At last the time for the final parting was come, the horses of the travelling-carriage pawed the ground impatiently, and the servants waited to assist the ladies to their places. Mr. Norman moved to say farewell, but Ximene held him eagerly by the wrist—she said, "There is ONE Church; 'HE,'" and her thin finger pointed to the sky, "'delivered Himself up for IT, that He might sanctify IT and present IT to Himself A glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing.' IF your Church and mine ARE ONE, it is well; if not, remember there is but ONE CHURCH —ONE ALONE."

The party separated; but not the roll of wheels, nor the rush of the locomotive, nor the voices of the world, could drown or deaden to the harassed

mind the deep echo of those dying words, that recurring presentiment of repose—"One Church, One alone."

Still the work of change, though really gradual and slowly proceeding, was almost unacknowledged, even as a contingency, by its subject, until the moment of its completion into an act. The summer had again gone by—the afternoon sky was of that sad hue which it wears after the bright autumn morning—a thin haze rested on the distant landscape, and hid the hills—the harvest-fields were bare and deserted—the low wailing note of the thrush rose from among the boughs of the copper-beech—and Mr. Norman, wearied with many hours' application to a chosen task of learned labour, left his dwelling to walk in the wood which was near it. He had long used a Breviary as the companion of his daily times of prayer, but this afternoon it seemed that his Breviary was not immediately at hand, and taking up the Hours' Book over which Lady Helen had expended her patient and exquisite art, he hastily placed a cover over its striking binding, and carried it with him as a substitute for the Roman Office. He had walked long, absorbed in reflection, when the distant chime of a clock reminded him that the Hour of Prayer was rapidly spending, and he opened his book to read the psalms. A fragment of paper flew out from between the leaves, and fluttered to the ground in the light uncertain wind. He stooped to pick it up—it was the monitor of a strange pledge, and a keen interrogatory to his startled conscience. He *was* a Roman Catholic! That night he enclosed the fragment of paper, without a word of comment, in an envelope to Lady Helen Riddesdale at Madeira, whence it followed her to Jerusalem.

And Emil Norman is one of those who have gone in pursuit of the Vision of a Perfect Earthly Church.

Of one other individual in our story, there had to be said a few short words. Ursula Norman, ever quiet, patient, and steadfast—perhaps the subject of deeper Teachings than either her brother or her friend—having early experienced those trials of strength with which it sometimes pleases the Lord of the Vineyard to try His most chosen, by the removal of one stay and another, whereto the tendrils of the young tree were clinging too closely—abided even these last bereavements; and when Emil went to take up his abode in a foreign college, to prepare himself for Roman Orders, she resolved to employ her time and talents and to place herself in a position of protection by undertaking to conclude the education of the daughters of a family by whom she had been long known and esteemed. But *there* she only *waits*. She waits until the privilege shall be opened to her in common with others to become an Anglican Sister of Mercy in the Society which is forming for the holy purpose of administering by such means to the poor and sick of London. May the LORD, the Brother of the Poor, remember at the hour of death and in the Day of Judgment those good and powerful, into whose hearts HE has put it to "consider" the enormous wants and woes which are suffered in the midst of the Mammon-serving City. And in their blessed Home, and in the Church and Holy Sacraments, and in the scenes and haunts of heart-rending penury and benighted guilt and very dreariness of human nature where their work and their best Worship lies, may those sweet Sisters possess HIS own great gift of Peace!

Thus it had remained to us to carry out our history—but, as we have elsewhere said, suddenly we have been placed in another position, and the continuation of the present task has become undesirable. Our history has lain almost exclusively in the Anglican, whereas we had purposed to carry out our illustrations of the virtue of Obedience in the walks of the Roman, Church. It is well, and better, that it has been thus—we are possibly preserved from new dangers into which we might have precipitated ourselves, and drawn others, in again becoming committed to those seas of doubtful navigation, by whose rocks and breakers we have already suffered formidably; and we close our little book with none the less earnest an aspiration that the great Catholic principle it is designed to suggest may become, through its means, the ground to some one silent reader of the blessedness which, by that principle's neglect, the heart of the writer has missed and lost for ever as to this world.

Still, while thus, probably fortunately, refrained, there are those things in regard to which it seems a duty of honesty to express again (as it will most likely be for the last time in a public way) a humble but unretracted Nonconformity.

Concentrated into two simple points, we may set them down as, first—

The venture of dissent from the dogma that THE CATHOLIC CHURCH has no branches, no societies, no several families, but is singly and alone *The Roman Church;* that, external to the Communion of Rome, there is no authority, no grace, no sacrament, no light, no life, no existence, on salvation. That the Anglican Church is also a True and Living Religion, we may, we must, avow

that the best reason we have capacity to exercise, sees no sufficient cause to doubt. Still our Utopian dream remains that our eyes shall see (though it may be from the land of spirits) that Church yet recognized and beloved as a fellow-helper in the LORD'S great mission by Her who now would desire to dwell in the splendors of sole sovereignty over the task which HE has given to be done of "Baptizing all nations and preaching the Gospel to every creature."

And our second avowal would be of—

The impression of more than danger being incurred by the sanction of doctrines as Articles of Faith in the popular creed, and the inculcation of duties as binding under sin, which are, to say the least, nowhere to be discovered in any such positions in the Revelation of the "The Law and the Testimony." Two important correlatives of this inevitably suggest themselves—The First, a painful feeling of doubt as to the amount and measure of that practice of appeal to Inferior Intercession, which sometimes appears to daringly confront itself with the distinct and irrefragable assertion of Holy Scripture, "THERE IS ONE MEDIATOR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN—THE MAN CHRIST JESUS"—an assertion set, as it were, in parallel with its predecessor, "THERE IS ONE GOD," as if to make the two of equal force, and the one an expletive of the other. The Second, a misgiving as to the TRUTH of the principle or the exercise of what are termed Indulgences. That the stain of sin shall be effaced, or its guilt remitted through *any* merits other than HIS, Whose ONE OFFERING for the sins of the Whole World is 'Enough for Each—Enough for All—Enough for Evermore'—is a doctrine which, though taught by the consent of Christendom, we confess that,

with GOD'S Bible in our hands, we must dare to doubt — a contingency which we should shrink from trusting to in entering on the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

One word on the perplexed and canvassed question of Submission to the Church of Rome. Let not the reader be alarmed, we are not about to inflict upon him advice, or persuasion, or warning; but we would say this one parting and earnest word to all whom it may concern,—That step is a very awful one, very trying, full of unutterable danger — it is the fling of one great stake for ruin or salvation—it is, as far as consciousness and convictions carry us, one that can never—never—never be recalled without bringing the crime of APOSTACY upon the soul; and leaving it, if leaving Reason, with Reason, hopeless wretchedness, remorse, and woe.

It is enough. From behind the time-betrayed fortifications of wonderful Rome, as truly as from the green shores of 'happy England,' we can look and patiently wait for the time when the Omnipotent volition or prevailing prayer of the Lord of both their peoples "That they all may be one" shall certainly be consummated: humbly participating in the blessed belief that the miserable divisions and diseases of Christendom are even now not far from their healing, by (not exclusion, and amputation, and new excommunicatory fiats, but by) the diffusion of that ineffable medicine of charity and peace throughout the Christian world. These present times, we repeat yet again, seem full of indications of new and strange disclosures. Are there not discerned springing up mightier revolutions, and the sure presage of high and admirable events? Will Pope Pius the Ninth close his

pontificate without distinguishing its place in history by some memorable facts? Rather, is not the involuntary inward note of every reflective mind in his regard, "WHO KNOWETH WHETHER THOU ART COME TO THE KINGDOM FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS?" The moment and the man, have they not arrived? Will the stir and agitation which are prevailing from the centre of Christendom to its border pass away without a worthy and a singular effect? Are not already a renewed diplomatic intercourse on the part of England with Rome, and the deepening and widening demand with the Anglican Church for an active session of Convocation, food for thought, for hope, but most of all for prayer, earnest and unremitting? Most of all, surely, the fact last alluded to calls for the superhuman exercise of that great Catholic energy. There are memorable words of Mr. Newman's uttered seven years ago, in 1840, which, may we presume to recal to any who may have lost them.—He said,

"There is only one quarter from which a cloud can come over us, and darken and bewilder our course. If, *nefas dictu*, our Church is by any formal acts rendered schismatical, while Greek and Roman idolatry remains not of the Church but in it merely, denounced by councils, though admitted by authorities of the day —if our own communion were to own it itself Protestant, while foreign communions still disclaimed the superstitions of which they are too tolerant,—if the profession of ancient truth were to be persecuted in our Church, and its teaching forbidden,—then doubtless, for a season, Catholic minds among us would be unable to see their way."

We have looked sanguinely on the future, speaking only of prosperity, repeal, and peace; yet *such* acts are still contingent, sometimes they appear

imminent. Such a punitive dispensation *may* yet lie behind; it may even be surmised as not altogether improbable, that a partial abandonment of the Church, which has at least so *mixed itself up* with Protestant schisms, may. precede its final, perfect purification; and in that case the suffering on the part of those who preserve themselves true, may be anticipated as of the extremest. Very often there will need to pass from brother to brother the re-animating salutation of the brave, good seaman in the storm—"Courage, friends! we are as near Heaven here as on the land."

That severity, and trial, and purgation are at present preparing for every Christian people, is a belief too widely held to need urging on the reflective, or being declared to the thoughtless. The position of each of us is likely to be tested to the very verge of strength and faithfulness. But, Patience!—Though excitement, and uncertainty, and sorrowfulness endure for the night, is not joy arriving in the morning? And that morning is near at hand. The hour of death (the great mercy of Almighty God keeping us humble and faithful until then) will be the glorious sunrise. Now we watch and wait, and the stars are sometimes dim, and the far blue sky is obscured, and we count it a heavy time. Patience—it will soon be over.

Now we walk perilously and wearily; weeping often because of the briars and the straightness of the way. Sometimes we fancy all Israel are as sheep scattered upon the dark mountains. It may be so: so it was in the olden time—the wilderness, and the sacked city, and the beleaguered Church, and the tried heart, have been the portion of each generation of them who would be 'faithful.' Yet never has The Keeper of Israel slept, nor will He who

keepeth *us* (if we, by taking hold on His strength, persevere) ever slumber, till He bring us "to the Rest and to the Inheritance."

So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

The time of the dissolution of the body must soon be here, will it not release us from our great affliction? will it not relieve us of our long enigma?

Sleep is a blessed thing. When the eyes are weary with watching, and the brain tired with its tension, and the restless frame has over-worn its own activity—natural sleep is a blessed thing:

But rest more sweet and still,
Than ever nightfall gave;
Our weary *hearts* shall fill,
In the World Beyond the Grave.

Confidence will be There. No doubt of doctrines, no fear of according an unsanctioned faith, no caution as to the credibility of teachers, no pang of suffering from falsehood, no remorse, and recal, and painful paces backward, will evermore afflict the distressed one, There safely housed. There are well known the mighty doctors and the saints of many an age gone by; and their faith,—for which we have desired to contend, but many times forborne through very doubtfulness, and other times erred by reason of its indistinct transmission, or because our hearts were slow,—then we shall see as eye to eye.

Love will be there. The rent and broken body will be healed with a mighty healing; Church will no more denounce Church, nor Christian count Christian anathema. More than we dream, per-

haps, in whom we have delighted here on earth but for whose immortality we have faintly trembled, because they followed not with us—more than we dream perhaps, of such, may be our seniors in the circles of redemption.

LIGHT will be there. Then we shall know *how* the Baptism of the uplifted brow "has been the washing of Regeneration" to the unseen soul. We shall know *how* the broken Bread and outpoured Wine are the Communion of HIS Body and HIS Blood, Which Is Eternal Life. We shall know *how* HIS wonderful Sacramental Grace has been transmitted through the countless generations of HIS priesthood, silently, unseen, but securely under HIS Own guarantee, Who would suffer no flaw of faultiness or of mistake to mar HIS purposes ever—to the consummation of the world. The Light of Eternity will begin to break about us, and we shall know even as we are known. And then the actors in mighty scenes and mean, and the doers of deeds the most momentous or the very trivial, will receive their appropriate portion of fame and scorn in a history true as the Last Judgment Books. A few more evenings must close in, and then will rise that sun which shall never more go down, and the mists and night-dews that selfishness and error have raised will be dispersed while it is yet on the horizon; and the images of things will cease to be refracted to distortion by the false medium of this earthly atmosphere, beneath which we wait until the portals of the Kingdom of Spirits shall be unclosed for our admission, that we may follow those who are gathered and gone already to the waiting-place of Baptised Immortals.

Thence we shall trace our pilgrim way—all the long way that the LORD our GOD has led us these

years in the wilderness, to humble us, and to prove us, and to know what was in our hearts, and whether we would keep His Commandments or no; we shall behold the wisdom of ages then beaming from every footprint of that finished path; and marvel not, nor ever murmur more that our probation was

"TO ADORE AND TO OBEY."

THE END.

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NEW WORKS

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